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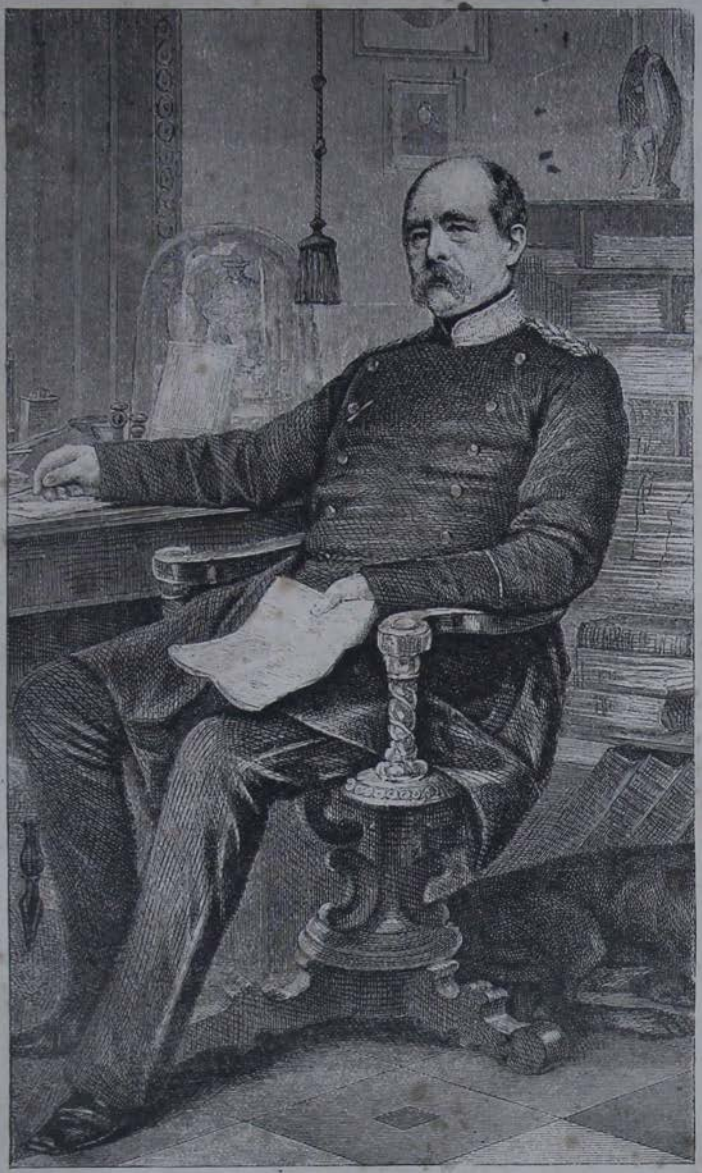

PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY. *Frontispiece.*
From a Photograph.

BERLIN

UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE,

ITS INSTITUTIONS, INHABITANTS, INDUSTRY, MONUMENTS, MUSEUMS, SOCIAL LIFE, MANNERS, AND AMUSEMENTS.

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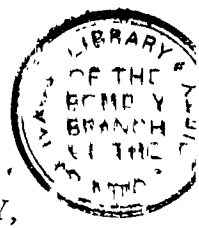

BY

HENRY VIZETELLY,

Author of

"THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, TOLD IN DETAIL FOR THE FIRST TIME," &c.

"Why are they proud? Because five milliard francs
The richer than from wars of former years?
Why are they proud? Again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of patience are they proud?"
Keats's "Isabella" paraphrased.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

UPWARDS OF **400** *ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS BY GERMAN ARTISTS.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1879.

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"The City of Intelligence, the Athens of the Spree!"—*The Berlinese.*

"The Sand-box of Germany!"—*The Viennese.*

"No, I could not trust myself to this Prussia, this bigoted, gaitered hero, so boastful and gluttonous, with his corporal's cane, which he steeps in holy water before striking with it. I was sovereignly displeased with this nature—a combination of philosophy, Christianity, and militarism—this mixture of white beer, mendacity, and Brandenburg sand. I found especially repugnant this hypocritical Prussia, with its appearance of holiness, this *Tartuffe* among nations. . . . .

"Whilst all the others were boasting of how proudly the Prussian eagle soared towards the sun, I prudently kept my eyes fixed upon his claws."—HEINRICH HEINE.

TO

HENRY SUTHERLAND EDWARDS,

IN CORDIAL RECOGNITION OF

THIRTY YEARS OF UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

H. V.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are the result of several prolonged visits paid to Berlin, the first of which took place in the autumn of the year 1872, at the important epoch of the meeting of the three Emperors, no doubt, to arrange their respective lines of action whenever the struggle, already felt to be inevitable, between Russia and Turkey should survene.

The aim the writer has had in view has been to convey an accurate idea—in small matters as well as great—of a city out of the regular highway of continental travel, and which, as the capital of the new German Empire, is destined to increase in interest to the other nations of Europe as well as to exercise a greatly extended influence over the rest of the Fatherland. There is an old proverb which says, "Who has not seen Cologne has never seen Germany," but to-day the proverb has lost its significance, as it is no longer the city of the shrines of the Magi, and the eleven thousand martyred virgins, but the whilom capital of the little Mark of Brandenburg and the present chief city of the powerful German Empire which it is necessary a stranger should see. Of the great Germanic body, Berlin is to-day at once the head and the heart, for in all that relates to the new Empire, it is Berlin that thinks, conceives, frames, organizes, and commands.

H. V.

LONDON, *August*, 1879.

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BERLIN UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE.

I.

EN ROUTE.

SADDLE of gold on a scurvy steed—the quaint past century simile characterizing the capital of the Mark of Brandenburg in the midst of a barren sandy plain—recurred to one's mind while deliberating where to spend an autumn holiday, and coupled with the then approaching meeting there of a triad of Emperors, turned the scale in favour of Berlin.

At this epoch, with the German troops still in France, and Frenchmen brooding bitterly over their uncomfortable reminiscences, the mere repetition at the ticket place of the Paris Gare de l'Est of the words "*À Berlin*," sufficed to attract scores of angry

eyes upon one. Rather more than two years previously one had heard the too-familiar formula shouted for the first time by a mercenary Paris mob. "*À Berlin!*"—What scenes those simple words recall! A population worked into a paroxysm of excitement, verging on to madness, by the yells of disguised police spies; two battles and two defeats; the midnight flight of a sovereign, protected by a faithful escort, from Metz; followed by a greater battle and another reverse, more disastrous than all the rest, resulting in the sending of the mock Cæsar into captivity and the overturning of his throne. Then ensued a period during which a people—deprived of its armies, its generals, its engines of war, its means of communication, of everything indeed that constitutes the strength of a state, save patriotism—struggled hopelessly to retrieve its losses. At last came the end, and France, whose power had made the nations tremble, found herself humbled to the dust.

Long resident in the *soi-disant* capital of civilisation, and a witness of its subjugation by the "barbaric hordes of the modern Attila," as the angry Parisians used to style the flaxen-haired, chubby-faced German youth, who for five months held them in thrall, and when all was over bivouacked so peaceably around the monumental Arc de l'Etoile, inscribed over with long lists of assumed German defeats, without so much as obliterating the name of a single apocryphal one—long resident in Paris, I had determined upon a short sojourn in the capital of this new united Germany, which had "issued from the brain of Count Bismarck, sword in hand, as Minerva came of old from the brain of Jupiter"—a capital whose destiny the Prussians fondly dream is to depose Paris from its continental supremacy, and whose inhabitants complacently describe it as the City of Intelligence, the Athens of the Spree.

Bradshaw times the distance between Paris and Berlin at thirty hours, but it was my ill-luck to be several days on the road from the common accident of one's luggage going astray, leading one to the discovery that La Rochefoucauld might have given a wider application to his famous apothegm, the amount of amusement which my fellow-travellers, in common with the railway officials and hotel waiters, derived from my mishap, proving that the misfortunes of perfect strangers, quite as much as those of intimate friends, tend greatly to the gratification of the rest of mankind.

Day after day was I doomed to remain in odoriferous Cologne, with the lions of which one had long since been acquainted, from its marvellous modern mediæval cathedral, with its gimcrack shrine of the Magi and its bones of the pseudo 11,000 virgins, to the house on the Sternengasse, where Rubens was born, and Marie de Medicis—whose apotheosis by the ambassador-artist forms a gallery of itself in the Louvre—died in exile and in misery.

After spending five days in Cologne and fifty francs in telegrams, attending the arrival of all the trains, scrutinizing every article of luggage from the railway vans, and envying the fortunate possessor of even a solitary *sac-de-nuit*, my baggage at last turned up—one portmanteau with its lock forced and the other slit with a sharp knife to allow of the introduction of a felonious finger and thumb, and the filching of sundry articles of various degrees of value from a pair of patent leather boots to a cake of old brown Windsor.

AT THE FRONTIER.

Distance certainly lent enchantment to the view which I obtained of Cologne as the train rolled over the huge iron railway bridge across the Rhine on its way to Dusseldorf—the birthplace, as one remembered, of the poet Heine and the painter Cornelius—and swept through the Rhine "black country," past embranchments with long trains of coal-trucks, steaming away to furnace and factory, past Oberhausen and Essen, where the gigantic iron and steel foundries of Jacobi and Krupp are incessantly at work, their forests of tall chimneys belching forth huge clouds of smoke, which hang in dusky canopies over the pair of prosperous and begrimed Westphalian towns. At Essen, which is simply a section of the immense workman's city, covering the entire coal basin from Dusseldorf to Dortmund, and numbering its 5000 inhabitants per square mile, in whichever direction the eyes are turned one invariably sees heavy locomotives constantly coming and going, and huge black hillocks of coal heaped up all around, with endless phantom chimneys rising like lofty antique obelisks out of the surrounding gloom. To the left is an agglomeration of Babylonian buildings, surmounted by imposing towers and surrounded by a wall high and well nigh solid as a rampart.[1] This is the gloomy abode of the true Iron King, Herr Krupp, "the master

[1] "Herr Krupp," observes M. Victor Tissot, "is so afraid lest his secret should be surprised that he surrounds his states with a veritable Great Wall of China on which this inscription is incessantly repeated in three languages—'The public are informed that in asking to view the establishment they expose themselves to a refusal.'"

gunner of the age, who has sent more heroes to Hades than any artillerist of his time." "Prussia's victories," remarks a contemplative Frenchman, "have been shaped by Herr Krupp; and his cyclops have done more for German unity than Bismarck himself. The military supremacy of the empire is at Essen even more than at Berlin."

Less than half a century ago the father of Herr Krupp began business here with a couple of workmen; five years ago—since which date it has been largely extended—the establishment covered 510 acres of ground, more than one-fourth of which was roofed in, and was connected with three separate lines of railway by branches nearly twenty miles in length, which, with all their rolling stock, were the exclusive property of the firm. There were upwards of 400 furnaces, 250 steam-engines, some of 1000 horse-power, fifty-one steam-hammers, the odd one, weighing fifty tons and costing £100,000 to manufacture, and which sounds like a cannon when at work, being prudently kept employed day and night so as not to lose for a single moment the interest of the capital sunk on it, besides forges, lathes and planing, cutting, shaping, boring, and grinding machines innumerable. Over 10,000 hands were employed at the works, which, with the plant and stock, were valued at upwards of a couple of millions sterling.

Since this period (1871) the value and productive power of the works have been enormously augmented. In 1874 the number of hands was increased to 16,000, while 65,000 tons of steel are produced annually at the establishment. Great stress is laid on the choice of the raw material—which Herr Krupp transports from his own mines in Spain on board his own ships,—and on the proper blending of the composite metal. The steel produced is very pure, close, fine-grained, and free from flaws, and its power of resistance is greater than that of Bessemer steel. Last year, with large orders in course of execution for Turkey, Egypt, Russia, China, and Spain, Herr Krupp was nevertheless able to deliver a hundred cannons a week to the different German artillery depots. His last achievement is a cannon of fourteen and a half inches bore, carrying a shot weighing 330 lbs. capable of piercing a plate of solid iron from twenty to twenty-four inches thick. The Krupp workmen ordinarily receive from one and a half to two thalers per day. Wages were lowered at the commencement of the year, but the men participate in the profits of the establishment. An assurance fund pays the doctor and provides medicine in cases of sickness, besides relieving the widow in the event of death. After sixteen years' service the workman receives an annually increasing allowance from the pension fund, and after twenty years he becomes entitled to a retiring pension for the rest of his life. Attached to the establishment are several schools and a hospital founded

by Herr Krupp, who once laboured at Essen himself working beside his father in the little forge still preserved near the chief entrance to show what industry and energy will lead to.

Less than an hour after leaving Essen one passes Dortmund, in the heart of the Westphalian coal and iron district, where the famous Vehmgericht—that powerful secret tribunal which bound its members by fearful oaths blindly to execute its decrees, and for a couple of centuries exercised sway throughout the Empire—had its origin, and where the last of the ancient linden trees of the Königshof, under which the Emperor Sigismund himself was affiliated to the grim fraternity, may still be seen.

Whilst the train stopped for a few minutes at Gutersloh, where there was the usual ravenous rush at the refreshments,

one seized the opportunity of tasting the sacchariferous brown bread of the district, the renowned Westphalian pumpernickel, which traces its whimsical name, as the learned in nomenclatures pretend, to the "*bon pour Nickel*" of some French trooper, who detested the over-rated delicacy, but thought it good enough for his horse. Here, as elsewhere along the line, one could not help being struck by the military tone which characterises the Prussian railway service. Almost all the staff have been soldiers, and engine-drivers and guards invariably make a point of saluting the station-master whenever the train enters or leaves the station. It is perhaps these marks of respect received from their subordinates which render the higher railway officials so brusque and peremptory towards the travelling public. Apropos of this an amusing story is told. It appears that, as a train was about starting from Berlin, an individual rushed along the line of carriages, shouting, "Herr Müller! Herr Müller!" when a traveller inconsiderately thrust his head out of the window, and, to his intense surprise, received a smart slap in the face. Highly

indignant he jumped out and sought the station-master, who, after listening to his complaint, simply inquired his name. "Schultze," was the reply. "In that case," rejoined the station-master, "the matter does not concern you at all; the gentleman inquires for Herr Müller, and you, Schultze, very unnecessarily put out your head. Take your seat again instantly, or you'll be left behind;" and with that he signalled for the train to start.

Hemmed in by trees, under which a few lean kine are solemnly ruminating, one sleepy-looking Westphalian village, with tall tiled roofs and low church spire, is passed after another, the peasants mostly abroad in the neighbouring fields gathering in the final

harvests. As the train rushes swiftly by, at one cottage-door we catch sight of a plump young Gretchen sedately knitting, while the kittens gambol with her rolling ball of scarlet worsted; then of some aged grandsire, embarrassed at having to divide his attention between little Peterkin squatting at his feet and the faithful Tray frisking by his side; and finally of a plump, fair-haired matron, in red petticoat and black head-dress, who spins and sings while some future conscript of the new Empire, in the shape of a merry, chubby-cheeked baby, rolls half-naked in the dust at her side. We now traverse miles of singularly uninteresting country, "generating hard-handed, broad-backed, stubborn carles, whose whole lives are spent in struggling hard to vanquish the natural infertility of the soil. Enormous plains, of barren aspect, stretch away to the horizon, northwards and southwards; every here and there a row of melancholy trees breaks the monotony of the landscape; but other element of the picturesque there is none."

Here one first encounters that peculiar breed of black and white cattle, which is met with all the country through almost up to Berlin, although one looks in vain for the fatted swine yielding the famed Westphalian hams. The train, on crossing the Weser, enters a hilly district, terminating in a narrow defile known as the Porta Westphalica, on emerging from which we find ourselves at Minden. The historic battle-field lies north of the town and westward of the famous "wood-crowned height," whereon, according to the poet, the venturesome Eliza stood, "o'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight" at which an English general, Lord George Sackville, showed the white feather, and some regiments of English infantry accomplished what the French commander believed to be impossible—"a single line breaking through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumbling them to ruin."

One broke the journey at Hanover to glance at Herrenhausen, described by Thackeray as scarcely changed since the unlucky day when the obese Electress Sophia fell down there in a fit, in the avenue her own hands had planted, and went the way of all flesh only a few weeks before the death of Queen Anne paved the way for the accession of the Brunswick Stuarts to the British throne. "I made it my business," observes Thackeray, "to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there. . . . . You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and performed masques and sang before the Elector and his sons. There are the very same fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches—still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them, appeared under their leafy arcades with gilt crooks guiding rams with gilt horns, descended from machines in the guise of Diana or Minerva, and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign."

We found the cradle of the Georges slightly different from what it was when Thackeray was there. The Palace of the deposed blind King was falling into decay, and the neglected gardens were subsiding into a wilderness. We threaded their grass-grown rectangular walks, shut in on both sides by lofty walls of clipped foliage, crossed the neglected *tapis vert*, with its troop of mildewed clumsy high Dutch goddesses sculptured in emulation of the graceful marble nymphs of Versailles, past the careless-ordered geometrical parterres to the mouldy-looking stone basin surrounded by roses, laurels, orange trees and cypresses, symbolical, it seems to us, of the love-making, fight-

ing, marrying and dying of the race of Hanoverian Guelphs. It is here that we found the petty spiral water-works which George the First used to point out to his guests as something uncommonly fine, and which when set to play for our delectation roused up the plump and lazy gold fish from the bottom of the slimy turgid pool. An old gardener, smoking a long German pipe, who showed us over the grounds, drew particular attention to the orange and cypress trees of which he appeared to take especial care. Having heard that Hanover was by no means reconciled to its absorption by the Hohenzollerns, "*Das ist Preussen!*" said I to try the old fellow, pointing at the same time to the ground. "*Das ist nicht Preussen,*" answered he, stamping his foot violently upon the gravel walk sadly in want of weeding—"*das ist Hannover!*"

The city of Hanover is a dull beautified quiet place and the province generally presents all the outward appearances of a sleepy sort of prosperity. Its fertile fields, and wooded hills, and endless sweeps of rolling ground remind one very much of England, and certain parts more especially of the weald of Kent. One misses, it is true, the stately homes of the large landowners and the big thatched barns of the thriving farmers, still all the homesteads have a comfortable well-to-do air, and the invariable tidiness of the peasantry about the heels, shows them to be better off in the matter of shoe leather, not only than the majority of their brethren in Germany, but likewise in France.

At Brunswick, the city of the fiery Guelphs who resisted the Emperors of Germany for a couple of centuries, the Altstadt Rathhaus, a graceful late 13th century Gothic structure unequalled throughout Germany, is worth coming all the way to see. In front of the pillars supporting its rich arcades of perforated stone work, stand characteristic life-size statues of Guelphic princes, all in their habits as they lived. The still flickering grand-duchy of Brunswick hardly impressed one so favourably as the recently snuffed-out kingdom of Hanover, nevertheless as regards fertility it appeared to be largely in advance of Prussian Saxony, which the railway enters just as we catch sight of the mountain chain of the Harz, dominated by the witch-haunted Brocken, the traditional scene of the Walpurgis saturnalia.

Little more than two hours' ride from Brunswick brought us to Magdeburg on the Elbe, a fortified town of the first class, which during the Thirty Years' War, after standing a two years' siege was taken by storm by the Imperialist general Tilly and burnt to the ground, thirty thousand of its inhabitants, according to the Protestant version, being put to the sword or perishing in the flames. "Since the destruction of Jerusalem and Troy," wrote the sanguinary commander of this wholesale butchery, "there has never been seen such a famous victory."

In the citadel of Magdeburg, constructed on an island in the Elbe, Baron Trenck, the audacious lover of the beautiful and witty Princess Amelia, youngest sister of Friedrich the Great, and the "malevolent fairy" of the family, was confined for nine dreary years, heavily chained to his dungeon walls. Trenck, a handsome subaltern in his majesty's guards, and aide-de-camp to the King, had attracted the princess's regards at some ball, and the result was one of those amorous intrigues such as German princesses of the epoch were prone to indulge in, although Carlyle, in the fulness of his hero worship, cavalierly classes it among the myths. Hints and warnings on the part of Friedrich having failed to put a stop to the perilous intercourse, some breach of military discipline furnished him with an excuse for placing Trenck under arrest, and packing him off to the fortress of Glatz. "Guard well this knave," wrote he to the commandant; but to no avail, for Trenck succeeded in escaping to Vienna, and an inquiry which followed, elicited that the Princess had been supplying him liberally with funds. After some years, spent in one or another northern capital he fell into Friedrich's clutches at Dantzig, when he was transferred to Berlin, and afterwards to Magdeburg, where his dungeon in the Sternschanze forms one of the sights of the place. Lafayette was at one time a prisoner at Magdeburg, while Carnot, the great military administrator of the revolutionary epoch, died there in banishment,—

> "And borrowed from his enemies
> Six foot of ground to lie upon."

On leaving Magdeburg, the railway crosses a broad sandy plain stretching for miles on either side of the line, with sand hills bounding the view. Dispersed over this barren spot were one or two windmills, while here and there clusters of trees stood likes oases in the midst of a desert. Then suddenly, by an unaccountable freak of nature, the parched soil was succeeded by a strip of marsh land where long rank grass grew to the very edge of the line. Then the sandy soil again presented itself covered with short scorched grass varied at intervals by a field of stubble and an occasional flock of geese, or dotted by clusters of pine trees as if only they were sufficiently hardy to grow in this arid waste.

Altogether nothing can be sadder and more desolate-looking than this Mark of Brandenburg, through which the little river Spree winds its way with such inimitable resignation. Well may Berlin wits pretend that their ancestors would never have settled in so forbidding a territory had there not been a deplorable lack of good maps some thousands of years ago. Between Magdeburg and Berlin we pass no towns but merely some miserable cottages grouped here and there around a neglected steeple; the

country, flat and uniform, is broken only by sand-banks and stunted pines with knotted roots, and casual pools of greenish water at which cows, lean as those of Pharaoh's dream, are drinking.[1] Little windmills perched on piles of stones rise up here and there, agitating their sails as moths do their wings, but not a human being and scarcely a bird meets the eye. Occasionally a few poppies impart a touch of colour to the dreary landscape, rendered all the more melancholy-looking by the lowering grey autumnal sky. Well might the Brandenburg poet sing :—

" Oh, what a bare and dreary land !
No hill, no vale, only dry sand,
No roses, not an oak !"

After another sandy waste, inducing the belief that we are approaching a seaport town, several beautiful lakes, with fleets of

punts and flocks of swans and wild fowl in the distance, burst suddenly upon our view. Next we pass a forest of pines, then another strip of sand and a few villages, and we are at Potsdam, watered by the Havel and rendered highly picturesque by extensive plantations which thread alike the valleys and cross the surrounding hills ; also by vast and beautiful gardens and elaborate architectural embellishments, for Potsdam counts almost half a score of palaces. Some involuntary exclamations of surprise at the pleasing transformation the scenery had undergone aroused our weary fellow-travellers, most of whom sensibly enough had taken refuge in slumber while the train was traversing the seemingly interminable dreary waste, and heads were at once eagerly thrust out of window to obtain a glimpse of Potsdam and its attractions. In another half hour the train stopped at a small wooden station to which no name was affixed. As every-

[1] *Voyage aux Pays des Milliards*, par M. Victor Tissot.

body appeared to be quitting the carriages, I hailed a porter and demanded if it were Berlin. He seemed as much astonished as one of his fellows at Cannon Street would be on being asked how far it was from London, and it was not until he had thoroughly satisfied himself he was not being joked with that he replied, "Ja, Ja." This was in 1872, before the vast and handsome station near the Potsdamer Thor, where we alighted on the occasion of subsequent visits to Berlin, was completed.

A BERLIN BAGMAN.

II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN.

WITH the platform crowded with luggage and merchandize, and densely packed with struggling passengers, it was hopeless in the prevailing confusion to attempt at securing the services of any one of the small staff of porters which the Magdeburger and Potsdamer Eisenbahn appeared to have in its employ. Consequently I and the friend by whom I was accompanied decided upon driving at once to some hotel and sending subsequently for our luggage. Descending the flight of wooden steps leading from the railway platform to the open space in front of the station, where a file of shabby-looking vehicles—average specimens of the Berlin droschken—were drawn up, and running our eyes rapidly along the line, we hailed the most respectable-looking; but the unconcerned individual lolling on the box with a cheap cigar between his teeth—the Berlin cabby never smokes pipes—responded to our signal with complete disdain. Imagining the "kutscher" of the new Empire, like the

rest of the natives of the fatherland, to be unduly elevated on the national stilts, and perhaps more indolent and less civil than his *confrères* in other parts of Europe, we opened the door of the vehicle and threw in our "wraps," a proceeding against which the driver protested and gesticulated, flinging his arms about like a semaphore, and winding up by rolling himself off his box, only, however, to declare that he could not take us. Fancying he might have a weakness for picking his fares we simply rejoined by directing him to drive to the Hôtel de Rome, but to no purpose. On trying to secure another vehicle we met with refusal after refusal, and as the crowd of droschken was rapidly diminishing we appealed to one of two tall policemen, in spiked helmets and with dangling cutlasses. He referred us to an aged military-looking individual who from his towering stature might have been a direct descendant from one of Friedrich Wilhelm the First's gigantic guards, and on whose brass badge the word Droſchkenbeſtellung could with a proper amount of patience be read. From him we received a metal ticket stamped with a number, with directions to secure the droschke with a corresponding number, the driver of which on the production of this talisman made no difficulty in accepting us as his fare. Subsequently one learnt that these so-called droschkenbestellung are attached to all the Berlin railway stations, where vehicles—abundant enough within the city—are usually lacking whenever a crowded train chances to arrive, leading to an energetic struggle to secure one of these little tablets the possession of which alone confers the privilege of being driven home in a decrepit Berlin droschke.

The next instant we were rumbling in the direction of Unter den Linden, at once the Boulevards, Rue de Rivoli and Champs Elysées of Berlin, where are found broad open squares and military monuments, the royal palaces and principal public buildings, the higher class hotels and the most attractive shops, the dearest restaurants and the more frequented conditoreien, for at this epoch cafés such as exist in Paris and Vienna were unknown in the Prussian capital. The vehicle we had secured was drawn by a miserable-looking horse, old, ill-cared for, lame of his near foreleg, and blind of his off eye, while the driver, who by means of

horse cloths and some bits of board had arranged his seat into a kind of easy chair, was a peculiarly ill-favoured specimen of humanity. Putting his physiological defects however aside, one may remark that his livery of Prussian blue, in common with all the visible portions of his linen and his face and hands, was so begrimed with accumulated dirt as to approximate to rusty iron grey, and that the only thing which gave him an air of respectability was the big bright brass escutcheon in front of his hat, to the polishing of which he had devoted an amount of time which might have been more advantageously bestowed on other portions of his toilet.

Slowly as our decrepit vehicle rumbled along we were soon crossing the turbid waters of the Landwehr canal, crowded with barges laden with bricks and fuel, while its banks were lined with stately-looking houses standing back in small but pleasant gardens. The day being remarkably warm that empyreumatic odour for which Berlin is notorious was speedily recognisable. In the height of summer you are scarcely within the city, have barely had time to catch a glimpse of its spacious thoroughfares, bordered by lofty and often elegant-looking edifices, before "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril" arises on all sides and persistently tracks your steps. Proceed in whichever direction you will, from the Thiergarten to Friedrichshain, or from Monbijou palace to the Belle Alliance-platz, along the frequented Linden Avenue, or the shunned Königsmauer, before the palace of the Emperor or the Arbeitshaus of the poor, in the most elegant as in the most repulsive quarters, of the city, it accompanies you everywhere. At certain times it is more offensive than at others, according as

the fetid filth is in sluggish motion or stagnant at the bottom of the open and inefficiently flushed drains, still the poisonous gases are for ever mingling with the atmosphere and infecting the city with their unwholesome fumes.

Passing along the spacious streets and the pleasant green leafy avenue skirting the Thiergarten—the Hyde Park of Berlin—to the Linden promenade you discover the sewers to be superficial instead of subterranean, the roads being bordered on either side by open drains, a couple of feet deep by a foot and a half broad, at the bottom of which a thick layer of mire is festering in the sun or flowing languidly towards the river Spree, a mere glance at whose waters makes one shudder when one thinks that all the coffee one will sip and the soup one will swallow will be made with this repulsive fluid. In the more populous quarters, or where the streets intersect each other, or the foot-paths are extremely narrow, or the houses chance to be inhabited by people with an ordinary keen sense of smell, these gutters have been partially covered in with stout planks, removable at will, and more or less rotten with age. They are also frequently bridged over in face of the principal *portes-cochères* to admit of vehicles crossing in security, but with these exceptions the several hundred miles of Berlin drains are completely exposed, and Berlin mud larks and baby "bangel"[1] find no end of amusement in stirring up the liquid impurity, in constructing dams to arrest its progress, and in swimming fleets of tiny boats with paper sails upon its oleaginous surface.

In broad day-light sleepy droschke drivers, in turning the street corners too sharply, occasionally topple the hind wheel of their vehicles down these gullies' abrupt banks, dragging the forewheel and sometimes the horse after it, the driver ordinarily getting unseated and his fare being possibly precipitated on to the pavement. It is no rare thing too for strangers not having the fear of these yawning trenches continually before their eyes to slip suddenly into them while crossing the road at night, and to be conducted home with possibly a dislocated ankle. Middle-class Berliners moreover after

ROYAL GUARD-HOUSE.

[1] The Berlin bangel is equivalent to the London rough.

making a night of it roll into these drains in the early hours of the morning, and working men, whom a too liberal imbibition of "weissbier mit kümmel" has rendered unsteady, regularly tumble into them on their way home and wallow there until day-break, unless compassionately assisted out by some night watch-man going his rounds. The late King, whose olfactory organs never became completely reconciled to the over pungent odours of his capital, had the happy thought of planting the borders of these drains with lines of acacias, the delicious scent from which, when in bloom, sensibly moderates the mephitic exhalations. Sanitary enthusiasts, with the view of arousing the authorities to remedy the existing evil, are for ever prophesying the outbreak of some epidemic such as depopulated the cities of the middle ages; but, as is commonly the case, their well-meant warnings fall unheeded on deaf official ears.

Beyond the pestiferous odours, which during the warm season of the year render a residence in the Prussian capital the reverse of attractive to individuals with delicately strung olfactory nerves, strangers meet with another though less serious inconvenience in the clouds of sand which in dry weather, at the slightest puff of wind, rise into the air and envelope everything they encounter in their progress. The Berlin streets are rarely watered, because the companies demand such an exorbitant sum that the newspapers pretend the city might be sprinkled with eau de Cologne for the money—which could it only be accomplished would certainly have the effect of moderating its existing noisome odours. Whenever a water-cart makes its apparition all the juvenile bangel of the neighbourhood are gambolling in the wake of it. On gusty days these clouds of

A BERLIN SAND STORM.

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sand sail swiftly down the long streets penetrating into the houses through all the apertures, obliging the double windows to be kept closed, and blinding and stifling everyone who faces them. Occasionally a pillar of sand will rise at the Halle Thor on the southern side of Berlin and whirl down Friedrichs-strasse smothering all it comes in contact with, receiving compensating reinforcements on the road, and passing leisurely out an hour afterwards on the opposite side of the city, merely however to give place to a second one already capering at its heels. The Berlin sand inflames the eyes and irritates the skin like so much pounded glass, or as Mr. Sala categorically put it, "powders your clothes, gets down your throat, cracks your lips, excoriates your mucous membrane, bakes your tongue, irritates your tonsils, and insinuates itself into your eyes, ears, and nostrils."

Unquestionably one of the first things that strikes a stranger in Berlin is the large number of people wearing spectacles. A considerable proportion of the men encountered in the streets wear glasses of one kind or another, and many women and children even have recourse to them. These affections of the eyes are possibly attributable to Berlin being situated in the midst of an immense sandy plain, and to the irritation to the organs of vision consequent upon the sand being continually in motion.

Berlin enjoys the reputation of being a handsome city. It counts a perfect host of outdoor statues and monuments, about half-a-score of palaces, numerous striking public buildings, many elegant modern private residences, and vast barracks in the style of stately feudal castles, while even its gas works, which elsewhere are ordinarily such hideous objects, assume the form

of grand gothic round towers. Its churches, however, both Catholic and Protestant are not merely insignificant but frequently hideous, and both externally and internally are but indifferently cared for. Berlin is perhaps the most mathematically arranged capital in all Europe. The straightness, length, breadth, and rectangular arrangement of its streets, excepting the tortuous thoroughfares in the older portions of the city, are proverbial. These spacious thoroughfares form grand strategetical arteries designed for the free passage of columns of horse, foot, and artillery, and the manœuvering of brigaded masses of men. In traversing Friedrichs-strasse, several miles long in a direct line, and with the drawback common to nearly all the Berlin streets, of being execrably paved, one is reminded of Sydney Smith's jocular lament that there was an end to everything in this world excepting Upper Wimpole street, which compared to Friedrichs-strasse is brevity itself.

DRAGOON BARRACKS NEAR THE HALLE GATE.

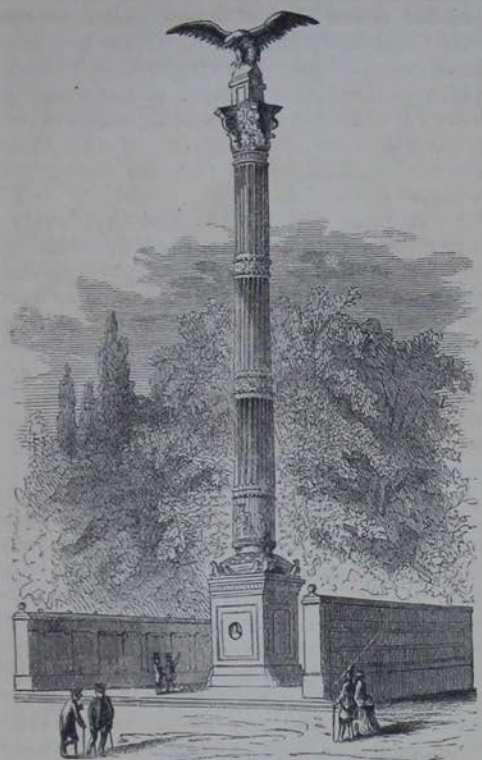
Some few Berlin thoroughfares are macadamized, but the great majority are paved, not, however, after the fashion of Oxford Street or the Strand, or even the Paris faubourgs, but with that peculiar pointed kind of stone in favour in the old continental towns. Indeed, so execrable are the Berlin pavements that a special shoe has been invented for the horses, while so ill kept are the macadamized roads that formerly the authorities used to be constantly having their attention directed by the newspapers to particular streets where men and cattle sank ankle deep in the mire. Provided, however, the tax-gatherer could only manage to pick his way through the mud to collect the city rates remonstrances were of no avail. In certain streets there are no footpaths, and even where these conveniences do border the roadways, instead of broad pavements of flagstones or asphalte, there is at most a single row of flags, just sufficiently wide for one pedestrian to walk on, the space on either side being either left unpaved or else studded with small pointed stones of the kidney potato and more angular types—in other words, just the kind of stones which one is always ready to fling into the garden of one's neighbour. It must be confessed

however that occasionally they are considerately disposed points downwards. As the extent of the repairs to the roads and footways of Berlin is dependent on the amount realised from the dog-tax, in the old days the stones used to be economically turned and returned every few years, like a miser's coat, by the thrifty municipality. Formerly a few yards of pavement would be widened in one street, next time another street would enjoy this advantage, improvement proceeding so slowly that a Berlin newspaper calculated it would take several hundred years at the then rate of progression to provide the entire city with respectable foot-pavements. Since the influx of the French milliards the advance has been more rapid, and asphalte has been partially laid down in the Linden and other important thoroughfares. Spite of this, the peculiar conformation of most of the existing stones necessitates heavy double-soled boots being worn in all seasons by those accustomed to the asphalte of the Paris boulevards or the flags of Pall-Mall, unless they are content to traverse Berlin in a sluggish droschke.

It is perhaps to the execrably paved roads and the equaly abominable footways that one should attribute the extraordinary development of female feet in this part of Europe, a physiological phenomena which we commend to the attention of our neighbours *outre Manche*, who, intent as they are on discovering alike motes and beams in the eyes of their detested rivals, are likely to make the most of it. The French, while rendering ample homage to British female beauty, have always contended that every Englishwoman, no matter how flaxen her hair, how blue her eyes, or how transparent and roseate her complexion, has large feet. They have written it in their newspapers, illustrated it in their comic journals, and declaimed it upon the stage, and it was with feelings akin to satisfaction that one observed this remarkable development of the pedal extremities which characterises the Berlin belles.

In the Prussian capital, scaffoldings and buildings in course of construction constantly arrest the eye. In the outskirts of Berlin new quarters are still being laid out, new streets planned, new houses rising up everywhere. Until quite recently even in the heart of the city so many new structures were in course of erection that one was led to imagine the capital of the new Empire had been handed over to some Prussian Haussmann to expend a handsome share of the French milliards in its extension and improvement. The newer thoroughfares undoubtedly have the merit of presenting some architectural novelties in the variety of design which the different edifices, usually in the Renaissance style, exhibit, and which, while avoiding the tedious sameness and utter want of taste displayed in our Tyburnian terraces, are in no degree incongruous with one another. A principal characteristic of Berlin domestic architec-

ture of the present day is the elegant overhanging bay windows, which, springing from the first floor, extend to the uppermost storey, breaking up the formal line of the long façades at frequent intervals, as well as ornamenting the principal street corners. And yet ninety-nine of every hundred of these houses are merely of stucco. The Berlinese, when enlarging their city, were ambitious of something grandiose, but found stone too costly, so they put up with the imitation. Select any one of the more pretentious modern Berlin houses, and your first impression will be that it is a stately stone mansion. The gateways and windows are surmounted and surrounded with rich carvings; sculptured cornices and friezes run round the upper part of the edifice, and in all probability a group of statuary rises above its summit. A closer inspection reveals the stucco to be already peeling off the older walls, the supposed stone carvings to be mere plaster of Paris, and the groups, Roman cement; while inside these edifices there will be any amount of sham marble and counterfeit mosaic, with even imitation carpeting painted up the flights of stairs.



MILITARY MONUMENT IN THE INVALIDEN PARK.

One cannot remain long in Berlin without being impressed by the abundance of its out-door statues of a bellicose type. Effigies of military or mythological heroes embellish the Linden and the Lust-garten, surmount most of the palaces and public buildings, crown the Brandenburg-gate, grace the entrance to the old Schloss and adorn its courts, scale the steps of the Museum, flank the classic

guard-house and the opera, face the king's theatre, line the more important bridges, crowd most of the open spaces, and guard the sites of the more ancient city gates, while figures of saints receive you beneath the portico of the Cathedral and survey Berlin from several of its church steeples. In the same way busts of the Emperor, the Prince Imperial and Bismarck decorate all the theatres, tanz-säle, bier-hallen, and restaurants. A perfect forest of flag-staffs dominates the Berlin edifices and the Prussian spread-eagle soars in all directions. You encounter it perched on the top of marble and metal columns, hovering over palaces and public buildings, fixed above the doors of postal and police offices, and distending its wings on the spiked helmets of soldiers and policemen, and the hats of the post-van drivers.

If one's ears are assailed with less drumming and trumpeting in Imperial Berlin than used to be the rule in Imperial Paris, there is certainly as much, if not more, marching of troops and dragging of cannon through the principal thoroughfares, as manœuvres in which infantry, cavalry, and artillery alike take part, are performed early every morning in some open sandy space outside the city. Officers in droschken or on foot throng the Linden throughout the day, requiring sentinels to be constantly on the alert that they may not neglect to salute them; and under the lime-tree avenues helmetted aides-de-camp and smart-looking orderlies are trotting to and fro from morn till night. The military element so far preponderates that at many restaurants more officers than civilians are encountered. They crowd the opera, throng most places of public resort, sweep the pavement of the Linden, the flags of which resound with

> "—their sabres' cursed clank;
> Their spurs are jingling everywhere!"

If at Berlin the martial propensity of the nation is constantly present, its system of universal education is not the less so, for although the gown timidly gives place to the sword, schoolmaster and drill-sergeant as a rule go hand in hand. In the morning,

from seven until nine the streets are positively thronged with children of both sexes and all ages and conditions, their satchels on their backs or their rolls of music and such-like matters in their hands, not creeping like snails unwillingly, but hurrying cheerfully to school.

One thing surprises a foreigner. In the majority of Berlin streets he finds all the cellars either inhabited by the poorer classes or else converted into convivial caverns such as bierlocale and the like, or occupied by the smaller tradespeople, notably milkmen, buttermen, bakers, grocers, pork-butchers, and shoemakers, and even crockery and furniture dealers. In the suburbs moreover you have often to dive down into a cellar to get your hair cut, or provide yourself with a pair of gloves. Apropos of the Berlin grocers, petroleum would appear to be their leading article, if one may judge by the size of the letters in which the name of the combustible is inscribed on their shops, and the continual recurrence of which would certainly make a Parisian communard's mouth water if he only dared trust himself inside Berlin. With reference to the subterranean pork-butchers a joke is current to the effect that late one night some newly-arrived foreigner of over lively imagination on hearing subdued guttural sounds proceeding from these profound depths instantly concluded murder was being committed, and excitedly appealed to a passing watchman to hasten to the rescue. "Calm yourself, *mein herr*," replied the

guardian of the night, whose practical ear detected the origin of the shrieks which had so alarmed the stranger; "it's only the *fleischer* killing a pig ready for the morning."

Although Berlin possesses no precise equivalent to the London public-house or the Paris *marchand de vins*, still every fourth house in the more populous districts either dispenses some kind of intoxicating liquor, is a bier-local, a wein-stube, a rum-fabrik, or a distillation establishment, or else sells tobacco and cigars. Inscriptions such as "Bier und frühstücks local," "Alle sorten biere und brantwein," "Tabak and cigarren fabrik," and "Distillation," meet the eye at every turn. The duty on all kinds of tobacco being exceedingly trifling, cigars of a certain quality may be purchased six for a penny, consequently pipes are rarely smoked even by the very poorest class. At night-time the number of red lamps seen in all quarters of the Prussian capital is something remarkable, and the stranger curious as to their object soon discovers that the red light which in Paris indicates 'bacco, at Berlin signalizes beer. If beer is abundant here, beef and mutton scarcely are so, for it is only the early comers at the popular restaurants who have the smallest chance of securing them. Things, however, have improved of late, for formerly one might have scoured Berlin through without discovering so much as a single sheep or a solitary side of beef in any one of its butchers' shops. The Berlin *fleischer* of the old school have a fancy for decorating their establishments with trailing ivy in pots, though what the connection can be between the ivy green and butcher's meat one is at a loss to divine. Fine fruit is remarkably rare and correspondingly dear at Berlin; flowers, however, are plentiful enough, and florists' shops thrice as common in the Prussian as in the French capital, the inhabitants of which have, as we all know, a mania for bouquets. From the moment a Parisienne is engaged to be married, her *fiancé* is bound to present her with a floral tribute daily until the wedding takes place. No sooner, however, is this

accomplished than the husband hastens to carry his floral offerings elsewhere. The arrangement of the Berlin bouquets is formal but tasteful, flowers of one kind and colour being disposed in circles or other strictly mathematical figures after a fashion that seems peculiar to Germany.

The greater business activity developed at Berlin since the war with France, has changed the aspect of its street traffic, which is no longer limited mainly to droschken, omnibuses, beer drays, primitive country waggons having one horse between the shafts, and another yoked by its side, and diminutive carts drawn by dogs. It is true that even to day huge piled up vans and ponderous waggons of the London type are never by any chance seen, still the numerous heavily laden railway trucks encountered in the mercantile quarters of the city show the immense impetus which Berlin trade has of late received. Beer drays of remarkable length adapted to being horsed at either end, owing to the impossibility of their turning, and carrying nearly half a hundred casks are familiar objects in Berlin thoroughfares, as are also carts laden with ice for cooling the national beverage. As the post conveys not merely letters, but bulky packages and heavy cases as well, and is in fact a kind of Pickford and Parcels Delivery Company, post-office vans are exceedingly numerous in the Berlin streets, where dog-carts for transporting milk, fish, and vegetables may be counted by thousands. Private carriages, on the other hand, are a perfect novelty even in the most fashionable Berlin thoroughfares.

LOTTERY TICKET OFFICE.

After the recent war the Berlinese in a disdainful way affected to discard everything French, and the newspapers to keep them from backsliding, periodically opened campaigns against Gallicisms in ideas or language. Certain patriotic restaurateurs, whose establishments of a higher grade than ordinary are commonly resorted to by strangers, abandoned the practice of printing their *menus* in the cosmopolitan language of France, much to the embarrassment of the general run of foreigners who failed to recognise *Hors d'œuvres* in Voreſſen, *Legumes* in Gemüſe, *Entrées* in Mitteleſſen, *Rôti* in Braten and *Dessert* in Nachtiſch. Spite of these puerile attempts at the suppression of French phrases, Paris fashion still exercises sway over the

women of Berlin ; French inscriptions too surmount many of the shops, Parisian *nouveautés* being always prominently ticketed ; bad French wines with pretentious labels have moreover usurped the place of native vintages, photographs of French actresses and Bois de Boulogne anonymas are as common in the print-sellers as French novels are in the booksellers' windows, French dancers likewise star it in the ballets, and French *pièces à grand spectacle* run their hundreds of nights at the popular theatres.

At Berlin, where huge posting bills are unknown, no enterprising Prussian Willing has utilised either the dead-walls, hoardings, omnibuses, railway carriages, or stations for advertising purposes. Announcements of all kinds are restricted to the newspapers, or to the dumpy Litfass columns dotted over the central avenue of the Linden and scattered about a few other principal thoroughfares, and which though they are placarded almost exclusively with programmes of the theatres, and other places of amusement, will commonly attract a ragged group around them, in the early part of the day. Publicity is given to lotteries, the curse of the new Empire, chiefly by placards exhibited in the shop windows, where thousands of tickets are exposed for sale, and invariably at a premium, such is the mania for speculation among the Berlinese.

Berlin with all its misery has nothing approaching to our London rookeries, the poor are huddled densely together, as in other large cities, but out of sight and generally under-ground. The prim street fronts of thousands of houses also conceal no end of wretchedness within the court at the rear, thus accounting for the absence of any such dreadful squalor as is visible

in our own metropolis. Berlin moreover is free from the plague of street cries, beggars, German bands, Italian pifferari, conjurors, and acrobats. Street stalls and hawkers' barrows are equally prohibited. The few organ-grinders only venture to ply their calling by stealth, in the more retired neighbourhoods. Even Punch and Judy appear not to be tolerated in the capital of the new Empire, where moreover all the dogs are scientifically muzzled not merely during the hot weather but throughout the year, and, strange to say, the droschken-kutscher as a rule is neither extortionate nor uncivil.

EARLY SETTLERS IN THE MARK

III.

ANCIENT BERLIN: NATURAL SELECTION AND NAME.

THE Mark of Brandenburg—at the time when German swords and German sagacity sought to wrest it from the heathenish Wends who had emigrated here from the east—presented a series of dreary flats partly covered with shifting sand and heath and partly with forests, which, excepting some oaks and a few other deciduous trees, were exclusively composed of the indigenous pine. The underwood formed dense thickets through which the axe only made a way with difficulty. Solitary gigantic blocks of granite carried thither in ages long past by the waves of the sea, lay scattered over the vast expanse, and were the sole stone to be found there. Broader than ever the rivers traversed the land, expanding for long stretches into lakes, or confined by extensive swamps, almost bottomless and hidden beneath a layer of turf and marsh plants. This configuration of the soil offered the greatest difficulties alike to military operations and commercial intercourse, confining them, as in a greater degree in mountainous countries, to a small number of passes of which the most important crossed the Spree at the very point where the oldest existing parts of Berlin are situated. On the right bank where the ancient mill-dam crosses the river, there was a pointed

tongue of land which narrowed the bed of the stream; on the other bank was a low hill, surrounded by a narrow arm of the Spree, and thus turned into an island. Between Köpnick and Spandau, two well-known ancient Wendish settlements, this was the only point at which the passage was not prevented by lake, marsh, and thicket. It is therefore probable that partly with a view to the protection of this important passage and partly through the traffic created by it, settlements existed here at a very early period.

The most ancient part of Berlin, occupying the high ground between two arms of the Spree, was a favourable point for a settlement of fishers. Certain slight eminences on the banks of the river in front of it admitted of the inhabitants building watch towers, and erecting defensive works; the locality, moreover, furnished capital sites for water-mills, while the narrowness of the stream at this point facilitated the construction of bridges and the establishment of ferries. The situation, comparable in a measure to the Paris Cité, was therefore altogether an excellent one for an important fisher community, and although Berlin is first mentioned in history towards the beginning of the twelfth century, it is probable that its origin dates from the earliest peopling of the surrounding country.

Still the little fishing hamlet would not have been in the least degree better off than a score of other localities of North Germany had it been merely a simple ferry easy to defend; —had it possessed no other natural advantages it would never have filled an important historical *rôle*. But Berlin is situated almost in the exact centre of the region circumscribed by the Elbe and the Oder, and of the lakes and rivers connected with those two great watercourses; and thus it has become the natural *entrepôt* of the various commodities produced within this extensive area. It is true that neither the Spree nor the Havel are imposing streams, still they have the requisite advantages of being both deep and navigable.

At the close of the thirteenth century, Berlin—at that time a Republic and the rallying-point of a veritable federation—had already become the principal town of the Mark of Brandenburg, and here most of the popular assemblies were held. Raised in the middle of the fifteenth century to the dignity of a capital, it increased little by little its circle of action, and profited by the geographical advantages of a vaster region. It then became evident that not only was Berlin the great commercial station between the Oder and the Elbe, between Magdeburg and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, but that it was also the centre of gravity between the basins of these two rivers—and that the commercial movement of the two regions could there be best centralized. According to the ingenious comparison of J. G. Kohl, Berlin has disposed its system between the Elbe and the Oder in much

the same fashion as a spider would spin its web between two trees. From the great market of the Upper Oder to the most important city of the Upper Elbe,—that is to say, from Breslau to Hamburg—the natural route is by Berlin, as is also that leading from Leipzig to Stettin. Further, Berlin is situated precisely midway between both of these routes, and is also equidistant from the Rhine and the Vistula, from the Dutch and the Russian frontiers. Moreover, by a remarkable coincidence, the commercial line from the Oder to the Elbe is precisely that valley which geologists recognize as having been in prehistoric times the great fluvial bed of Northern Germany. Formerly, the Oder on reaching the spot where Frankfurt now exists did not suddenly turn to the right and throw itself into the Baltic, but continued its course towards the north-west, and uniting with the Elbe, became a tributary of the North Sea. The immense river, upwards of 600 miles in length, passed precisely by the spot where Berlin rises to-day—towards the centre of the ancient valley. The Spree, bordered by marshes, flows still in the bed of the powerful watercourse, "a dwarf that has slid into a giant's armour." The isthmus separating it from the actual course of the Oder is very narrow and the old connection could be easily re-established by a canal.

Favourably situated with regard to the rivers of North Germany and their basins, Berlin is equally well located in reference to the seas which wash the northern shores of the new Empire. While belonging by the direction of the Elbe course to that region of Germany which is bathed by the North Sea, it should be borne in mind that Berlin communicates equally freely with Hamburg, the great Elbe port, as with Stettin, the most important emporium of the mouth of the Oder, and that it commands at once both coasts. Better than any other city it can influence and survey the commercial operations which are carried on between the ports of Embden and Cuxhaven, and from Kiel to Königsberg and Memel. To employ a military comparison, the city may be likened to a general occupying a commanding position behind his army and directing its manœuvres. West, east, south—in all parts of the immense plain, stretching from the mouths of the Ems to the waters of the Niemen, the cities of Germany occupy commercially—as well as politically and militarily—the same subordinate position in regard to the central city which watches over and governs them. Through its network of converging canals and railways, Berlin increases daily its power of attraction, the recent conquests of Prussia largely precipitating the movement of this immense suction pump in the plains of Brandenburg.[1]

A crowd of immigrants of all kinds, workers and idlers, rich

[1] *Die Geographische Lage der Hauptstaedte Europa's*, von J. G. Kohl.

and poor, men of wealth and pleasure, seekers of adventures and of fortune, rush towards Berlin with a kind of frenzy. The progress of the city in population, wealth, and industry, has been far more rapid than even that of Prussia in political importance, and Berlin, already peopled with nearly a million inhabitants, promises to become like London a province covered with houses.

It will be seen from the foregoing that favourable local conditions had everything to do with the founding of Berlin, and that like conditions materially promoted its subsequent development and eventually transformed the chief city of the Mark of Brandenburg into the metropolis of Prussia, and finally into the capital of the new German Empire.

The origin of the name, Berlin, has given rise to endless surmises, occasionally ingenious but more frequently puerile. For instance, from the simple supposition that the sandy forest glades in which the first Berliner set foot produced berries, it has been deduced that the word Berlin comes from *Beer lein*, signifying a small berry. A wilder conjecture proceeded from the brain of a classic philologist, who, by reason of the calling of the original settlers—who it is necessary to assume were familiar with Greek because the Greeks happened to come to the distant Pomeranian coast in search of amber—derives Berlin from *barys linos* (heavy net). With no more reason the city is supposed to have been originally called Bärlein, meaning "little bear," not however after the four-footed brute, but from Albrecht der Bär, or the Illustrious, who is said, on no kind of authority, to have founded the city in the year 1140, the truth being that Berlin had existed long before his day as a Wendish village. An astrological topographer of the 16th century was undecided as to whether the word was derived from the above-named Margrave or from the constellation of the Little Bear, under which he asserted Berlin was situate. Another conjecture assumed *ber* and *wehr* to be identical, and derived the name from the latter word, which signifies "dyke." Others assert that Berlin simply means "ford," and that the city obtained its name, like Frankfurt, from a shallow in the river. Numerous attempts have been made to trace the word Berlin to a Sclavonic source, improbable as the theory is that the capital of the German Empire should have been founded by Sclaves.

One of the boldest of these philological flights derives the word from *pri*, meaning "near," and *lin*, a "hill," for where, we may ask, is the hill in the neighbourhood of Berlin to be found? Even a still more ludicrous suggestion is the combination of *ero*, "feather," with *linati*, "to moult," to produce the word Berlin, on the assumption, as has been humorously suggested, that the original site of the city was a goose-common. Other conjectural combinations are *bor*, "forest," either with *rola*,

"field," or with *glina*, "clay." A more ingenious supposition connects the word Berlin with the Sclavonic *brljina*, applicable to slow water with a muddy bottom, which would no doubt have admirably described the locality in prehistoric times. The honour of conferring a name on the city is not merely claimed for the Sclaves but for the Celts as well, although it has never been pretended that so much as a single Celtic tribe ever settled in the Mark of Brandenburg. In the Celtic language Berlin has been derived both from *biorlinn*, a ferry, and from *bairlinn*, a dam, as well as from compounds of *ber*, a curve, and *lin*, a river, or *paur*, a willow, and *lluyn*, a wood.

Unquestionably the most uncomplimentary derivation is that suggested from the Czech word *berla*, signifying "crutch," while the most flattering etymology is that of the Jesuit Bisselius, who maintained that Berlin evidently signified a pearl, and ought therefore to be spelt Perlin. The latest suggestions on the subject come from Dr. Otto Beyersdorf, who has required an entire pamphlet [1] to arrive at the conclusion that the city on the Spree was simply called Berlin because it was Berla's place, just as Stettin was Stetta's place, Czernin, Czerna's place, &c., and he thinks the name may have been originally that of some national Sclavonic saint, to whom other localities likewise owe their name. He cites as instances public squares both at Nordheim and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder named Berlin; two other squares in Halle called respectively the great and little Berlin, two lakes at Wittstock similarly named, several villages in Mecklenburg and Holstein called Berlin or Barlin; and a town near Frankfurt-on-the-Oder bearing the graceful name of Berlinchen. It has, however, been pointed out that the Wends have a prior claim to have given the name to the town which everyone admits them to have founded, and that one need go no further than their language to find the word "Berlin," which simply means an open space.

[1] "*Der Ortsname Berlin aus dem Slavischen erklärt.*"

A ROBBER KNIGHT EQUIPPING FOR A RAID.

IV.

DEVELOPMENT OF BERLIN.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.

THE first Berlin houses are supposed to have sprung up in the Molkenmarkt, the common market-place of the city, at the earliest period of which any records exist. Adjacent stands the gloomy grey church of St. Nicholas, admitted to be the most ancient ecclesiastical edifice in the capital, Berlin, a town of fishers, sailors, and traders, having placed itself under the patronage of St. Nicholas the tutelary saint of seafaring men. By the commencement of the thirteenth century, when this church was built, the twin towns of Berlin and Köln had both risen to some importance, and

subsequently chose a common municipal council to administer their joint affairs.

Among other privileges then conceded to them by the Margraves of Brandenburg, was the right of using a joint seal, on which was displayed the red eagle of Brandenburg on a silver field. Ere long, however, the Berlin burghers decided on having a coat of arms to themselves, and, speaking escutcheons being the fashion in those days, a bear was introduced into the Berlin shield, either because it was supposed that the name Berlin came from the bear, or in reference to Albrecht the Bear, the bold conqueror and founder of the Margravite of Brandenburg, who, sweeping away the heathenish Wends, peopled it with colonists from Holland whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless.

In the year 1320 the ducal line of Albrecht the Bear having died out, Duke Rudolf of Saxony received the homage of the Berlin citizens, to whom, however, the new ruler soon became obnoxious, and some disturbances ensuing, two of his adherents lost their lives. Shortly afterwards Nicholas Cyriax, prior of Bernau, a partisan of the unpopular duke, and a constant dangler in his train, came to Berlin, and ventured in the Marienkirche on some demand in his behalf, which the citizens were indisposed to grant. Loud murmurs having arisen, the irascible prior hurled forth his angry anathemas, when the people closed in upon him with fury, and his death at the church door was the result. The brutal burghers, not content with slaying their victim, kindled a fire and burnt his body on the spot. So incensed was the Bishop of Brandenburg at this savage outrage, that, after peremptorily ordering the Berlin churches and chapels to be closed, and all religious rites to be suspended, he proceeded to excommunicate the citizens *en masse*, and it was not until two-and-twenty years afterwards that the repentant burghers prevailed upon the Pope to remove the interdict. For many years subsequently a light was kept perpetually burning before a stone cross, which, by way of atonement for their

offence, the citizens had been compelled to erect upon the fatal spot.

Rudolf dying after a brief rule, Kaiser Ludwig transferred the Brandenburg Margravite to his son, named after himself, and at that time a mere stripling, but who in subsequent years fought beside our own Edward III. at the siege of Cambray. A year or two after his return home from the wars he found his right to the Mark—where he was exceedingly unpopular—disputed by the ghost of some former Margrave named Waldemar, who was believed to have been comfortably interred at least a quarter of a century before. To-day however, it was pretended that he had simply been absent all this while in the Holy Land, but had now returned, and placed himself at the head of an army to assert his rights. Kaiser Karl IV., son of the blind King of Bohemia, who was slain at Crécy, and whose famous plume and motto were assumed by the Black Prince, had in the meanwhile succeeded Ludwig as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and, to spite the Bavarian party, proceeded to take the pretended Waldemar under his patronage. The citizens of Berlin, with whom the original Waldemar had been very popular, affected to regard the new comer as their true prince, and warmly espoused his cause; but soon a rumour arose that it was Margrave Waldemar's former servant, some miller's boy, whom the Emperor was taking through the country with the object of wresting the Brandenburg Mark from the house of Bavaria. The King of Denmark, brother-in-law of the reigning Margrave, flew to the assistance of his relative, and laid siege to Berlin, which was promptly recalled to its allegiance by the levy of a large war contribution. Spite, however, of this pecuniary mishap, Berlin still continued opulent, and so addicted were its citizens to habits of extravagance that it was found requisite to repress them by sumptuary laws. It was at this epoch that a singular fraternity of priests and laymen, known as the Guild of Mercy, was instituted at Berlin. Its ostensible objects were the relief of poor ecclesiastics and the succouring of travellers in distress in foreign countries; but it gradually secured extensive privileges, and attained to considerable power and importance.

The towns of Berlin and Köln owed their development exclusively to the energy and commercial activity of their citizens. The reigning prince for the time being came to exact suit and service from the burghers on his accession, but was rarely popular enough to keep his court among them. Friedrich I., of the house of Hohenzollern, had been thrust upon the states of the Mark, throughout which great lawlessness prevailed, by Kaiser Sigismund, the same who gave Huss a safe conduct to the Council of Constance, and then suffered him to be seized and burnt for heresy, and who first of all pawned, and, as he could not redeem it, afterwards sold the Brandenburg Mark to

his *protégé*, Kurfürst Friedrich. The latter received the fealty of the states at Berlin amid considerable opposition, before which, resolute as he was, he had to bend, retiring from the

ELECTOR FRIEDRICH I. AND HIS ELECTRESS.
(*From paintings in the church of Radolzburg.*)

Hohe-haus, now known as the Lager-haus, where he had taken up his residence, to the Kaiser's castle at Tangermunde, and from time to time occupying himself in repressing the anarchy to which, at this epoch, when power was the only measure of right, the Mark was unhappily a prey.

The second Hohenzollern, likewise a Friedrich, profited by some dispute betweeen the united councils of Berlin and Köln and the burghers, to make his appearance before the city at the head of 600 horsemen ; and after compelling the inhabitants to surrender up the keys of the different gates, summarily divested them of various ancient rights and privileges. To effectually subdue future opposition he commenced building a castle within Köln itself, a proceeding which the irritated burghers resented by open rebellion. Peace, however was speedily brought about, after the last modern fashion, by arbitration ; and everything being made pleasant, the Elector rode into the city with a great display of pomp. In 1451 he took up his residence at the new castle, which had strong walls and high towers for defence or

aggression if need were—one of these towers, the great Wendelstein (Winding-stone) being constructed with a winding ascent, without steps, to allow of the transit of heavy ordnance.

Under the warlike Elector Albrecht Achilles, whose rule commenced in 1471, the twin towns rose considerably in importance, numbers of strangers being attracted to them by the knightly games and tournaments which were continually being held on the banks of the Spree. This importance was permanently maintained by the Electors making Köln their fixed place of residence. The last organized bands of robbers are said to have disappeared from the Mark on the apparition of the first Hohenzollern; still there were plenty of high-born gentlemen, like Eberard of Würtemberg, of the blasphemous device, "Friend of God, Enemy of all," who continued to live

ROBBER KNIGHTS.

from the saddle, and the Elector Johann Cicero—so called from his latinity and his eloquence—pounded no end of baronial robber towers about their owners' ears. Half a century of energetic rule had produced vast changes for the better, yet travelling merchants might still have prayed, as of old,—

"From Köckeritze and Lüderitze,
From Kröcher, Kracht, and Itzenplitze
Good Lord deliver us!"

The successor of Johann Cicero, Joachim I.—elder brother of the Cardinal Albrecht of Mainz, notorious as having set on foot the sale of those unlucky indulgences which provoked the Reformation—was himself a stout Catholic, whose wife fled the country in terror on his discovering that she had secretly received the sacrament at the hands of a Protestant priest. It was he who stole off to the Kreuzberg, a little hill in the environs

of Berlin, the more quietly to contemplate the destruction of the world, which had been foretold by the astrologer Carion. The event not coming off as predicted, Elector and astronomer satisfactorily accounted for the omission by an error in their calculations. Under Joachim the law of "might makes right" was all but suppressed so far as Christians were concerned, but it was different with the unfortunate Jews, thirty-eight of whom were burnt at the stake, while the rest were driven out of the Mark of Brandenburg.

A predatory act committed at this epoch by some marauding Saxon noble kindled a little war between a defiant Berlin citizen and the Elector of Saxony. Hans Kolhase, a dealer in horses, whose connections extended into Lower Germany, had a couple of his finest animals seized by the noble freebooter. His complaints to the Elector of Saxony securing no redress, he sent the latter a challenge, following it up by an inroad into Saxon territory with a troop of horse. This brought about a compact, which was, however, broken by the Saxons, and the irate horsedealer proceeded to levy war in earnest, and even burnt the little town of Zahna, near Jüterbogk, in the church of which, a few years afterwards, the Dominican Tetzel publicly sold those indulgences which aroused the indignation of Luther, then a professor in the neighbouring University of Wittenberg. The Elector Joachim came forward as mediator in the quarrel, but all in vain. Dr. Martin Luther next intervened on behalf of his patron, the Elector of Saxony, and wrote an admonitory letter to the daring horsedealer, which is said to have so powerfully affected him that he rode over to Wittenberg and visited Luther by night. The latter summoned all the leading theologians of the town, and, under the heavy battery of dialectics which they opened upon him, the Berlin horsedealer naturally gave way, and, promising to keep the peace, rode back over the Saxon border. A short time afterwards hostilities were rekindled, and Kolhase seized a number of silver bars on their way from the Mannsfield mines to the Imperial mint, and flung them into the river from the bridge at Potsdam, which still retains the name of Kolhasen bridge. This piece of audacity

BUTTRESS OF THE OLD BERLIN JUSTICE-HALL.

could not be overlooked, and the Berlin executioner, a useful if not respected member of society in those turbulent times, had orders to arrest the citizen Kolhase. Knowing, however, the desperate character of the man, he prudently enticed him to Berlin where he suddenly seized on him and one of his comrades.

At the trial which followed Kolhase defended himself with much natural eloquence, but to no avail. His judges ruled that the Kaiser's uncoined ingots must be respected, and Kolhase was condemned to be broken on the wheel. An offer to commute the sentence to decapitation was declined by him because his comrade was excluded from the benefit of it. "Brothers in life," exclaimed the gallant horsedealer, "in death we will be cleft together."

MEN-AT-ARMS.

Joachim II., who was fond of displays of splendour and the holding of festivals, celebrated the christening of his daughter by a grand tournament in the tilt-yard of the Schloss, at which knights with a multiplicity of quarterings emblazoned on their

HERALDS.

shields contended in the lists. The Elector was not averse to fighting in earnest, having had some practice that way against the Turks, and to arouse a like combative spirit in his subjects he set the citizens of Berlin and Spandau to make mock war upon each other. The battle known as the club-war of Spandau began with an engagement on the river Havel, under the walls of the fortress. Both fleets fought with becoming valour, but the

KNIGHTS.

Berlinese conquered and commenced bombarding the citadel, whereupon the women of Spandau, thinking the fighting had commenced in earnest, rushed out and implored the Elector to release their besieged husbands, and on his refusal became so irate that Joachim found himself in a critical position. Eventually the Spandauers cleverly enticed their adversaries into an ambush, and gave them a sound drubbing, which brought the battle to a satisfactory close, so far as the victors were concerned. Berlin at this epoch was Catholic, and miracle plays used to be periodically performed by the city scholars in the Town-hall, but the Elector, whose mother had been previously zealous in the Protestant cause, openly embraced the reformed faith, and Buchholzer, a pupil of Luther's, preached in the Cathedral as the first Protestant prior of Berlin. Subsequently, on November 2nd, 1539, after the reformed service had been inaugurated in the church of St. Nicholas, the town council and many of

the principal citizens received the sacrament according to the Lutheran form.

THE KLOSTER-KIRCHE.

Joachim II. patronised the fine arts just as certain of his predecessors had fostered science. He imported a special court painter from Milan, who painted the admirable portraits of himself and wife, which are preserved at the Berlin Schloss; provided occupation for sculptors and goldsmiths; and gave a marked impetus to the architectural embellishment of the capital. In 1540 he razed the fortified castle of the Elector Friedrich II., and on its site "built himself a lordly pleasure-house, wherein at ease to live for aye," decorating it inside with historical panels by Lucas Cranach, and gracing the court with life-size statues of the various German Electors. Under Joachim Berlin witnessed the introduction of the *Renaissance* style, which simply heralded in the reign of stucco. True, for some time to come stone was employed as heretofore for the more important buildings, but gradually bricks, disguised under compo, usurped its place.

CORBEL IN THE KLOSTER-KIRCHE.

Johann Georg was a sober, steady-going ruler, who set his face equally against feasts, festivals, luxury in apparel, and strong liquor in excess, which latter he sought to wean his subjects from by taxing it heavily. He moreover busied himself with the completion of the statute-book, commenced by his father, and in furthering education; united the two schools of St. Nicholas and St. Mary into one large national establishment, installing it in an ancient Franciscan monastery, of which the existing Klosterkirche at one time formed part. During

the reign of Johann Sigismund, who declared in favour of Calvinism, violent disputes arose between the contending Lutheran and Calvinist factions, which naturally interfered with the even flow of Berlin life. The fact is the Hohenzollerns of this epoch were somewhat shifty in matters of faith, conveniently maintaining,—

> "That which is, or why 'tis so,
> Few can conjecture, none can know."

On the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War, Georg Wilhelm, son of Johann Sigismund, would willingly have declared for the Catholic party had not motives of prudence restrained him; his remaining neutral, however, did not prevent the Mark from being overrun with foreign hordes. It was at this exciting epoch that Berlin witnessed the appearance of its first newspaper. As the war proceeded it had to put up with the demolition of all the houses along the city walls, and subsequently with the burning of a considerable portion of its suburbs, on the approach of Gustavus Adolphus, who professed to occupy the Mark as a matter of strategy, and ended by pretty well devastating it. When Berlin was really threatened the shifty Elector, not daring to offer resistance limited himself to running hither and thither with his grey-bearded counsellors, exclaiming, "What is to be done? they have got cannon!"[1] this dreaded artillery possibly being the identical two leathern cannon known to have belonged to Gustavus Adolphus and still preserved in the Berlin armoury.

It was under such disheartening circumstances as these that, in 1640, Friedrich Wilhelm, the Great Elector, came into possession of his inheritance. "A prince without territory, an Elector without power, and an ally without an army," he not only succeeded in ridding his country of the last Swede, but laid the foundations of Prussia's future greatness. An able and intrepid warrior, an adroit diplomatist, and a grand administrator, he succeeded in repairing the disasters of preceding years. Having faith in the axiom that "care and industry will accomplish everything," he opened negotiations in one direction, concluded alliances in another, made war and peace by turns, and always to his own aggrandizement, until he managed to get himself recognized as an independent ruler instead of a mere fief, and to play a *rôle* in Europe which grew more important from year to year. From the commencement of his reign he took the keenest interest in the progress of the capital, encouraged all who were in the service of the State, and the wealthier burghers to build new quarters of the city, one result being the Friedrichwerder-stadt erected on lands of his own, of which he made concessions with the object of promoting building enterprise. He improved the Schloss, enlarged its pleasure-grounds, and

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great.*

completed the fortifications. The twin churches in the Gensdarmen-markt and the finer old houses—residences of the statesmen of the period—still existing in the city belong to this epoch, whence the systematic development of Berlin architecture takes its rise. In the year 1675 the erection of the Dorotheen-stadt was commmenced on some farm lands belonging to the Elector's second wife, Dorothea, at whose instigation the renowned Unter den Linden was planted. Other districts were projected or extended, and all these various additions to the city were protected by moats and ramparts. The principal streets too were paved and lighted, and generally as much attention was bestowed on the internal arrangements of the city as upon its enlargement.

At the peace of Münster and Osnabrück the bells had rung in thanksgiving throughout the Mark, still Brandenburg suffered for years to come from the effects of those disastrous times. The Elector, however, did his best to bring about a return to prosperity, and had roads made, canals dug, and marshes drained, besides establishing colonies of foreigners in the midst of the sandy wastes surrounding Berlin, which in due time were forced into fertility. When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes the Great Elector replied by the Edict of Potsdam offering to the French emigrants a second country. Five-and-twenty thousand men alone profited by the invitation ; the Elector's representatives abroad had received orders to smooth down the difficulties of their journey, and whatever property they brought with them was admitted free of duty. Lands abandoned during the war were given up to the agriculturists and temporarily exempted from taxation, while the operatives had rights of citizenship conferred upon them and were at once admitted to the different trade guilds. Many among them took up a position in the highest ranks of commerce and industry. Credit institutions were established to provide for the first wants of the immigrants, who were moreover allowed their own courts of justice, consistories, and synods. Finally all affairs referring to them were conducted in their own language, and even so recently as the present century there were seven churches in Berlin, the services at which were conducted exclusively in French.

The Great Elector further created the elements of a navy, developed commerce, and established manufactures. After the peace of Westphalia had been signed, the Berlinese again resorted to their amusements of target and poppinjay shooting at Whitsuntide and during August ; the Christmas fair was also duly celebrated in the Köln fish-market, and the avidity with which the burgher class betook itself to tea and tobacco indicated the return of national prosperity. The French refugees introduced the habit of snuff-taking, and carrying out their universal mission, substituted French fashions in dress, an innovation which led to

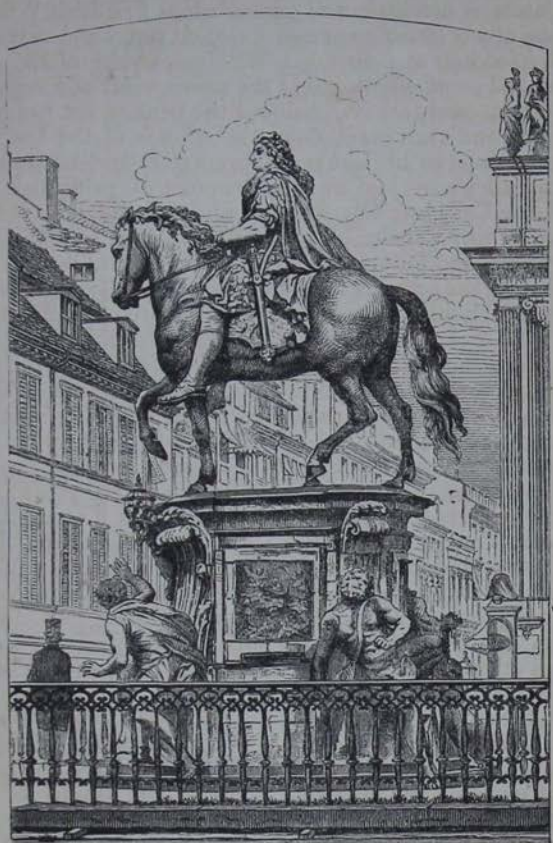
the suppression both of the rich Spanish court costume and the picturesque attire of the old German burgher.

By the end of the reign of the Great Elector, Berlin had grown to twice the size it was at the commencement, and its population had increased to nearly three fold. His states were augmented in almost an equal degree; their half a million of inhabitants had become a million and a half; his little army of three thousand men had expanded into one of twenty-four thousand, while his revenue of half a million had swollen to two and a half millions of crowns, beside which he left six hundred thousand crowns in his treasury. At his splendid funeral no less than forty ambassadors were present, an evident proof of the regard in which this able ruler was held at foreign courts.

The Elector Friedrich III. afterwards King Friedrich I. was deficient in all his father's greater qualities but followed in his footsteps so far as the embellishment of Berlin was concerned. With the aid of able architects whom he had the judgment to select he remodelled and enlarged the Schloss and imparted to it much of its present external grandeur. He moreover erected the arsenal and other public buildings, raised the fine equestrian statue to the Great Elector on the Kurfürsten-brücke and commenced the Friedrichs-stadt on a regular plan; while the Electress promoted the building of the earliest houses in the Spandauer and Stralauer suburbs. Friedrich III. gave to the different districts, into which the city was divided, a single government and council. At the instigation of the handsome and intellectual Electress Sophia, pictured by Carlyle as something between an earthly queen and a divine Egeria whose inquiring mind was always wanting to know the wherefore of the why, he founded the Berlin Academy of Sciences after the plan of Leibnitz, and named the great philosopher its perpetual president. The Elector's main failing was his excessive complacency towards the Emperor of Germany whose interests he served and whose quarrels he espoused in order to secure the one object of his heart's desire, the coveted title of King, which the Kaiser at last consented to his assuming. Setting out from Berlin in great state with a train of nearly two thousand carriages, which—although no less than thirty thousand post-horses had been provided for them—were as many as twelve days proceeding to Königsburg, he placed with his own hand the coveted royal crown on the top of his flowing periwig and then crowned his charming Electress. His coronation accomplished he was acclaimed by his delighted subjects as a self-made king, and Berlin never before witnessed such a spectacle as was presented on his return. The royal pair, attended by the guilds and corporations of Berlin and Köln in the gayest of liveries, rode under triumphal arches through the city, all the church bells ringing out merry peals and hundreds of cannon thundering

forth salutes from the city walls and even from the shipping in the Spree.

Carlyle describes the first King of Prussia, whom an unlucky jerk in infancy had rendered hump-backed, as struggling all his days, regardless of expense, to render his existence magnificent, if not beautiful. He took for his model the court of Louis XIV.



SCHLUTER'S STATUE OF THE GREAT ELECTOR.

then the most brilliant in Europe, wore a grand Spanish wig like Le Roi Soleil, surrounded himself with a troop of chamberlains and maintained a little army of cooks. Beyond perpetual ceremonies and solemnities, attended with more or less splendour, and the continual ministering to his own effulgent existence, the

expensive King indulged in profuse plans of all kinds that cost the state immense sums, to raise which he even taxed wigs, shoes, and cats. At his death no sooner was his funeral over than his son and successor leapt into the saddle and commanded the troops drawn upon the Schloss-platz to fire three salvoes from their guns; from which it was foreseen that a perfectly new order of things was about to be inaugurated.[1]

The austere, eccentric, and parsimonious Friedrich Wilhelm I. had none of his father's expensive elegant tastes and extravagant love of splendour and display. With one stroke of the pen he abolished all court offices, swept the palace clear of a regiment of chamberlains and lackeys, reduced the pension list to less than one fourth, and even pared down the salaries of the few attendants he retained in his service. Government and house-keeping were carried on by him on like economical principles. This hero of the Carlylean Olympiad "regulated the daily outlay for his table to half a thaler, higgled with his Queen over the market price of eggs, and forbade his cooks under pain of death to pilfer the dishes on the pretence of tasting them." Under him French refinement and luxury came to an end and a purely Dutch simplicity set in. To render everything of French extraction unpopular at Berlin, the King had anti-Gallic pieces performed at the theatre and his jailors dressed up in the latest Paris fashions. All great architectural works were suspended. The new King's heart was in his army, and gigantic and well-drilled soldiers were his hobby. To secure the former, seven feet and upwards in height, his agents scoured Europe, kidnapping those who were proof against persuasion. It is not surprising, therefore, that his recruiting sergeants occasionally got hanged. The premium offered by him for tall men proved sufficient to tempt the governor of Augsburg to arrest all travellers of the requisite height who ventured through the town on foot and to sell them to his agents. Friedrich Wilhelm likewise bought his guards regularly of the Countess Würben, mistress of the Duke of Würtemberg, and the same to whom on her demanding to be included in the prayers of the Church, the cutting reply was made, "Madame, we pray daily—O Lord! deliver us from evil." On one occasion he bartered four Japanese vases with Augustus II. of Saxony—the begetter of three hundred and fifty-four children and bender of horse-shoes with his bare hand—for four regiments of dragoons, which came to be known as the regiments of porcelain. At another time he made a present of a useless yacht which his father had had built, to Peter the Great, who had paid him a visit at Berlin, and who sent him in return a hundred and fifty Muscovite sons of Anak. Every autumn the Czar transmitted another hundred of these giants to Berlin, and the Prussian King acknowledged

[1] *Berlin* von Robert Springer.

the gift by forwarding to St. Petersburg smiths, mill-wrights, engineers, and drill sergeants. The drilling of his troops was due to Dessau—rough, passionate, and a drunkard, but beloved by the soldiers—the "inventor alike of the iron ramrod, of the equal step, and indeed of modern military tactics; out of whose rough head" remarks Carlyle "proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable drill sergeants in various languages daily repeat and enforce, and who drilled the Prussian infantry to be the wonder of the world." Further, so perfect was the discipline which existed that, as Carlyle emphatically puts it, "from big guns and waggon-horses, down to gun-flints and gaiter straps, nothing was wanting or out of its place at any time in Friedrich Wilhelm's army."[1] So excessively jealous was the King of his hobby being interfered with that, on one of his giants being sentenced by the Berlin Criminal Court to be hanged for house-breaking, he sent for the judges and replied to their explanations and excuses by a shower of blows from his flexible ratan, "cracking the crown of one, battering the nose of another, and knocking out a few teeth from a third."

The provident King turned the palace Lustgarten into an exercising ground for his guards, and put a sudden stop to the internal decorations of the Schloss which had been commenced by his predecessor. Nothing but what was absolutely indispensable was finished. A completed suite of apartments on the third floor were made to serve for the state receptions of the court. The grand banqueting hall simply had a coat of whitewash given to it and remained thus for years, whence arose the name of the Weisse Saal which to this day it retains. Though the King was a great stickler for uniformity, and insisted on all new houses being of the same size and height, yet he could surrender his predilection for architectural symmetry when his own convenience was concerned. In the portion of the palace which he inhabited, looking into the Lustgarten, he had several of the windows made larger in order to admit more light and air, thereby marring the regularity of the façade. In the same way, for the sake of readier communication, he had common wooden galleries constructed, leading through one of the gates of the garden and the palace entrance under the grand triumphal arch.

Friedrich Wilhelm was not on good terms with the Berlinese, who were averse to maintaining the large garrison he wished to install within the capital. For this reason he patronised Potsdam, which he greatly extended and improved, still he contributed materially to the enlargement of Berlin by the interest which he took in the building of the Friedrichs-stadt, the houses of which stood lonesomely here and there when he entered on his task. The immigrant Bohemians rendered considerable assistance towards

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*.

the work, but their co-operation was far from sufficient, and the King had recourse to extraordinary measures. He appointed a regular agent charged with compelling people to build. Not only were those holding official positions and individuals of known means obliged to erect their own houses, but even persons of moderate incomes, who had to borrow at exorbitant rates of interest the capital they lacked. Whenever this agent was seen to turn down a street people scampered out of his way for fear of being called upon to build a house they had no need of. By having recourse to these arbitrary measures the King succeeded by the end of his reign in getting nearly all the waste spaces within the city walls built upon, but at the trifling inconvenience of impoverishing most of the occupants of the new houses.

The Dutch style of architecture was Friedrich Wilhelm's admiration. He liked the homely plainness and warmth of colour of the Dutch brick houses, on the primitive Noah's ark model. Moreover the old connection with Dutch life which in the days of the Great Elector had acted as a counterpoise to French taste and policy was revived by him. With the death of Louis XIV. the time was gone by when wigs covered every head, and the full-bottomed perruque with its pompous fulness and puffed-up majesty lorded it in a majestic and ceremonious manner. Fatigued with long years of solemn restraint, the French fashionable world, which was aped by half Europe, hastened to rush into careless enjoyment, coupling it with the wildest extravagance, the most reckless levity. Inexhaustible caprice drove it from one whim to another, whilst it laughed at every law and followed no prescript but pleasure, a condition of things of which the wanton rococo, German philosophers ingeniously contend, was the symbol, just as the reaction against all this sensualism and frivolity was typified by the homely pig-tail, the real father of which according to them was Friedrich Wilhelm I.[1] This appurtenance to the head made its first appearance in military circles in days when the uniform followed the fashions, and the perruque was regularly worn by the officers, while financial considerations interposed an insuperable obstacle to its adoption by the rank and file.

The latter therefore, by way of substitute, wore their hair as long as possible, and, in order that it might not trouble them when on duty, tied it together behind. From this simple beginning sprang the braided and be-plastered pig-tail, which hung stiff and uniform down every military neck, being artificially supplied whenever nature had not been sufficiently bountiful. From the soldiers the fashion passed in due course to the civilians, on whom it set the distinctive *bourgeois* seal, and whose pedantic prudence and homely narrow-mindedness acted as a counterpoise

[1] *Geschichte des modernen Geschmacks.*

to the escapades of the wanton rococo. The historical significance of Friedrich Wilhelm I. lies in those rigid military and simple citizenlike elements which opposed German staidness and discipline to French frivolity and fickleness, and set far more store by exactness than by elegance.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm steadily developed the resources of the kingdom, drained bogs, founded colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms out of home wove cloth and resolutely set himself against idleness in any form. The old Berlin apple-women even were required to knit while sitting at their stalls, and many an idle street-lounger on whom the King unexpectedly came received a smart whack over his shoulders from his majesty's favourite ratan. In the words of Carlyle, "he drilled the Prussian nation into habits of thrift, industry, veracity, and punctuality." He made education compulsory, and nothing redounds more to his credit than his noble behaviour towards the persecuted Protestants of Salzburg, whom, after furnishing with means to emigrate, he received in person at the gates of Berlin and finally settled in various parts of his dominions at a considerable outlay.

The King's famous smoking club, which formed as it were his privy council, and his harsh treatment of his eldest son on account of the latter's French proclivities, are matters of history. Not only did he savagely cane him, when a youth of nineteen, with his own hand, but ordered his accomplice in some meditated escape to be executed before his eyes, banished all his friends and associates, dismissed his unoffending tutor, and directed some perfectly innocent female acquaintance—a respectable Potsdam precentor's daughter—to be whipped by the beadle. Further he brutally attacked his daughter Wilhelmina on account of her affection for her brother, and shut her up a prisoner on short rations in the Berlin Schloss for months, and when all Berlin was scandalized at these outrageous proceedings, he threatened that such tongues as dared speak of them should be cut out. Under his arbitrary and economical rule Prussia prospered if Berlin did not aggrandize itself, and at his death the army numbered from seventy to a hundred thousand men, and there were no less than nine millions of crowns in the State treasury.

Friedrich the Great, by the force of his genius and the aid of his sword, not only elevated Prussia to a high position among the nations of Europe and gave her a history, but materially raised the standard of national intelligence. The Prussians of this epoch, according to Voltaire, had made up for a superfluity of consonants by a paucity of ideas. At the moment of his accession he inaugurated several important social reforms, abolished, for instance, the use of torture in criminal cases, accorded freedom

[1] *Die Baugeschichte Berlins.*

DOMESTIC TYRANNY OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM I.

to the press, and proclaimed that all religions would be tolerated. With him "every subject's duty was to the King, but every subject's soul was his own," yet he obliged every Jew to buy 300 thalers' worth of porcelain from the royal factory. He gave new life to the Academy of Sciences, and set the destitute poor of Berlin to spin. Subsequently he reformed the law, which sadly needed it, and busied himself with canal and road making, bog draining, and colonizing of waste lands. With none of the miserly habits of his father, he enforced the axiom that economy of itself is a great revenue; he kept nobody in his pay that was not useful to him and capable of doing his work well. While at war with and vanquishing half Europe and engaged in important diplomatic negotiations, he still found leisure to attend to the material interests of Berlin, which is indebted to him for many important edifices. The Thiergarten, too, was much improved by his orders, and the Bank, the Invaliden Haus, and the Royal

Porcelain Manufactory were founded under his auspices. With his French tastes one can understand his reviving the rococo style of architecture, of which the Royal Library, built in accordance with his instructions, furnishes a perfect example. Other architectural works commanded by him were the palace in which the University is now installed, the original Opera-house, which he had constructed with the view of raising the popular standard of taste, and a theatre for the performance of French plays. At both of these establishments, in the management of which he directly interfered, he would only allow approved companies to give representations, and for a long time Italian and French performances had preference at Berlin—until, in fact, the German drama and style of acting had undergone considerable refinement. Not merely did Friedrich attract actors and singers to the capital but architects, painters, sculptors, and men of learning.

Regarding the Germans as an intellectually inferior race, he filled the Academy of Sciences mainly with foreigners, offering the perpetual presidency of it to Maupertuis, who had verified the Newtonian theory of the oblate form of the earth. He pressed Voltaire to come and reside with him at Berlin, and when the latter at length consented, appointed him one of his chamberlains as an excuse for conferring a pension on him. Their intercourse, however, did not long continue on an amiable footing. Voltaire entangled himself with a Berlin Jew in some scandalous financial dealings, characterized by Friedrich to his face as "a most villainous affair which had caused a frightful scandal all over Berlin," while to his sister the King directly accused Voltaire of "picking Jews' pockets." Voltaire moreover being of the opinion that whenever two Frenchmen were found together at a foreign court it was necessary one of them should perish, became engaged in a dispute with Friedrich's perpetual président of the Academy of Sciences, which culminated in the publication of the famous diatribe of Dr. Akakia, characterized as "the wittiest and most pitiless of purely personal satires in the world."[1]

The King privately enjoyed the satire, but to save appearances in his relations with Maupertuis he violated the liberty of the press in this particular instance, and had the pamphlet burnt by the Berlin hangman, Voltaire looking on at the proceedings from a neighbouring window. The relations between Friedrich and Voltaire were not improved by the sarcastic observations they mutually indulged in behind each other's backs. We have all heard of Voltaire's speech in reference to the polishing the King required him to give to his French verses, namely, that "he sent him his dirty linen to wash." With Friedrich, he said, "my friend," meant "my slave." "I will make you happy," meant

[1] Mr. John Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*.

"I will endure you as long as I have need of you." Friedrich, on the other hand, spoke of Voltaire as an ape who deserved to be flogged for his tricks, and as a man worse than many who had been broken on the wheel. The time had evidently arrived when, as Friedrich coarsely expressed it, the orange being sucked dry, the skin might be thrown away, and after some little coquetting on the subject Voltaire eventually left Berlin, where, as he afterwards used to complain, "he had taken with him a score of teeth but only carried six away, a pair of eyes, and had lost the sight of one, no erysipelas, and yet he had contracted one which he was never likely to get rid of."

Berlin escaped many of the horrors but not the inconveniences of the Seven Years' War. In the autumn of 1757, the Austrian general, Haddick, appeared before the city with 4,000 men and 4 cannons, and by a dexterous dash got in at the Silesian Gate and occupied the suburb, terrifying the commandant of Berlin to that extent that he hastily marched out on the other side with the royal family and their effects. The Berlinese, left to themselves to make the best bargain they could, were glad to get off by the payment of a ransom of £27,000 and a couple of dozen pairs of gloves for the grand Maria Theresa. Three years later, in the autumn again, Berlin was menaced by the Russians under Todleben, a Pole, who had offered his sword to Friedrich before entering the service of Russia, and an ancestor of the Sebastopol Todleben. The surrender of the city and a ransom of four millions of thalers were demanded and refused, and after a parting malediction, in the form of a shower of grenades and red-hot balls, the Russians retired to Köpnick. A few days afterwards the Austrian general Lacy arrived in the environs of Berlin at the head of a large force, whereupon negotiations were resumed with Todleben, and Berlin capitulated, at the same time engaging through its wealthiest citizen to pay a ransom of a million and a half of thalers and about £30,000 additional by way of head money to the troops. Lacy, indignant at being thus balked of his prey, installed himself in the Friedrichs-stadt, giving his Croats and other wild hordes full license to plunder. He talked moreover of destroying the Lagerhaus where the soldiers' uniforms were made, and decided upon blowing up the Armoury, but the spare gunpowder designed for the purpose exploded beforehand, blowing up the party told off for the work, and so saving the edifice. After a three days' sojourn, on the news that Friedrich was coming, the occupying armies hastily took their departure to the great joy of the citizens—

> "The foe retreats ! each cries to each he meets,
> The foe retreats ! each in his turn repeats.
> Gods ! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-bells rung !"

Before the troops left, however, a couple of unfortunate

newspaper editors, who had formerly been a little free with their comments upon their imperial majesties, were compelled to run the gauntlet after the Russian fashion. Still, thanks to the intercession of the merchant who had given bills for the city's ransom, their punishment was little more than nominal, a few switches only being given "by way of asserting the principle." The Berlinese, grateful for the consideration the Russian commandant had shown them, offered him a money present, which he declined, gracefully remarking that to have been commandant for three days in the Great Friedrich's capital was more than a reward for him.

The Seven Years' War concluded, Friedrich set to work to repair the wreck that had resulted from it. He caused towns and villages to be rebuilt, gave 60,000 artillery and baggage horses for plough teams, allotted grain for food and seed from the State granaries, relieved those provinces which had suffered most from all taxation for certain periods, and obliged the rich Catholic abbeys to establish manufactures.

Friedrich might repair in some degree the material damage done by the war, still he could not fill up the gap of half a million which it had made in the sufficiently scanty population of his dominions. How Berlin was affected, in one sense, by this, may be seen from some statistics of the period found among the papers of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the Prussian field-marshal who commanded the coalition armies that invaded France in 1792, and who in his old age was shot in both eyes at Jena—spitefully termed by his enemies fortune's revenge, because he never would see when his eyes were perfect. The Berlin population showed a great preponderance of females over males, there being in the year 1762, 54,000 of the fair, as opposed to 44,000 of the sterner sex, or a difference of 22½ per cent.; which in eight years fell to 15, and in another twenty years to less than 10 per cent. At this latter date the artisan class, which to-day amounts to more than one-half of the entire population, formed no more than a twelfth, their number being only 10,000, of whom upwards of one-fifth were engaged in cotton spinning, and about one-sixth in the manufacture of silk and velvet. In the same way the poor receiving relief amounted to 4½ per cent. against 15 per cent. in 1870. Wages averaged 1*s.* per day, but beef was only 2½*d.* per lb. and pork 2*d.*, while beer sold for 1*d.* a quart and the staff of life was under ¾*d.* per lb.[1] All of which shows that spite of the distress following in the train of one of the most devastating wars Prussia ever suffered from, the condition of the Berlin poorer classes was even superior to what it is now after one of the most profitable victories, regarded from a money point of view, of modern times.

[1] *Städtisches Jahrbuch*, 1871.

To replenish his exchequer and increase his regular resources Friedrich had recourse to excise duties after the French model, when Prussia, and more particularly Berlin, was overrun with officials charged with their collection, one class of whom, nicknamed cellar rats, were privileged to search all houses for contraband. Their inquisitorial proceedings rendered the King very unpopular with the Berlinese, who caricatured him as a miser grinding coffee with one hand and picking up the falling berries with the other. Seeing a crowd collected around this caricature, which had been posted at an inconvenient height, he told one of his grooms to hang it lower that his faithful subjects might not dislocate their necks by overstretching them.

Throughout Friedrich's long reign there was but little so-called court life at Berlin. In the early years of his rule, when he was more given to enjoyment and pleasure, there was a grand carousal on the Schloss-platz, which was lighted-up at night with 40,000 lamps. Four jousting parties in masquerade costume, representing Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, and Greeks contended for the prizes distributed by the hands of beauty in the person of the King's sister, the Princess Amelia. At the close of the second Silesian war Berlin celebrated Friedrich's return with a round of fêtes in which, however, he himself took no part.

The carnival season gave rise to occasional entertainments, court banquets and balls, masquerades, fancy fairs, and sledge parties, productive of some little spasmodic gaiety, but that was all. Friedrich's behaviour towards his wife was altogether inexplicable. It is not to be excused by her subsequent soured temper when she is accused of having said "really dreadful things," for what woman in her station could patiently endure the long years of isolation and neglect which fell to her lot? After the first few years of their marriage the pair lived entirely apart, the King dining with the Queen at rare intervals, and bowing to her at the commencement and end of the meal, but scarcely ever speaking a word. On one occasion when he was known to have inquired of her respecting her health all Berlin was in a flutter of excitement at such an unusual condescension. This was the last time he was known to have spoken to her. He acted very differently with regard to his mother, whom he visited daily when at Berlin, no matter how busy he might be, and always uncovered himself whenever he spoke to her.

Old age found Friedrich childless and almost friendless, living solitarily at Sans Souci; he would mournfully say, "The finest day of life is the day on which one quits it." He only visited Berlin for the reviews and at Christmas during the Carnival, when he usually stayed a month, and on these occasions used to drive through the streets in right regal pomp.

"Ahead went eight runners with their staves, plumed caps, and runner aprons in two rows. As these runners were never used for anything except

this show, the office was a kind of post for invalids of the Life Guard; a consequence of which was that the King always had to go at a slow pace. His courses, however, were no other than from the Schloss to the Opera twice a week, and during his whole residence one or two times to Prince Henri and the Princess Amelia. After this the runners rested again for a year. Behind them came the royal carriage with a team of eight; eight windows round it; the horses with old-fashioned harness and plumes on their heads. Coachman and outriders all in the then royal livery—blue; the collar, cuffs, pockets, and all seams trimmed with a stripe of red cloth and this bound on both sides with small gold cord, the general effect of which was very good. In the four boots of the coach stood four pages, red with gold, with silk stockings, feather hats (crown all covered with feathers), but not having plumes; the valet's boot behind empty; and to the rear of it, down below where one mounts to the valet's boot stood the groom."[1]

Ill or well, to the very last he was always seen on horseback at the reviews, and it was after one of these, when paying a visit to his sister, that he made what may be called his last public appearance in Berlin. Of this interesting incident a vivid picture has been preserved:—

"The King came riding on a big white horse in an old three-cornered regimental hat, old and dusty plain blue uniform with red cuffs, red collar, and gold shoulder-bands, yellow waistcoat covered with snuff, black velvet breeches, and unpolished boots. Behind him were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and finally the grooms of the party. The whole 'Rondeel,' now Belle Alliance-platz and the Wilhelms-strasse, were crammed full of people; all windows crowded, all heads bare; everywhere the deepest silence, and on all countenances an expression of reverence and confidence as towards the steersman of our destinies. The King rode quite alone in front, and saluted people continually, taking off his hat; in doing which he observed a very marked gradation, according as the on-lookers bowing to him from the windows seemed to deserve. At one time he lifted the hat a very little; at another he took it from his head and held it an instant beside the same; at another he sunk it as far as the elbow. But these motions lasted continually; and no sooner had he put on his hat than he saw other people, and again took it off. From the Halle Gate to the Koch-strasse he certainly took off his hat two hundred times.

"Through this reverent silence there sounded only the tramping of the horses and the shouting of the Berlin street boys, who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung up their hats into the air, or skipped along close to him wiping the dust from his boots. . . . Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace, the crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there; the forecourt was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence of any police, there was open space left for him and his attendants. He turned into the court; the gate-leaves went back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two ladies, came hitching down the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her he put his horse to the gallop, pulled up, sprang rapidly down, took off his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her up the steps. The gate-leaves went to, all had vanished, and the multitude still stood, with bared heads in silence, all eyes turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted a while till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.

"And yet there had nothing happened! No pomp, no fireworks, no cannon-shot, no drumming and fifing, no music, no event that had occurred!

[1] *Nachlass der General von der Marwitz*, quoted by Carlyle.

LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF FRIEDRICH THE GREAT AT BERLIN.

No! nothing but an old man of 73, ill-dressed, all dusty, was returning from his day's work. But everybody knew that this old man was toiling also for him; that he had set his whole life on that labour, and for five-and-forty years had not given it the slip one day! Everyone saw, moreover, the fruits of this old man's labour, near and far and everywhere around; and to look on the old man himself awakened reverence, admiration, pride, confidence—in short all the nobler feelings of man."[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm II. nephew of Friedrich the Great, and nicknamed "the fat," turned the tide of Prussia's prosperity, although he contributed largely to the material improvement of Berlin during the exciting times in which he reigned. It was he who conferred on the capital one of its most striking architectural features—the imposing Brandenburger Thor; who besides erecting the Herkules-brücke, the characteristic if not elegant

[1] *Nachlass der General von der Marwitz*, quoted by Carlyle.

colonnade near the Königs-brücke, and several statues in the Wilhelms-platz, founded the noble hospital of La Charité. Berlin moreover during his reign received a certain intellectual impetus though not through any influence of the King's, for he was alike bigoted, credulous, and dissolute, continually entangling himself in some fresh love adventure and being at the same time ruled by incompetent ministers. Mirabeau, then resident at Berlin, summed up the condition of Prussia at this epoch in these laconic terms: "A decreased revenue, an increased expenditure, genius neglected, and fools at the helm." It was under such conditions as these that a complete reaction—prompted by Lessing, who laid the foundation of German criticism—set in against the French language and literature, and that Berlin literature first asserted itself in a distinctive manner. Art, moreover, received new impulses—the Academy raised itself to a high position, the German stage developed into a national institution, German opera was elevated by Weber, and the admirable Berlin singing academy was founded. In these days the Berlin archers' festival and the Stralauer fishing procession—which last continued until quite recently the one popular Berlin *fête*—received a new development, and flower shows, harvest gatherings, rustic games and other amusements came into fashion, when Berlin manners on the whole grew far less restrained, and by force of royal example, even dissolute.

Under Friedrich Wilhelm III. on the disastrous issue of the battle of Jena, Berlin was occupied by the French, and on October 27, 1806, Napoleon made his triumphal entry into the Prussian capital, where to his great embarrassment he was received with loud demonstrations of delight. Prussian noblemen, mingling with the crowd, urged the people to give heartier hurrahs and to continue shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" or, said they, "we are all lost." Their conduct was less patriotic though not quite so ridiculous as that of the French dancers and hairdressers who thirty years later ran beside the carriage of the ex-king Charles X. at Berlin, crying at the top of their voices, "*Vive le Roi!*" During the French occupation of Berlin the Prince of Isenberg raised in the very heart of the city a regiment of Prussian deserters for the service of France, and obsequious learned professors gave lectures at the Academy flattering the conqueror at the expense of the great Friedrich. So astounded was Napoleon at his reception that he declared he knew not whether to rejoice or feel ashamed. Under any circumstances his demeanour was not that of a dignified conqueror, for he stormed and scolded to such an extent in the court-yard of the Schloss, that the then Berlin president of police declared he had never seen such an angry man in all his life. However pleased at the moment the people might have pretended to be with the French occupation, they soon had reason to modify their ideas, for the troops under Soult behaved scarcely better at Berlin than the

THE SCHLOSS-BRÜCKE ACROSS THE SPREE.

From the Illustrated London News.

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Austrians had done nearly half a century previously. The occupation, moreover, brought general distress in its train which was but slightly mitigated by the benevolent plans of a few philanthropists. No sooner was the treaty of Tilsit signed than the King was wise enough to entrust the direction of affairs to the Baron Stein, one of the most enlightened, resolute, and devoted of statesmen, who abolished serfdom, curtailed the privileges of the nobility, gave to all classes of Prussians equal rights, and to use his own words made "the free burgher the firm pillar of the throne." This was merely the prelude to that reorganization of the Prussian army which in the course of a few years converted every citizen into a soldier. Meanwhile Berlin improved greatly in size and in appearance. An entirely new district was erected and named the Friedrich-Wilhelms-stadt after the King to whom the grand *ensemble* of the Museum, the Cathedral, the Lustgarten as now laid out, and the Schloss-brücke is due. Of the various institutions founded by him, the most important is the University, but science, art, and industry, were alike fostered under his long rule. On the recommendation of Alexander von Humboldt the Observatory was established, and among the public buildings erected were the Mint, the Academy of Architecture, the Institute of Industry, the Schauspiel-haus, or royal theatre, the palace of the reigning King, and the classic guard-house on the Linden. The national monument on the Kreuzberg also belongs to this epoch, and the King moreover sowed Berlin broadcast with statues, not merely in palaces, museums, churches, and theatres, but along the Schloss-brücke, the Linden, the Lustgarten and the Wilhelms-platz. His last public act was to lay the corner-stone of the imposing monument to Friedrich the Great on the Linden, an event which was followed a few days afterwards by his death.

This monument was finished by his successor, one of whose first proceedings was the appropriation of a million of thalers to the completion of the Schloss Chapel with its imposing dome, the new Museum with its gorgeous Treppen-haus, the Opera which had been gutted by fire, with its splendid *salle*, and the model prison called the Zellengefängniss. The Belle Alliance-platz was also laid out, and had a fountain and a figure of victory erected there.

Friedrich Wilhelm IV. has been aptly described as a compound of the soldier, the mystic, mediæval bigot, and the dilettante. The revolutionary tide of 1848, sweeping over Germany from the Rhine to the Oder and from the Danube to the Baltic, surprised him in the midst of certain æsthetic constitutional reforms which he was contemplating, and extorted from him some political concessions of the vaguest character. These falling short of the popular aspirations excited open air meetings both by day and night were held in all the public places of Berlin, giving rise to continual collisions between the populace and the

military. Fearing however, to push resistance too far, the King consented to the assembling of a legislative body, accorded complete liberty to the press, and dismissed his more unpopular advisers. With the view of reassuring the crowd of people permanently assembled on the Schloss-platz, he opened one of the palace windows to address them; but at this moment, either through surprise or by some mistake, or a culpable design, there was a discharge of musketry, and cavalry proceeded to sweep the streets. The people at once rushed to arms, raised innumerable barricades, and struggled so successfully against some twenty thousand of the best Prussian troops provided with artillery, that the Government determined not to prolong the contest, and withdrew the military from the city. The present Emperor, who was thought to have instigated this conflict, left the kingdom, but the King remained at his post and thereby saved his crown. A couple of months afterwards he opened the Constituent Assembly in person, but its labours were sorely troubled by popular agitations on the one hand, and by the menacing attitude of the military and the court party on the other. For many months, too, there were continual riots at Berlin, and eventually the King resolved to have recourse to force not merely against the rioters but against the Assembly which he found too radically disposed. He commenced by proroguing it; nevertheless it decided to meet, but only to find the hall occupied by troops. It protested, but carried its resistance no further, and even exhorted the populace and the burgher guard to observe moderation. Eventually the struggle was brought to a close by the promulgation of a constitutional act decreeing a representative government.

The Frankfurt parliament offered the Imperial crown of Germany to the Prussian King, but he declined it. He could not, he said, accept a *couronne des pavés* like that of Louis Philippe. A revolutionary meeting had no right to give away a crown—had no crown to give. Even if all the other Princes of Germany were to assent to such a proceeding that would not make it honest, or be to him acceptable. The Princes and Electors of the German Empire alone could give away the Imperial crown—such were Friedrich Wilhelm's objections to the proferred honour.

One effect of the Revolution was to imbue the modern Berlin burgher with altogether a more independent spirit. His proverbial narrow-mindedness had already given way upon the connection of Berlin with the rest of Europe by railway. This step had accomplished far more for the city than the raising of palaces, the founding of museums, or the erecting of monuments. The Prussian capital had made important progress in every branch of industry, art, and science, still only a limited intercourse existed between it and the rest of Europe, in consequence

of which it was thrown as it were upon itself for the development of its internal life, and had altogether more of a provincial character about it than the ways and tone of thought common to a great city. The aristocracy all clustered round the throne, the higher officials hanging on to them, and being linked at the same time to the military order, while the subordinate officials mingled with the artists and savants, leaving the bold burgher entirely isolated, with no other interests beyond those of trade, and with corresponding narrow prejudices. The working classes, much less numerous in proportion than at present, were likewise a distinct and characteristic class by themselves, and it was not until railways were introduced and intercourse on a large scale was opened up with foreign countries, that the heretofore colourless and monotonous life of Berlin entered upon a new phase to receive fresh development from the political agitation of 1848.

The Revolution impressed the Berlin middle class, already in possession of increased means, with a decided sense of their own importance. They came openly into the arena, strengthened their political position by acquiring real property, secured such manors as were offered for sale, and thrust out the impoverished nobility, erected manufactories, bought up the best houses, and had still finer ones built for themselves, as if desirous of parading their wealth. The advent of free trade had extended their commercial transactions with foreign countries and given them fresh conceptions, enlarged ideas, increased taste, and a higher degree of cultivation. At the head of this movement marched the contemned Hebrew race who have found their true vocation at Berlin, where they form to-day the aristocracy of finance.

BERLIN JEWS.

Excepting certain cities of North America no other metropolis in modern times has progressed in anything like the same proportion as Berlin. At the outbreak of the great Revolution Paris boasted of 800,000 inhabitants; at the same period Berlin had about 120,000, and a century earlier the great Elector had died in a city of 20,000 souls. The increase of the population under his three immediate successors, and particularly in the time of the first two, was considerable and very promising for the future. Yet who in the eighteeenth century could have realized the Berlin of the nineteenth? It will be seen from the subjoined table that in the first sixteen years the population augmented upwards of one-third, and that during the ensuing quarter of a century the increase had been more than three times that of the preceding, in other words the population had almost doubled itself. Within the next ten years, namely, up to 1851, it augmented 30 per cent., and increased in the same ratio during the ten years succeeding. The next decade, however, shows the unexampled increase of no less than 57 per cent. Berlin will no doubt make still more remarkable progress in the next decennium. It cannot be otherwise with the capital of the new German Empire. While simply the principal city of Prussia, its extraordinary advance in population and wealth signally refuted the prophecies of the prejudiced who prated about its unfavourable natural position. To-day as the political metropolis of the restored German Empire, and the grand centre of German trade and industry, it may be confidently anticipated that Berlin will progress even still more rapidly than when it was only the capital of the Prussian state and the German Zollverein. In population it is already inferior only to London, Paris, and Stamboul, while in political importance, commercial activity, and financial enterprise it ranks at present as second only to our own marvellous metropolis.

TABLE SHOWING THE INCREASE IN THE POPULATION OF BERLIN DURING A COUPLE OF CENTURIES.

1688	20,000
1721	53,355
1770	106,606
1816	181,052
1841	311,491
1851	404,437
1861	524,945
1870	763,670
1871	826,341
1873	909,580
1875	964,755

Note.—The garrison is excluded in the above figures.

THE SCHLOSS.

V.

MODERN BERLIN: CONFORMATION AND CHARACTER.

BERLIN, like other large cities, is the result of the welding together of a number of independent districts which have sprung up from time to time around a common centre. In this respect it presents, on a smaller scale, some kind of analogy to London, composed as the latter is, besides the City proper and Westminster, of Southwark and a score of once outlying suburbs. In the heart of the network of broad, rectangular, and radiating thoroughfares from three to five miles across, and which, spread over a flat sandy plain watered by a narrow and tortuous stream and various subsidiary canals, make up the capital of the new German Empire, are a couple of irregularly-shaped islands formed by two loops of the Spree, diverted to a certain extent in bygone times for the defence of the city. Of these islands the north-eastern or largest is the original Berlin, while the south-western and narrower one, where the original Wendish settlers first raised their rude huts, is the ancient Köln.

From the Brandenburg Gate, the grand entrance to the city, the smaller island is reached across the wide statue-lined Schlossbrücke, spanning one of these artificial arms of the Spree, at the opposite extremity of Unter den Linden, the far-famed broad thoroughfare which bisects the western portion of Berlin. On this island stands the Schloss, stretching almost across the narrow strip of land to the Spree itself, with its imposing northern front facing the spacious Lustgarten, which the Elector

Johann Georg transformed from a neglected swamp into a cultivated parterre. Bordering the Lustgarten on its remaining sides are the Cathedral and the Museum, together with the Schlossbrücke and the loop of the river across which this bridge is thrown.

A thoroughfare which runs between the Schloss and this loop of the Spree conducts to the broad Schloss-platz, in olden times the scene of many a gay revel, many a gorgeous tournament. South of it are numerous busy streets and a few tortuous ones, with the Marställe or royal stables, a quaint edifice of the *Renaissance* period, ornamented with curious wood carvings on its picturesque façade—notably a spirited colossal group of Phœbus guiding the chariot of the sun—and having all its lower windows caged in with elaborate antique ironwork in true mediæval fashion. This, with the former civic hall and a modern gothic church, complete the list of public edifices on the island once known as Alt Köln.

Communication is established between Alt Köln and ancient Berlin by means of the Mühlendamm and of three bridges across the Spree, hereabouts considerably less than 200 feet wide at its broadest part. The most northern of these bridges is the Friedrichs-brücke, situate to the right of the Museum, and the longest bridge of which Berlin can boast: the next, adjacent to the Cathedral, is known as the Kavalier-brücke; while the third and principal one, which leads from the Schloss-platz to Königsstrasse—the busiest of all the Berlin thoroughfares—is the Lange, or Kurfürsten-brücke, which its surroundings render one of the most interesting in the city. On its southern side, with chained slaves crouching around the pedestal, towers a colossal statue of the Great Elector, the masterpiece of the great sculptor Schlüter, and one of the few fine equestrian statues, ancient and modern, in the world. The Great Elector, dignified even under his flowing perruque, contemplates Berlin majestically; surveys the adjacent Schloss—its round tower and mossy freestone walls washed by the waters of the Spree—and holds, as it were, a silent review of the restless crowds passing and repassing at his feet. Rising out of the water beyond the Schloss are the unfinished arches of the Berlin Campo-Santo, or regal burial-vault, planned by Friedrich Wilhelm IV., and intended to have inclosed the Cathedral, but the completion of which has now been abandoned for upwards of twenty years. In the opposite direction the view is shut in by the royal mills, a modern castellated edifice, extending right across the Spree, here dammed and crowded with fishing weirs and floating reservoirs of fish, while antiquated buildings of various degrees of picturesqueness rise along its banks.

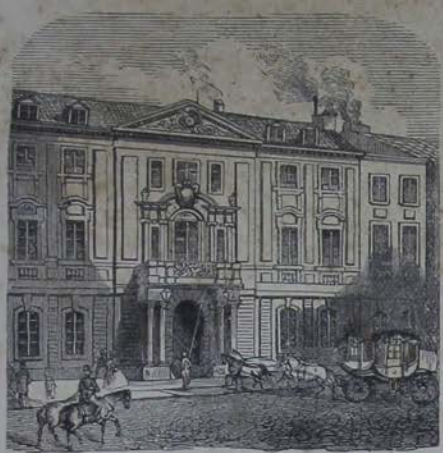
Königs-strasse, which bisects old Berlin, and constitutes, in fact, the commercial heart of the city, is the single street in the

THE ROYAL MILLS.

Prussian capital where one gets jostled by a crowd. From daylight until dusk the pulse of Berlin life here beats quickest, the tide of business continually ebbing and flowing from and to the neighbouring chief post-office. Large and little traders are alike attracted to this densely-thronged spot. Here, too, the Jewish element—no longer restrained, as of old, within particular limits, and to-day so insolently dominant at Berlin—exercises a continually increasing influence, more especially at the neighbouring Börse, which rises up some little distance to the north, adjacent to Friedrichs-brücke, and facing the Spree. In an exactly opposite direction, and likewise abutting on the Spree, are the city prison and the head-quarters of the Berlin police, altogether a very different establishment to that in Scotland-yard—a Briareus-like institution, in fact, whose hundred arms stretch in all directions, and whose hundred heads are supposed to provide for every exigency of civic life.

The Berlin Polizei-Präsidium looks on to the Molken-markt, one of the most ancient quarters of the capital. Here, where the Post-strasse joins the Mühlendamm, stands an historic house, once the residence of Friedrich the Great's court jeweller, the notorious Vertel Heine Ephraim, who was here accustomed to give magnificent entertainments to the court. This man largely enriched himself by cheating the State under a contract which he had secured for stamping the national coinage. The eight pillars supporting the balcony of the house formed a portion of Count Brühl's palace, destroyed during the Seven Years' War, and were a present in after-years to Ephraim from the King, who, when Crown Prince, was in the habit of visiting the wealthy Jew banker, and sarcastically remarking, with reference to the splendour and completeness of his establishment, that nothing was wanting but a gallows on which to hang the rascally owner.

The houses in the older portion of the Königs-strasse being somewhat antiquated and the reverse of uniform, the street, invariably full of movement at all hours of the day, has some little touch of the picturesque about it—a rare enough attribute of the Prussian capital. The semi-palatial edifice in which the post-office is located was evidently designed in past times for some totally different purpose. The neighbouring monumental Rathhaus, in the reddest of red bricks, with its towering belfry and terra-cotta friezes, is the most important modern structure of which Berlin can boast. Adjacent is the Stadtgericht, or city court of justice, while a hundred yards distant stands the historic Lager-haus, a large and singularly unpretentious-looking ancient edifice, in which the first Hohenzollern was content to receive the allegiance of the discontented Berlin burghers, and where certain ministerial records are now kept and jury cases tried. Rather further eastward is the once-handsome, but now



THE CHIEF POST-OFFICE.

NEW KÖLN.

sadly deteriorated, Königs-colonnaden, with its crumbling columns and dilapidated statues, leading to the Königs-brücke. In old Berlin, moreover, are the archaic Nicolai, Marien, and Kloster churches, with the Cadetten-haus in the rear of the latter; and here, too, are the oldest and most tortuous streets—notably the notorious Königsmauer—and the few ancient houses still existing in the city.

The island on which the original Berlin grew and flourished is far larger than the one on which its rival Köln was established. The latter town early realized the necessity for expansion, and first crossed the water on its southern side, where Neu Köln sprung up, and afterwards on the west, where the Friedrichswerder-stadt gradually developed itself. No less than five bridges, of which the principal is the Schlossbrücke, connect these districts with Alt Köln. Their more important edifices are the Arsenal and the Palace of the Prince Imperial, the Royal Bank, the Mint, with its long sculptured frieze, representing the procuring of the ore and the process of coining; also the head Telegraph-office, the Building Academy, and the

THE MINT.

THE BUILDING ACADEMY.

Werder Church, a plain modern brick building, which, because it has two towers and is in the Gothic style, the Berlinese, always emulous of Paris, style their "kleine Notre Dame." These, the four oldest quarters of Berlin, have in their plan much of the character of a mediæval provincial town, the direction of all the streets being entirely regulated by the Spree, parallel with which and towards which they invariably run.

THE SING AKADEMIE.

The next addition to the city was the Dorotheen-stadt, to the north-west of the Friedrichs-werder district, and comprising the famous Unter den Linden and the palatial edifices which border it, including alike the Opera-house, the Royal Library, the Palace of the Emperor, the University, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Royal Guard-house, and the Sing Akademie in its rear. The Dorotheen Church, founded by the Electress Dorothea, is remarkable for a fine marble monument by the sculptor Schadow to Graf von der Mark, a natural son of Friedrich Wilhelm II., who died in early youth. In accordance with the conventional sentiment, a drawn sword has been introduced as though just fallen from the dying grasp of this child of nine. The fore-

THE MONUMENT OF GRAF VON DER MARK.

going and subsequent additions to Berlin on its western side were not the necessary extensions of the life and traffic of the existing quarters; indeed, all their essential features were traced on paper beforehand, with due mathematical regularity, but without sufficient regard to their connection with the older districts. With all its pretensions it is easy to perceive that Berlin is a city made up of shreds and patches, like the Prussian monarchy itself, which has been augmented by alliances, purchases, arbitrary seizures, and more often still by a fortunate sabre-stroke, until with something of the precision of destiny the Hohenzollern motto, "From rock to sea" has realized itself to the full. M. Victor Tissot sardonically observes, "There is something of the pirate in the Prussian. His country being too poor to support him he is driven to take from others. War is for him a business." Old Berlin is huddled away into the background of the brand new splendour of the modern city, where the stuccoed buildings have risen at the word of command, and been constructed with a tactical eye to effect. Ancient as Berlin claims to be, one seeks there in vain for monuments which serve as an expression of the grandeur of the past—for old feudal castles or an antique Gothic cathedral—for palaces founded in the days of the knights, or hotels of the epoch of the mediæval guilds, or for streets, or even houses, that recall the middle ages. Such casual memorials as there might have been found little respect in a city where the claims of the day are invariably too imperative to allow of even the smallest sacrifices to sentiment.

Berlin proper now began to extend itself by spreading on the north-east across the artificial loop of the Spree, termed the Königs-graben, and forming the suburb known as the Königs-

stadt—the region of poor lodgings, small shops, market-carts, and old-fashioned innyards, where country waggons are wont to put up. This suburb is connected with the Alt-stadt—as the combined ancient Berlin and Köln are now styled—by the Königs-brücke, lined with some dilapidated statues, and

ALEXANDER-PLATZ.

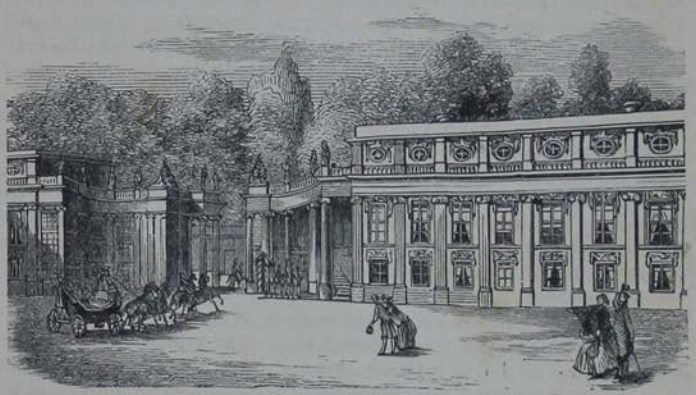
connecting the main thoroughfare which intersects old Berlin with Alexander-platz, one of the great open-air markets of the city: here the disreputable old workhouse is situated, and radiating from it east, north, and south are the quarters where most of the misery of the capital is found. This thoroughfare extends to the so-called Königs Thor, through which, after his coronation, the first King of Prussia made his triumphal entry into Berlin. The gateway is, however, purely an imaginary one.

A stranger to the Prussian capital is naturally impressed by the imposing Brandenburger Thor, crowned by its colossal chariot of victory, and when he subsequently learns that Berlin opens its gates to all the points of the compass, and possesses no less than seventeen so-called "Thoren," besides a couple of water-gates, he conjures up visions of stately architectural structures, or picturesque antiquated edifices, dotted at intervals around the city, instead of which he finds neither gateways nor the slightest sign to indicate even a suppositious barrier, unless indeed it be the octroi bureau, common to all continental towns, extensive or diminutive.

Outside the city boundaries, and lying between the former Königs and Landsberg Gates, is the Friedrichs-hain, an unin-closed and ill-cared-for plantation, flanked by cemeteries and dreary-looking beer-gardens, and the trees of which require a generation or two for their due development. So infested is this

spot after dark with ruffians of various types, that it is scarcely possible for a respectable person to cross it with a sound skin. The modern predatory Berliner, like the outlaw of old, has a confirmed partiality for the greenwood, for which reason some considerable plantations outside the Silesian and other gates—that the terribly naked environs of Berlin could ill afford to spare—were felled several years ago by order of the authorities. The Berlin corporation have always entertained the conventional municipal disregard for the picturesque; and during the revolutionary period of 1848, when employment had to be found for starving thousands, instead of utilizing them in repairing roads, on which any amount of labour might have been advantageously expended, the municipality set them to level almost the only hills—insignificant ones enough—of which the environs of Berlin could boast. Whether the Windmühlen-berg beyond the neighbouring Prenzlau Gate shared the common fate one cannot say; but at present the only indication of it is a mere gradual rise in the ground. It is in the Friedrichs-hain, on the highest point of which a colossal bust of Friedrich the Great has been set up, that the 300 soldiers and citizens, victims of the Berlin street fights during the year 1848, found a common grave.

The Spandau quarter was the result of the extension of Berlin on its northern side. This district has within it the shabby little Monbijou Palace, bordering the Spree and surrounded by



SCHLOSS MONBIJOU.

a neglected garden, the vast Victoria Theatre, and several barracks and hospitals. Monbijou had the honour of housing Peter the Great during his visit to Berlin; still the Queen's petty garden-palace could scarcely have accommodated all the "travelling tagraggery" of the Muscovite court, including 400 so-called ladies of the Czarina's suite and the babies which the

Czar—as they repeated one after another—"*m'a fait l'honneur de me faire.*" The little brown Czarina was decked out in a robe a compound of "silver and greasy dirt," with an embroidered double eagle with diamond plumes spread over the bodice, and the facings covered with orders, holy relics, and portraits of saints, which jingled whenever she moved. At a grand supper given in his honour at the Schloss, the Czar, who was subject to St. Vitus's dance, appears to have flung his knife about so menacingly that poor Queen Sophie, who sat beside him, was terrified completely out of her wits.[1]

The densely-populated Spandau quarter is one of the great working-class centres of Berlin, with which it is connected by three bridges. One of these, the picturesque but diminutive Herkules-brücke, is ornamented with crouching sphinxes supporting lamps, and colossal figures of Hercules throttling the Nemean lion and battling with the Centaur; another, the Spandauer-brücke, likewise boasts of some dilapidated groups of sculpture. The district communicates with the poetically-named Rosenthal (rose valley) and Oranienburg suburbs by four suppositious gates, of which one—the Schönhauser Thor—leads to a complete colony of breweries and beer-gardens, which, in conjunction with numerous modern houses, have sprung up contiguous to a Jewish burial-ground. The neighbouring Rosenthal gate conducts neither to roses nor valley, but to a poor-looking populous suburb, formerly known as the Voigtland district, and deriving its name from a colony of masons and carpenters from Saxony and the Voigtland, who settled here during the reign of Friedrich the Great, on land allotted to them by the King. Hereabouts are the popular National and Vorstädtische theatres, and various other suburban places of amusement. Beyond the last-erected houses skirting the main road lies a broad naked plain mathematically marked out in building plots, and having the recently-constructed cattle-market and the newly-planted Humboldts-hain in front of it, with the Northern railway station in its rear. The road continues through a suburban village, where pretentious-looking modern buildings, five storeys high, rise up side by side of antiquated little toy-houses, of the Noah's-ark style of architecture, and eventually conducts to a sandy place of recreation surrounded by trees and encompassed by neglected bath-houses—relics of a past century—and well-frequented beer-gardens. This is the Gesund-brunnen, or fountain of health, whose invigorating waters are more extolled by the Berlinese than profited by.

The suppositious Hamburger Thor leads to the Stettin railway station at the outskirts of a district where several years since some so-called family-houses—in which the largest number of

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great.*

poor people were packed in the smallest possible compass—were erected under royal patronage. Outside the Oranienburger Thor, at the extremity of the Spandau district, we are in a town of tall chimneys, emitting volumes of smoke, and where the rattle of machinery mingles with the screech of steam-whistles from daylight until dusk. This is the establishment of Borsig, the famous Berlin engineer, who employs thousands of hands, and recently turned out his two thousandth locomotive, and who has moreover extensive forges in the neighbouring Moabit suburb. Many cemeteries are scattered over the whole of the foregoing districts, which belong exclusively to the poorer quarters of the capital.

These northern suburbs owe their existence entirely to the fertile nature of the outlying country; even to-day most of the

market-supply of Berlin reaches it through the Oranienburg, Schönhaus, Prenzlau, Königs, and Landsberg Gates. The communication long since existing between ancient Berlin and the towns indicated by the foregoing names, as well as Spandau, led to houses springing up just outside the city walls along these various lines of road, and explains the focussing of so large a number of streets at the Alexander-platz, where, as already remarked, one of the principal markets in Berlin is held.

The Friedrichs-stadt, immediately south of Unter den Linden, was the result of the extension of the city in a south-westerly direction, as the Louisen-stadt was of its expansion on the southern side. The Friedrichs-stadt, with its numerous transversal streets, invariably of considerable width, and at times proportionately long, is the most formally-arranged quarter of Berlin. Its principal feature is the open space known as the Gensd'armen-markt, considered by the Berlinese the handsomest the capital can boast of. Here stands the Royal theatre, surmounted and encompassed by statues, and flanked in singular taste by a couple of churches, designed after those on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome. These ornate edifices, with their porticos approached by wide flights of steps and crowned by statues, and their towers decorated with columns, cupolas, and additional statues, offer a very decided contrast to the ugly simplicity of the Berlin

cathedral. Another ecclesiastical edifice in this neighbourhood is the still more hideous-looking Roman Catholic Church of St. Hedwig—compared by Carlyle to "a huge wash-bowl set bottom uppermost on the top of a narrowish tub," and thrust discreetly into the background behind the imposing Opera-house. The remaining public buildings in the Friedrichs-stadt are the Upper and Lower Houses of the Prussian Parliament, with the temporary edifice which serves for the meetings of the Reichstag until such time as the grand hall, in which this last-named body is eventually to deliberate, is ready for its reception, and the Ministry of War, with its two large portals guarded by statues of a cuirassier, a guardsman, an artilleryman, and a hussar, the popular uhlan making default. All these edifices are in the Leipziger-strasse, which runs from the Potsdam Gate through the Dönhofs-platz, and is one of the finest thoroughfares in Berlin. The longest is the busy, active, and, after dusk, disreputable, Friedrichs-strasse, which intersects the Prussian capital from one end to the other in a straight line, forming the direct continuation of a roadway which, entering the city on the north at the Oranienburg Gate, crosses the Spree and the Linden, next runs through the entire Friedrichs-stadt to the Belle Alliance-platz, then to the Halle Gate beyond, whence it continues through the sand, straight and arrowy as a Roman road, to some unknown region in the south, far away beyond Tempelhof.

ST. HEDWIG CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Another noted street in this district is Wilhelms-strasse, where fortune or intellect, and oftentimes both, are said to be represented in well-nigh every house. It extends from Unter den Linden to the Belle Alliance-platz, a circular space, ornamented with a fountain and a statue of Victory. In the environs beyond the neighbouring Halle Gate, barracks, beer-gardens, factories, gas-works, rifle-ranges, and cemeteries, are indiscriminately mingled. Here, too, is the recently-erected monument, in the form of a mourning lion, to the memory of the men of the Garde Schutzen battalion who fell in the struggle at Le Bourget, near Paris;

while crowning the more distant Kreuzberg, Berlin's solitary suburban eminence, is the ornate Gothic monument commemorative of the war of 1813-15. Beyond lies the sandy plain of Tempelhof, where all the grand military reviews take place. The northern end of Wilhelms-strasse is a succession of mansions, palaces, and ministries, and its most striking modern edifice is in the favourite style of the *renaissance*. Colour enters largely into the whole of the external decoration of this building, and a broad frieze of brilliant frescoes runs along the upper portion of the façade. The various compositions are admirably executed, although somewhat enigmatical in character. Twin infants being suckled by a sphinx form the subject of the first design; next we have some children merrily dancing to the tune of a pastoral pipe; then a party of students singing and carousing; and afterwards Cupid astride of a stag, with a huntsman prostrate at the feet of some coy woodland beauty. A family scene, with the father caressing his little ones, comes next, and is followed by a monk busy with some building plans, and an aged gentleman lost in admiration of the art treasures which are being exhibited to him. The final subject is a death-bed scene, with a nurse supporting the dying man's head, while Fame, too long delayed, advances with a laurel wreath to crown his lifeless brows. Seeking to read this riddle, we inquired to whom the house belonged. "To a Berlin Jew who has made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange," was the reply we received, whereupon we gave the riddle up.

CHURCH AT TEMPELHOF.

Among the half-dozen so-called palaces in the Wilhelms-strasse the most interesting is the former residence of the Princess Amelia, sister of Friedrich the Great, and the most imposing

that of Prince Karl, situated at the corner of the Wilhelms-platz—an open space disposed in parterres, and set out with statues of

PALACE OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

famous Prussian generals, including the old Dessauer, "the inventor of modern military tactics;" Field-Marshal Keith, shot through the heart at Hochkirch; Schwerin, killed at the battle of Prague; Winterfeld, "the most shining figure in the Prussian

WILHELMS-PLATZ.

army except its chief;" Zieten, "the Ajax of the Prussians;" and Seydlitz, their Achilles. It is at the corner of the Wilhelms

and Zieten-plätze that the so-called Kaiserhof—a monster hotel in the *renaissance* style, with gilded balconies and corner towers —has been recently erected; yet by far the most interesting edifice hereabouts is a neglected, not to say shabby and almost gloomy-looking house, sadly in want of a fresh coat of paint, and from which the stucco is rapidly peeling off. This is No 76, and its occupant is the Realm Chancellor, Fürst von Bismarck, whose palatial-looking official residence is next door; his neighbour on the other side, before the great financial crash came, having been the famous mushroom financier, Dr. Strousberg, who had built himself a lordly mansion in the most aristocratic thoroughfare of the city.

The Friedrichs-stadt is bounded on its south-eastern side by the Linden-strasse, in which the Observatory, the Kammergericht, or High Court of Appeal, and the head Berlin fire-office, a model, as well as most important institution, are situated; while on its western side the Anhalt and Potsdam Gates lead to the handsome and aristocratic Potsdam suburb, the Anhalt and Magdeburg railway station, and the Berlin Botanical Gardens. Inside the Potsdam Gate is the Admiralty, and between the Anhalt and Halle Gates a military railway station on a vast scale is in progress, from which an entire division will be able to be moved simultaneously, the rolling stock sufficing to convey the whole of the mobile army in covered carriages; horses, artillery, and *matériel* only being transported in open trucks and vans. The handsome Brandenburg Gate conducts directly to the Thiergarten, a densely-planted park, intersected with shady drives and walks, bordered on the north by the Spree and on the south by handsome villas and gardens, extending due west for a couple of miles to the Zoological Gardens and Charlottenburg, and forming the one extensive open space which this capital of nearly a million souls has preserved unbuilt upon—the single oasis in the surrounding sandy steppe. To the right of the Brandenburg Gate, and contiguous to the General Staff Office and Kroll's Theatre and Gardens, rises the new Column of Victory, erected to commemorate the triple defeats of the Danes, the Austrians, and the French.

The Stralau quarter, on the eastern side of the city, is connected with old Berlin by a single bridge, and with the environs by a couple of so-called gates, the Frankfurt and the Stralau. In this busy district wool and silk-weavers, dyers, and other factory operatives, are crowded in lodgings more or less insalubrious; here poverty is prevalent and children superabundant, for precisely as procreation engenders poverty, so poverty seems to give an impetus to procreation. In the principal streets are the merchants' and agents' counting-houses, and along the banks of the Spree, among the castellated towers of the waterworks, rise the tall chimneys of the factories; near at hand is the

Frankfurt-on-Oder, and more remote the Eastern railway stations. The river, which is here at its broadest, is crowded with the long, large-prowed Spree and Oder barges, called "zillen," laden with provisions, fuel, and building materials, while, flanking the Jannowitz bridge, is the single paltry little pier, whence river-steamers proceeding up stream start for favourite summer resorts, and thirst-inducing, river-side beer-gardens. In this quarter the large Wallner Theatre and Friedrich-Wilhelm Hospital are situated.

Two other districts make up the composite city; one the Luisen-stadt, which forms its south-eastern portion, just as the other, the Friedrich-Wilhelms-stadt, forms its north-western. The Luisen-stadt, certain quarters of which are exclusively occupied by the working-classes, is an uninteresting district, and, with the exception of some huge barracks and other military establishments, the Bethanien Hospital, and the distant Görlitz railway station, it is altogether devoid of buildings of a public character. Its streets, however, are broad, and more or less mathematically arranged, while certain of its lofty, modern-built houses exhibit considerable taste in their construction. The part that abuts on the Spree, which hereabouts widens considerably, is composed principally of factories, warehouses, barracks, and military magazines.

The Friedrich-Wilhelms-stadt is the quarter patronized by married officers, on account of its contiguity to the neighbouring barracks; by students, mainly of medicine and veterinary surgery, and by second-rate actors. Each of these classes has the institution which most nearly concerns it close at hand. In one street is the Guards' barracks, and other extensive barracks are situated just beyond the city limits, while close by is the Friedrich-Wilhelms-städtisches Theatre, and a few hundred yards off are the Charité Hospital and the Veterinary School, both standing in fine grounds. Medical students congregate hereabouts, and at the neighbouring restaurants the conversation invariably turns on *post-mortems* and such like delicate topics. In their former fondness for Parisian comparisons, the Berlinese christened this district the Berlin Quartier Latin. The Friedrich-Wilhelms-stadt is intersected by the broad Luisen-strasse, which takes its name from the beautiful Queen Louise, and starts from the Marschall-brücke—so called after the famous Blücher—to terminate at the Neue Thor. Facing the cemeteries, immediately outside this phantom Thor, is the Royal Iron Foundry, and beyond are the extensive barracks and drill-ground of the Fusiliers of the Guard—irreverently nicknamed the cockchafers by the Berlinese—while adjacent to the gate is the Invaliden-haus for old soldiers, looking on to a small park, in the centre of which rises a Corinthian column, surmounted by a colossal eagle, with outspread wings, in memory of the soldiers who fell in the

revolutionary struggle of 1848-9. Westward is the canal, conducting to the Humboldt basin, the Hamburg and Lehrte railway stations, the Zellengefängniss, or model prison, the vast Uhlan barracks and exercising ground, and beyond the busy Moabit suburb.

THE INVALIDEN-HAUS.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the outward aspect of Berlin is the *ensemble* of palaces, public buildings, and statues, pleasantly varied by trees and trim-kept parterres, which rises up both to the east and west of the Schloss-brücke at the further extremity of Unter den Linden, of itself a sufficiently attractive, although scarcely an impressive, thoroughfare. Berlin, viewed in comparison with London or with Paris, has nothing imposing about it. Its long broad streets commonly lack both life and character. No surging crowds throng the footways, no extended files of vehicles intercept the cross traffic, bewilder one by their multiplicity, or deafen one with their heavy rumbling noise. And until quite recently the best Berlin shops would bear no kind of comparison with the far handsomer establishments in the English and French capitals.

Berlin, moreover, does not impress one as essentially a large commercial city, although its importance in this respect is increasing daily; neither is its manufacturing element, excepting in particular localities, strikingly conspicuous. Estimated, too, as a port, it can only lay claim to insignificant rank. The Spree at its broadest simply resembles a Dutch canal; its banks offer none of the activity encountered on those of the Thames, while the houses bordering them sink into insignificance beside the palatial edifices which line the quays of the Seine.

In the domain of literature and science Berlin has its equals, as in art it has its superiors, in other German cities. On the other hand political excitement centres itself in the capital of the new German Empire; the fever of speculation, too, is there at its highest; rapidly augmenting wealth is counterbalanced by almost daily increasing misery,

and the *prolétariat* are more brutal and menacing than in any other chief city of Europe. In the poorer quarters of Berlin five-storeyed houses, densely crowded even to their cellars, succeed each other like so many stone walls, with no open space, no square, no groups of trees, to break the wearisome monotony In these quarters investigations have been made yielding the most startling results. Of a thousand children scarcely one-third had seen an actual meadow or a corn-field ; only a few privileged ones had seen the evening glow and sunset, while a butterfly was with them the greatest curiosity. All was in the reading-book it was true ; the printed pages told them of these things, but the originals in their lively colours had never come within the range of these unfortunate children's eyes. With military pomp and circumstance they were familiar enough, for, excepting in the presence of imposing fortifications, the martial element manifests itself at Berlin in every way—in the statues of generals and triumphal columns, crowned with Victories with flashing swords and outspread wings, rising in all the open spaces —in the vast barracks found in all quarters of the city and in the whole of the environs—in extensive exercising-grounds and the incessant drilling of recruits—in the parading of troops and artillery continually through the streets—in the multitude of uniforms found mingled among the civil population, and in the martial music which constantly arrests the ear.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY BAND.

AN IMPERIAL STATE BALL.

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VI.

THE BERLINESE—IN SOCIETY.

THE Berlinese are neither remarkable for the amiability of their demeanour nor the sociality of their disposition. Outwardly, save in exceptional instances, they are rarely of a cheerful countenance, and with them appearances are certainly not deceptive. The stranger who expects to find under this atrabilious temperament the flow of soul and redundance of human kindness which the Germans generally are credited with, will certainly be disappointed. Even if he does succeed in cracking the nut, a very shrivelled kernel is all that will reward his labour. The haughty *morgue* of the epauletted wearers of the Imperial blue, the heartless greed of the speculative financier of the Strousberg type, the stolid selfishness of the trading classes, and the dastardly ruffianism of the bängel are glaring facts which subvert all preconceived ideas in favour of the moral superiority claimed for the inhabitants of the capital of the new German Empire.

Although Berlin now makes parade of a semblance of luxury, and seeks to rival wealthier capitals with its brilliant entertainments, the majority of the Berlinese live isolated existences amongst themselves. The same spirit of order which in military and administrative affairs leaves nothing unprovided for, seems with them to enter into the ordinary relations of life, and to assist materially in keeping up class distinctions. The square pegs are fitted very tightly indeed into the square holes, while the round ones would never dream of breaking loose from their circular receptacles. Berlin society recalls a well-ordered kitchen garden,

seen under a wintry aspect. The sea-kale isolated in its earthen pots, enshrouded by the accumulated refuse of ages, fairly represents the wealthier aristocracy, the snowy earthed-up celery, cut off by deep trenches from its neighbours, figures the stiff immaculateness of the army, the hard knobbly and individually insignificant Brussels sprouts, each clinging round a central stem, offer a fair representation of the bureaucracy, the mushroom bed at a forcing temperature is suggestive of the new financial element, and the crisp, crude, and corrugated Savoy cabbage gives a fair idea of the more prosperous burgher, whilst the root crops hidden out of sight and in all probability rotten from frost-bite, are no bad type of the lower "social couches."

The aristocracy hold themselves as far aloof as possible from the untitled bureaucracy, whose intrusion into administrative offices have deprived them of salaries which, although framed on a scale to make a War or Foreign Office clerk shudder in horrified amazement, would still have served to regild their faded ancestral escutcheons. The military class keeps itself rigidly apart from the civilian element, exhibiting a profound contempt for everything beneath the grade of privy councillor or first secretary, and eying such other ununiformed mortals, as it may be temporarily thrown into contact with, with an air which affects to mildly marvel as to what particular section of the residuum the interloper can belong. Had Talleyrand ventured his little joke upon the incompatibility of the words "civil" and "military" to a Prussian sub-lieutenant he would have at once received a proof of the correctness of his theory, by being as Mr. Leland puts it, "schlogged on der Kop," if indeed he escaped being cloven at once to the brisket. Still when wealthy merchants and manufacturers have handsome daughters, officers will often condescend to know them, will fraternize with their mahogany, hob nob with them *tête-à-tête*, and flirt with the fair.

And yet only a very short time back Count von Eulenberg, a captain in the Uhlans of the Guard, and cousin to the unfortunate young nobleman, who was to have espoused the Fräulein von Bismarck found that the course of true love, when the lady cannot count blue blood in her veins, may be prevented from running smoothly even for a personage of his exalted position. He loved well, though as matters turned out perhaps scarcely wisely, the daughter of Herr Schœffer, the owner of the journal named *Der Bazar*.

Betrothed to her with the consent of her parents, he addressed to the military authorities the request for permission to marry, required by the rules of the service. A few days afterwards he received a visit from two officers of his regiment who proceeded to explain to him that the traditions of the Guard did not allow an officer of that illustrious corps to offer his titled hand to a lady whose grace, amiability, wealth, acquirements, and social attainments failed to counterbalance the damning facts that her father had been the architect of his own fortune, and was not possessed of the distinguishing prefix "von." The answer of the indignant lover was an immediate challenge to

both these interfering gentlemen, but before fighting, the requisite permission to cut each others' throats had to be obtained from the colonel, the Baron von Alvenslœben. The latter sent for Count von Eulenberg, and explained to him that the two officers were quite in the right, having only acted as the representatives of the entire corps, who would not tolerate the marriage of one of their members with the daughter of an ex-bookbinder, although that bookbinder had since acquired a large fortune and had had two sons, both officers in the army, killed, the one at Sadowa, and the other at Sedan. Count von Eulenberg considering the statement, that Fräulein Schœffer was not fit to marry an officer, an insult to his betrothed, sent a challenge to von Alvenslœben himself, who not only refused to fight, but had the unfortunate lover tried by court martial, and sentenced to a year and a half's imprisonment in a fortress, for having sought to turn a matter of public importance as regarded the status of the army, into a personal quarrel.

This same inexorable law of quarterings excludes the wealthy and ostentatious representatives of finance equally with the intellectual and professional elements from Berlin high society. The middle classes with house rent and living at least twice as dear as they were five years ago, are far too much absorbed in their struggle for existence to trouble themselves much about social exigencies. Indeed such intercourse as exists amongst the mass of the middle class Berlinese is in the main limited to the time-honoured habit, still more or less prevalent all over Germany, of the women of the various families meeting in turn at each others' houses on some fixed day of the week, to work, drink coffee, and discuss their own and their neighbours' private affairs.

So that the various circles of society in Berlin are mostly formed by the definite conditions of rank and office, and, although touching, rarely intersect one another. Every council or board of officials, and such boards are countless, clings together. Its members and their families interchange a prescribed number of visits, and issue an orthodox series of invitations, "which," as a German writer on the subject is painfully constrained to admit, "cost a great deal of time and money." The economic principles and devotion to a rigid standard of efficiency, which are two of the cardinal virtues of the Prussian bureaucracy, are exhibited even in their social relations. The list of non-effectives is rigorously weeded out. Thus the widow and orphans of official personages are kept on the visiting list for a short time after the departure of their natural protector to other spheres, but as there are always "too many ladies already" within the circle, they are gradually "dropped," unless they are rich and can return the invitations. The same practice prevails in the different regiments and even extends to the highest circles. Thus every house has a round of obligatory visits which have to be discharged with an exactitude

and punctuality unknown even to ourselves, by whom such commercial virtues are duly esteemed. Hence any individual outside the circle, who ventures on calling in the hope of being affiliated by formal invitation is treated as an intruder, unless he happens to be a zealous dancer or an eligible match—in which case every house is open to him and the most estimable hostesses return audible thanks at having won over such an ornament to their entertainments. Even before the war crowned them with glory and, what was still more serious, lessened their numbers, gentlemen enjoyed the privilege of being sought after and overwhelmed with flattery when they appeared, and the chivalry of man and the bewitching bashfulness of women belong now, so far as higher Berlin society is concerned, to the realms of fable. Yet there are people who still believe Germany to be the home of Arcadian simplicity, and that Berlin is its capital.

This redundance of the softer sex constrains even the most stately damsels to play the humiliating part of wall-flowers.

"Noblesse oblige."

But *noblesse oblige*, and as in duty bound, they are ever ready to enter on the path of conquest. Arrayed in some wondrous combination of flounces, frills, and furbelows, in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, embodying the latest Paris fashions as viewed through the distorted medium of a Berlin *modiste*, with forehead fringed and tresses crimped, and wielding the omnipotent fan, they hasten to the scene of action. There indeed possibly to sit, Ariadne-like, in solitary state and to murmur, "He cometh not," meaning of course the eligible "he," for *noblesse oblige* in more senses than one, and though the "high and well-born" daughter of the president of some council, with a polysyllabic title and half-a-dozen decorations, may condescend to waltz with a fledgeling bureaucrat, her heart and hand are reserved for an individual with a resounding prefix to his name, and boasting a proportionate array of stars and crosses.

The narrow circles of Berlin society widen somewhat amongst the higher aristocracy and the great financiers. The larger landed proprietors have hitherto been but poorly represented at Berlin, and are to be found in greater numbers in the provincial capitals, such as Breslau, Münster, Königsberg, Stettin, &c., where they hold solemn and exclusive high jinks amongst themselves. The noble families who come up in order that their head may occupy his bench in the Landtag or Reichstag during the session, generally accept invitations without giving entertainments in return, very few having houses or the requisite conveniences for receiving guests. The numerous petty princelets and dukelings moreover generally live in hotels, when summoned by duty or interest to Berlin, so that the obligation of entertaining all that is most noble amongst the "vons" devolves upon the court, the various scions of the reigning house, the foreign ambassadors, the ministers, and those few nobles possessed of wealth and house-room befitting the task. As to the parties given by the great financiers, where ostentation is the order of the day, they lack the needful combination of refinement and freedom affording the height of mental and material enjoyment. The hosts, by a spirit of rivalry amongst themselves, evince more anxiety to entertain the aristocracy of rank, than that of intellect, and he who can assemble the greatest number of counts excites the most envy. Each strives to rival his fellows in pompous display, the highest resources of modern art being lavished with profusion, if not always with taste, on the internal decorations of the gorgeous hotels which they have built for themselves. Strousberg, whose family under his bankruptcy, have been receiving a temporary allowance of twenty marks (about as many shillings) a day to exist upon, gave *fêtes* that were likened to pages out of the "Arabian Nights." Borsig, whose conservatories at Moabit cover acres of ground, used to display their floral treasures throughout his house on gala nights in the wildest profusion.

Banquets worthy of Lucullus, a lavish parade of diamonds, costly bouquets presented to the lady guests, and counts in abundance, seem to be the staple features of the entertainments given in this section of Berlin society.

The stilted ceremonial etiquette of the past century is to-day *de rigueur* at Berlin receptions of any pretension. "When you

arrive on the festive scene," observes a lady, "it will be your duty to request the hostess to introduce to you all the ladies present. This she will do, presenting you to the excellencies and distinguished personages first, the tour being made according to the nicest gradation of etiquette, so that beginning with an ambassadress you will end with a lieutenant's wife, and then in turn have to receive *your* court, namely, the husbands of all those ladies to whom you have been doing reverence. The curtseyings, the obeisances, the compliments, at once embarrass, annoy, and tickle you. Your stiff British backbone doesn't take kindly to the prostrations; your knees resent the genuflexions; you scorn to grovel, yet you fear to offend; you feel ridiculous in your unwonted antics, and are afraid of falling off; and yet a sense of humour would make it difficult, were you more at ease, to abstain from shouts of laughter at the bobbing, sliding, gliding, and grimacing in which you are playing such an unwilling part."[1]

The amalgamation of rank, wealth, and intellect to be met with in the leading London drawing-rooms is undreamt of in Berlin, where all the written and unwritten laws of etiquette and tradition would forbid anything approaching such a heterogeneous assembly. "The lion of the season" is never asked out to mildly roar for the delectation of select social circles, and the distinguished traveller, the founder of a new school of thought, the latest scientific discoverer, the last genuine poet, the author or the artist whose productions are run after, can only hope to make their existence known outside the immediate circle of their friends by means of their works. Nor, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, are these works much discussed

[1] German Home Life, *Fraser's Magazine*.

in the higher Berlin society which is too absorbed in the worship of rank, the adulation of ancient descent, and decided reverence for the higher military element to trouble itself about encouraging intellect. Men who have made their mark in science, art, and literature, the luminaries of the bar, the great professors of medicine, jurisprudence, and theology, savants, historians, archæologists, philosophers, and doctors of European fame, have no more place in it, than the learned Baboo or reforming African potentate whom we English are so eager to welcome to our hearths and homes, and without such leaven how is the intellectual tone of a society which with mocking satire, styles itself "polite" to be raised? It is notorious that the barrenness, excess of prudery, and audacious pretensions of Berlin society forced Mendelssohn to resign an advantageous position in the Prussian capital, and retire to Leipzig, while Humboldt's ceaseless sarcasms against Berlin, its court, and its inhabitants, proved that this expansive genius and brilliant conversationalist found, as Voltaire had done before him, his chamberlain's gold key often too heavy to bear. On emigrating to Paris, he took up his residence in the Observatory, where he amused his friend Arago and others at the expense of Berlin, "that empty, unintellectual little city, infatuated with itself," as he used scornfully to term it.

A German writer was lamenting only the other day, that for years past there had been but one house in Berlin where intellect was really welcomed, namely the residence of Herr von Olfer, the Director-General of the Museums. Every Wednesday for the last thirty years, Frau von Olfer was to be found in her saloon from 8 to 11 at a large round tea table which, however, soon grew much too small for the number of guests who came and went. Additional tea tables sprang up, lighted by lofty lamps, on the paper shades of which some artistic hand in the family had executed certain little masterpieces while on the cups and plates, paintings and poetic maxims bore witness to the taste and fancy of the household. To savants,

artists, authors, and poets, Herr von Olfer's saloon was always open, and in virtue of his official position members of the aristocracy and court society mingled, without restriction of etiquette, with the throng of literary and artistic celebrities. Even the princes of the royal family not unfrequently appeared at these gatherings. Until his wife's health failed, Leopold von Ranke the historian, did his best to gather around him a similar coterie, and traditions of the times when a society of ladies, called the "Kaffeter," made itself famous for genius and originality yet linger, although as a rule "women of mind" are but little esteemed at Berlin. Several members of the reigning house take a languid interest in art and science, still neither aristocratic, bureaucratic, nor financial circles are open to their representatives. Such a coterie as used to gather, for instance, at old Holland House, might be searched for in vain at Berlin, and native writers themselves admit the superior cultivation of the English upper classes, and the interest they feel in literature, science, and art. The painstaking mastery of details to which, rather than to intelligence or culture, German superiority has been rightly ascribed by Lord Derby, renders German specialists the foremost in the world. But they remain secluded in their inaccessibility, the lawyer occupied with his code, the doctor with his diagnosis, and the professor with his lectures, and only turning aside when lured by the *ignis fatuus* of political renown into the arena of the Reichstag. "Excluded from good society by the law of quarterings, and belonging to humbler spheres in life than is the case with our own professional men, the Berlin legal and medical man is more absorbed in his speciality, less a citizen of the world, and less accessible to the influences of general culture." As to the learned, studious, and cultivated burgher, he is conspicuous at Berlin by his absence. The middle class Berlinese are distinguished by their ill-manners, their general coarseness of behaviour, and deficiency of taste. Strongly imbued with democratic tendencies, and having received an amount of instruction that places them to some extent on an intellectual level with their betters, they are not only ready to take liberties with one another but with their superiors. Ample traces, however, yet remain in the shape of still exacted formalities of the days when class distinctions were far more defined than at present, and the citizen was constrained to show his deference in a thousand ways towards the noble, the officer, and the government servant. Heedless of whatever jars on a finer temperament they meet the ill-disguised contempt which their vulgarity arouses in those better born than themselves, by asserting that the latter trade on their titles and assume a superiority that does not belong to them. They find their recreation after the cares of the day in visiting the popular theatres and imbibing beer, or in political discussions at their favourite wein-stube, or bier-local;

the popular newspaper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, and a little of what the Germans consider light reading, constituting their mental pabulum.

These wein-stuben and bier-locale, though still largely patronized by the burgher class have of late years been, in a great measure, abandoned by those in a better social position. Just as the upper class Parisians have foresworn the *café* for the *cercle*, so have the wealthier Berlinese adopted that thoroughly English institution, the club, though they do not take over kindly to the assimilative process of club life.

With the promotion of Berlin to the rank of an imperial city the number and importance of its clubs have greatly increased. The Reichstag calls men from all parts of Germany to Berlin during the season, and many of them swell the membership, if not the income, of these institutions. In the same way many administrative officials have within a year or two become residents of the capital. Originally these clubs reflected the popular system of convivial re-unions, and the one which has departed farthest from this Teutonic ideal is the Casino, the club of the nobility, the military aristocracy, and the diplomatists, and the elegant apartments of which look up and down Unter den Linden.

"Its most famous feature, perhaps, is its *table d'hôte* at five o'clock. The ambition of no young officer is satisfied till he has partaken at this daily banquet and drunk the Emperor's health in the steward's best 'Sec'; but the *cuisine* would never make the reputation of the club outside of Berlin. Two quite opposite tendencies struggle in the club, the national and the cosmopolitan. The respectable old Conservative country gentlemen demand that the Casino shall be a genuine German institution, without the corrupting alloy of French cooking and English manners. The bill of fare certainly speaks for the valour of this faction. In the evening, too, the German element predominates, but on afternoons one may hear more or less broken French from diplomatic *attachés* hanging over the billiard tables. At the urn, too, where candidates are voted in, the ballots are not *für* and *wider*, but *pour* and *contre*. Only one feature of the Casino deserves further mention, and that is the classification of members. There are three classes. The first class comprises the resident members, who alone enjoy all the rights and accept all the obligations of membership. The second class comprises such as, living out of Berlin, are in the city often enough to desire and deserve the advantages of the club, but who take no part in the administration, and pay reduced fees.

The third class are special members, who pay a monthly charge, and are enrolled for short periods. They are not much more than invited guests; and are of course for the most part, persons who are temporarily in the city. The Casino has a large membership, and notwithstanding a certain primitive stiffness of system is an elegant and successful institution.

"The 'Club von Berlin' is the strongest and best known of its kind in the city, and one of the oldest. Originally a sort of convivial society under the name of *Der Gesellige Verein*, it transformed itself, as members and resources increased, into a club, and took spacious rooms in the Jäger-strasse. Additional prosperity led to further change in its quarters, and it secured remarkably fine apartments in the Behren-strasse, the street of the American Legation and the British Consulate, of one wing of the Royal Palace and the Royal Opera. The Club von Berlin is called also the 'Millionaire Club,' but as a relative rather than an absolute characterisation. The dues, initiatory and annual, would be held very light in London, and do not severely tax a moderate purse here; but they are greater than in any other club, and it is specially patronized by rich men of business. The great bankers meet there at the close of the day's exchange. Here they find the evening papers and here the Börse schedules, not only of Berlin, but also of Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and other commercial centres, the papers published in the special interest of stock operations, the despatches of the three or four press agencies which carry on a sharp strife of inefficiency, are all kept on file. The club, moreover, has a *cuisine*. In this respect also

it enjoys among its rivals the glory of pre-eminence ; and this alone would account for the bankers, who like a fair table in Berlin as elsewhere. They do not dine, but sup here. Forming in sympathetic groups at the great tables, they drink much champagne, eat liberally of sallow roast goose or veal cutlets fried flat in crumbs, and are more enthusiastic, perhaps, than decorous. Here they fight over again the battles of the day. With a wild profusion of technical terms, a masterly manipulation of knife and fork for emphasis, and now and then a clever arrangement of bread crumbs by way of elucidation, they show how battles are won, and with them fortunes, at the Berlin Börse. But Berlin bankers may be recognized without the aid of such picturesque surroundings. The religious test is a sure one, banking and brokerage in Germany being mainly in the hands of people whose proud boast it is to be the descendants of Moses and the prophets.

" There is, however, another club, ' The Ressource,' which is distinctively a brokers' club. The Berliner Club is rather an association of wealthy old gentlemen, many of whom made their fortunes indeed in finance, but are now retired from active business. But the Ressource is a sort of *petite bourse*. The furniture and upholstery are rich, but gaudy and repulsive, and the general appearance of the rooms suggests ethnological and other reflections. On evenings and Sundays its halls resound with the tumult of blasphemous gamblers. There is no other city in the world, Vienna perhaps excepted, where the morals of the Stock Exchange are so low, where petty scandals are so frequent, and where they have such a baneful influence on general society. The Ressource Club is an outgrowth from this state of things. It might be more accurate to say that it has developed into this character, since it is a very old organization, and was originally a social reunion of the wealthier Jews ; but as now conducted it is, in the most charitable construction, a credit and a benefit to no one.

" A large income is no condition of admission to the West Club. Its quiet unpretending apartments in the Königgrätzer-strasse are the resort of the middle class, as it ranks here, made up of Civil Service officials, professors, deputies, with a sprinkling of journalists and literary men, artists and musicians. It was founded for geographical as much as social reasons, or, to speak with scientific accuracy, it has a geographico-social basis. It accommodates the district about the Potsdam Gate, the ' Geheimrathviertel,' as it is called. The fees are low, and the appointments of the club far from sumptuous. Culinary interests are sadly neglected, for the members are men of

family who take their frugal repasts at home. They come rather to gossip, read the papers, and play chess, billiards, and whist.

"In addition to the foregoing, which are the most important clubs of a general social character, there are a number of others which are at the same time professional reunions. At the Industrial Building art and literature live harmoniously together. The Künstler-Verein, or Artists' Union, of Berlin, occupies a fine suite of apartments in the so-called Industrial Buildings in the Commandanten-strasse, where a permanent exhibition of its pictorial products is held, and where social and festive gatherings take place. The society is strong and thriving, and numbers among its members the leading artists of the capital. The Press Club enjoys the use of the same rooms, and owes the fact to the hospitality of the artists. It does not have a permanent exhibition of its products—which would indeed be weariness to the flesh—but meets at regular intervals of a week.

Though only about ten years old and homeless, it is well supported by the fraternity. No simply professional journalists, but literary people of every sort, and even men in other professions who contribute to the press, may and do become members. Friedrich Spielhagen was one of the founders. Berthold Auerbach is a member. Paul Lindau, who has published a short account of the origin of the club, enumerates among the guests and speakers at the first banquet a young lawyer who had written political articles for the journals. The young lawyer was Edward Lasker, a Jew, leader of the National Liberal party in Parliament, and the most influential of all the deputies. It is the custom of the club to have a modest banquet at the stated meetings, and this is perhaps its most characteristic feature. The feast is quite humble in quality, and the etiquette is not stringent enough to prevent a very easy flow of spirits; but the bounds of the decorum so significantly fixed by police law are never violated. The Berlin journalist has more respect for the law than his brother of Paris, if for no other reason because he is less skilful in evading it. The rising young debaters of the Press Club are timid and prudent.

"One element of club life as it is known in London, the political or party element, does not exist in Berlin. The different Parliamentary factions have their own meetings, often with a limited supply of meat and drink; and more recently the deputies, without regard to party, have formed a sort of boarding club opposite the Chamber. The Casino, since it represents the aristocracy, is of course more or less Conservative in tone. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, the organ of the Junkers, holds aloof from the Press Union; but in general, politics enter but slightly into what may be called club society.

"In selecting a club the Berliner considers the annual dues quite as much as the comfort of the institution and the class of companions which he is likely to meet. But once within it he guards himself by what he would call in his own phraseology a narrow 'particularism.' He becomes cold, formal, circumspect. He joins a group or clique, which in itself is not so extraordinary

as the fortitude with which he clings to that clique and discourages other acquaintances. Since he joins a club to escape the fumes of plebian tobacco, he acquires a deadly hostility to any tobacco outside his own petty circle. If the members of clubs were chosen more carefully this would be intelligible if not quite admirable. At first sight it might be supposed that the large bachelor population which Berlin possesses would be a valuable source of support for the clubs ; but such is not the case. With the exception of the Casino, whereof many young secretaries of legation and officers on duty at the capital are members — with this exception married men largely predominate in the regular clubs. The fact may not be flattering to the good housewives of Berlin, but the integrity of truth shall not be sacrificed to politeness." [1]

A recognized shortcoming of the Berlinese is their want of hospitality. "Even London," remarks a travelled native of the new Kaiserstadt, "with all its harsh exterior can compare advantageously with Berlin in this respect, for, however, isolated the stranger may at first find himself, if he is a gentleman he will certainly succeed in becoming intimate with one or more families which will cause him to feel himself at home, and to quit the city with regret. In Berlin most middle-class households live very simply and economically, and are by no means prepared to receive extra guests, who, however glad the master of the house might be to entertain them, would cause an undesirable addition to the restricted domestic expenditure." This is to a certain extent confirmed by the testimony of an Englishman, long resident at Berlin, who tells us of a fellow-countryman "who has been staying there for some time, not from choice, but because fate has planted him near the lime-trees for his sins, and he cannot get away. He speaks German like a native, is well off, well born, and of a lively sociable disposition. He came here with a portfolio full of introductions, none of which procured him

[1] Mr. Herbert Tuttle in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 1875.

even an invitation to dinner. He tried the theatres in succession, until his spirits broke down. He walked up and down the Linden until he knew by heart, and loathed, every shop-front in that sad avenue. He got himself introduced into a club, where nobody spoke to him, although he spent every evening there for a week; and then he collapsed. He has become gloomy, and is letting his beard grow. He stops in all day reading books from an English circulating library which he discovered during his street wanderings, dines at Hiller's or the Europe, and passes his evenings listening to Bilse's orchestra at the Concerthaus. Other mournful Britons drop in upon him sometimes of an afternoon, and sit beside him as if he were sick, as he is—of Berlin."

Just as Berlin receptions strike the foreigner as singularly stiff affairs, so do Berlin dinners, when he chances to be invited to them, seem to him intolerably long, correspondingly dull, and boisterous into the bargain. He finds his place at table indicated by a little picture card, inscribed with his name, placed on his wine glass, and speedily discovers that to eat awkwardly and to talk loudly are the universal rule at these entertainments. Everybody indeed seems to be endeavouring to drown his neighbour's voice, and by the time the dessert is served, talking has become shouting and it is necessary to holloa if you wish to make yourself heard. For this reason Berlin dinner parties are the noisest of entertainments. Singing and music are far from the rule at evening receptions. Still when you are called upon to listen to them they are invariably good.

One forgives the Berlinese their habitual inhospitality when one learns that in the entire city there are only 3000 families possessed of incomes exceeding £150 per annum, and that more than half the total number of Berlin households have to make both ends meet on as little as £45 a year.[1] The Prussian people are admitted to be the most thrifty in the world. "Everybody," we are told, "has been saving in this hard-breasted, iron-backed land ever since it has been a kingdom. Two centuries of thrift that has been all but avarice—inconceivable privations and sacrifices, suffered and effected in every class of life—a national gloominess and misanthropy, superinduced by the self-denial of a dozen generations—to what have all these disagreeables brought Prussian nobles, cits, and peasant proprietors? Men in the highest positions—privy councillors, staff-officers, professors, noblemen of small means—deny them-

[1] The *Zoelwische Zeitung* (January 1874) gives the following particulars of the incomes of the population of Berlin :—52 per cent., 104,000 families have only an income of £45 ; 30 per cent., 60,000 families betwen £45 and £60 ; 5 per cent., 10,000 families, £75 ; 4½ per cent., 90,000 families, £97 10*s.* ; 3 per cent., 6,000 families, £120 ; 2 per cent., 4,000 families, £135 ; 2 per cent., 4,000 families, £150 ! and 10 per cent., 3,000 families, over £150 per annum.

selves and their families all luxuries and pleasures, and many necessaries in order to put by a certain portion of their slender incomes yearly.

"The Berlinese, as a rule, are brought up to look upon life as one arduous, never-ending struggle, and have to work so hard from their eighth year upwards in order to make sure of bare necessaries, that they acquire a sort of relish for hardships, and cannot enjoy any pleasure unless it be saddled with an obstacle. Their roses must be well girt with thorns, or they will not care for plucking them. They address themselves to the tackling of troubles and the endurance of inconveniences with a stern alacrity that would be in the highest degree praiseworthy were it not far more the result of narrow training than of a noble temper of mind, or of an instinctive bias to the heroical view of life-conduct. This striving, wresting impulse of theirs, however, animating more or less directly every one of their actions, leads them to the achievement of wonderful and often admirable results. To qualify themselves for posts that with us are occupied by men of humble birth and rudimentary education, men of the higher middle classes in Prussia go through a course of education that would fit them for an M.A. degree in any of our universities. About twelve years of hard study, and a standard of intellectual culture that would class him in the "honours" list at our Alma Mater, qualify a young Prussian with official aspirations for—let us say—a sortership in the Post-office, or a copying clerkship in a State Department, with a salary of £40 per annum and the prospect of attaining, after forty years or so of steady toil and irreproachable conduct, an income of £200 glorified by an honorific title."

Under such conditions of existence it is not to be wondered at that the Berliner has a very faint idea of comfort, both in private and public life. His stereotyped response to all suggested reforms and improvements used invariably to be, "that may be well enough in other capitals but not here," and until quite recently old fashioned ways and provincialism maintained their venerated hereditary prestige. The ostentation manifested by any class in Berlin is principally shown by the Hebrew millionaires of the Börse. Only a limited number amongst the wealthiest and noblest members of the Court circle keep their own equipages. Handsome chargers and blood hacks are common enough, but well matched pairs of thorough-bred, high stepping, satin-skinned carriage horses are remarkably scarce at Berlin. For the Prussian aristocracy, unprovided, as already explained, save in a few exceptional instances, with town houses, and accustomed to gladden the capital with their presence for only two or three months of the year during the session of the Reichstag and the season of Court festivities, are in the habit of hiring their horses, carriage, and coachman *en bloc*. For a couple of hundred thalers

a month, they can secure a serviceable carriage and pair, with a Jehu in unobtrusive livery, combined with the privilege of painting *pro tem.* their ancestral escutcheon on the panels.

Of course the national thrift has much to do with this, although the national poverty which extends to the nobility is the primary cause. Prussia has little or no great landed aristocracy, a circumstance much regretted by Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who openly envied Great Britain her territorial House of Lords. The law of primogeniture, so essential to the prosperity of an aristocracy, is nowhere in force throughout Germany. As all the sons of a count are born counts and all his daughters countesses, the result is a remarkably numerous nobility, richer in titles than in worldly goods, equally ill paid in the few court or diplomatic appointments open to its members as in the army, and endeavouring to make up by a stern uncompromising *hauteur* for the real grandeur in which it is deficient. Far from displaying the least amiability towards the hapless tribe of plebians on whom it looks down, it seeks to make itself felt and feared, and as an influential political party, that of Junkerdom, has striven hard to check all moral and material progress.

The golden key fails to unlock Berlin aristocratic society, whilst poverty is no insuperable obstacle to admittance within the charmed circle, if accompanied by the indispensable qualification of "Hoffähigkeit" or court-worthiness, to secure which it is absolutely necessary to be noble by birth, to hold a commission in the army or navy, to be a dignitary of the church, or to have attained a certain grade in the Government service. In the latter instances your own eligibility conduces in no degree to render your wife and family equally eligible to the highly-prized distinction which is more rigidly guarded at the Prussian Court than at any other court in Europe. To become court-worthy is the life-aim of many reputable people who pass their existences in attempting to break through the barrier separating these North German Brahmins from the rest of humanity, however well to do, highly educated and eminently respectable that residium may be. This accounts for the insane rage for titles of one kind or another that prevails throughout Germany, and explains why "every Jew banker, every successful speculator, every rising *employé* is ready to fawn, fight, cringe, or clamour for the much-coveted distinction of hereditary rank."

The class of creators—"gründer" as the individuals are called who flooded Berlin with speculative and too frequently dishonest enterprizes—appears to have been the most fortunate in this direction, for no less than four of their number succeeded in getting ennobled, while others would have secured the like honour had they not been precipitated from their high positions, owing to the crash, which unluckily for them came a little too soon. Among these ennobled "creators" Herr von Carstenn-Lichterfelde

occupies a prominent place. After engaging in some fortunate building speculations at Hamburg and its neighbourhood, he settled in the year 1866 at Lichterfelde, near Berlin. He was a man of sagacity and combination, and early foresaw that the then capital of the North German Confederation must grow and extend. He began therefore to establish so-called colonies around Berlin, and went in for parcelling out and dealing in building sites on a large scale. By this means he made millions, and these millions led to a new aspiration. He had been associated with Generals and Barons in his "creations," and intercourse with the aristocracy is sufficiently alluring. He had laid the Government under obligations to him by building the new Cadet-houses at Lichterfelde, so he was scarcely likely to fail. One night he went to bed plain Herr Carstenn, and rose the next morning Von Carstenn-Lichterfelde. Of old creators were deified like Hercules, Cecrops, Theseus, and Cadmus, now they are ennobled like Bleichröder, Hausemann, Krause, and Carstenn. Other "creators" who failed to achieve this honour made a virtue of necessity and boldly purchased a noble father. They sought and found some poor but sufficiently liberal-minded nobleman willing to adopt them and give them his name in return for a fair annual income paid invariably in advance.

Even this spurious nobility finds itself admired, if not respected, by Berlin society. Of course the old aristocracy, in whose eyes such proceedings only serve to enhance the value of their own ancestral honours, affect to look down on these "fresh-baked" pretenders, as they term them, with contempt, whilst those below them in the social scale, satirize them in a way which they would be the first to deprecate were they themselves but shifted a few

steps higher. With coronets and quarterings everywhere objects of idolatry and esteemed far beyond the cardinal virtues, it is scarcely surprising that the well-to-do Berliner should hanker after the privilege of a prefix to his name, and that this should

be to him even more an object of ambition than the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour to the decoration-seeking Parisian. In the capital of the new Empire, any one coveting consideration finds it necessary that he should have some kind of handle to his name, and hence the numerous ridiculous official appellations. To call himself simply Schultze or Müller is deliberately to efface himself, unless indeed he chances to rejoice in the prefix "Von," which will serve as an "open sesame" to all middle class society, and cause the lady of the house to present him to her guests with a certain amount of officiousness, and to lay marked stress upon the preposition that dignifies his plebeian patronymic.

When the Berlin "Jeames," who in the all important requisites of calves, whiskers, and languid dignity of bearing is immeasurably below his London prototype, assumes a fresh livery, usually of *outré* cut and discordant hues, his first step is to ask of his master and mistress how he shall entitle them (*Wie wollen Sie dass ich Sie titulire?*). It is only in rare instances that he is told that he need not "*tituliren*" them at all, and that it will be sufficient to address his master as *Würdiger Herr!* (Worthy Sir!) and his mistress as *Gnädige Frau* (Gracious Madam!). Even a shopman or domestic entering the service of a grocer, who during the whole course of his career has by some chance or other once supplied the royal palace with a pound of coffee, will be compelled to address his master on every occasion as *Herr Hoflieferant*—Purveyor to the Court.

These honorary distinctions are scattered about with such reckless profusion that one is quite prepared to find an ample variety of them. Those of Rath or Councillor, Professor and Doctor suffice to satisfy the ambition of some few thousands. There are Räthe for instance of almost everything—*Stadtrath*, *Baurath*, *Schulrath*, *Sanitätsrath*, and *Commerzienrath* (Town, Building, School, Sanitary and Commercial Councillors). One has even heard a humble *attaché* of the Berlin opera-house saluted as *Herr Theaterintendanturrath*, or Mr. Councillor of the

Administration of the Theatre. All the middle class Berlinese at the close of their commercial or administrative careers endeavour to acquire one of these titles, which once secured, the fortunate possessor becomes *Herr Rathgeber* on all occasions, at social gatherings equally as at the Council board. It being a rule of German etiquette to accord the wife her husband's title in the feminine gender, it often happens that at the most modest gatherings one finds oneself surrounded by a crowd of dignitaries of both sexes, bearing titles as lengthy as they are inharmonious. "If you would avoid offence, you must train your mind and torture your tongue to acquire the habit of saying, 'Thank you, Mrs. Privy-Councilloress;' 'At your command, Mrs. Over-police Directoress;' 'After you, Mrs. Riding-Foresteress;' 'No doubt, Mrs. Consulting-Architectress;' 'With pleasure, Mrs. Inspectoress of Sewers;' 'As you say, Mrs. Veritable (*wirkliche*) Privy-Councilloress,' or Commercial-Councilloress, or Doctoress, or Assessoress. In society a married lady is always addressed with the prefix of *gnädige*, or *gnädigste Frau;* gracious or most gracious lady. If she have a title, it is not customary to use the family names in speaking to her; *Frau Gräfin*, or *Frau Baronin*, being deemed sufficient. Many persons use *Meine Gnädigste*, my Most Gracious, without further designation. Amongst female friends the formula is somewhat less ceremonious, *liebe Gräfin*, or *Generalinn*, or *Geheimeräthin*, being sufficient. Young ladies are not addressed as Miss so-and-so, but, by gentlemen invariably, as *Mein gnädiges Fräulein.*"[1]

Councillors of the higher grades are entitled to most elaborate honorary designations, such as *Seiner Hochwohlgeboren dem Königlichen Ober-Landes-Gericht-Rath, Herr*——(The highly well-born Royal Superior State Justice Councillor, Mr.——) and letters tc them require to commence *Hochwohlgeborener Herr!* (Highly well-born Sir) *Hochgeehrter Herr* (Highly honoured Sir). It will be sufficient to address the lower class of councillors as *Seiner Wohlgeboren dem Herrn Medizinal Rath Dr. Schultz* (to the well-born gentleman Medical Councillor Dr. S.). Doctors, advocates, professors, schoolmasters, landowners, commercial people (*Kaufleute*) always expect to be styled *Wohlgeboren.*

The Räthe of the superior grades are also *Geheime Räthe* or Privy-Councillors, besides which there is a veritable host of secretaries, accountants, and registrars with from 300 to—at the utmost—1000 thalers salary per annum, and who are every one of them more or less "privy." One has, for instance, the *Geheime Expedirende Secretair und Registrator*, who abounds in the ministries and most insignificant administrations. Should you have occasion to write to one of these individuals, you must be very careful not to omit even a syllable of his title, for if you did he would very likely not condescend to answer you. A petty functionary

[1] "German Home Life" in *Frazer's Magazine.*

of this class with £46 a year has perhaps managed to get hold of some insignificant foreign ribbon, and will require his letters to be addressed to him as follows :—*Dem sehr geehrten Königlichen Geheime Registrator Hochwohlgeborener Ritter.* (To the very Honourable Royal Privy Registrar, Highly well-born Knight.)

The author of "German Home Life," pertinently remarks that "the exactions in this direction are almost sufficient to frighten a simple-minded person out of society. Have you given the right man the right title? Is he a *Geheimerath*, or a *wirklicher Geheimerath?* Was that prince who affably condescended to address you a Royal, or a Transparent, or a Serene Highness? You have just addressed a lady (who has no right to the title) as *Excellenz*, and made her your implacable enemy for life. You have occasion to write to a Roman Catholic clergyman, and you for ever offend him by addressing him as *Ew. Hochehrwürden*, which is a Protestant title, instead of *Ew. Hochwürden*, the correct Catholic style. How are you to know that privy councillors and presidents exact the predicate *Hochwohlgeboren* (High-well-born), which belongs of right to the nobility (2nd class), and how can you guess that a Count must be addressed as High-born, or even under some circumstances, *Erlaucht* (Illustrious), a Baron as High-well-born; and that the common herd exact Well-born as well as their own patronymic on the letters you address to them?"

In writing to the Emperor it is requisite to address him as Most Serene and August Emperor and King, most Gracious King and Lord! "In the newspapers he is invariably styled the All-Highest (*Der Allerhöchste*), which sounds parlously like an infringement of Divine privilege. His actions and movements are described, plurally as regards himself, in infinite false concords and outrages upon grammar, as, for instance, 'His Majesty, our All-Highest King and Lord *have* deigned to nominate,' &c.; or, 'His Majesty *are* returned to Berlin; All-Highest the same ones (*Allerhöchstdieselben*) rejoice *themselves* in possession of a blooming health.'" With regard to a minister of state he has to be addressed as His Excellency the Royal actual (*Wirklichen, i.e.* at present in office) Privy State and Justice Minister, Herrn ——. The Rector of the University is addressed more concisely but none the less pompously as His magnificence, while the burgomaster who is also a magnificence is styled Highly well-born, Highly honoured Mr. Burgomaster. The president of the Berlin Court of Appeal is entitled Highly well-esteemed, Mr. Chief President, while letters to him commence, Highly well-born Sir. "What we term public offices, boards, &c., and all other impersonalities, such as magistrates' courts, legal tribunals, corporations, consistories, *et hoc genus omne*, must be approached in writing with elaborate forms, and clothed with the title of 'Praiseworthy' or 'Highly Praiseworthy,' according to the degree conventionally accorded to them." We have already

remarked that women take the titles of their husbands in the feminine form, the result of which is such superscriptions as, Her Excellency Madame the actual Privy State Ministress, General Postmistress Frau ——. The letter would have to commence Highly well-born Madame, Gracious Madame Ministress. Precisely in the same way one says, Madame the Mistress of the Concerts, Madame the Doctoress, Madame the Lieutenantess Madame the Drum-Majoress—and one has even seen a card upon which was inscribed *Königliche Kammerfägerin*, Royal Sweeperess of the Apartments!

"The Prussian Government," wrote Varnhagan von Ense a quarter of a century ago, "is a *confrérie* of bureaucrats, who unite to the talent of scribbling, that of obedience and that of hypocrisy." There may be a certain amount of truth in these assertions, but they are certainly not calculated to convey a fair impression of the worth and value of that admirably organized body to which Prussia owes so much of her physical well-being and political status. The bureaucracy has not only done wonders as regards internal administration, but has helped in the organization of the army which has so distinguished itself abroad, and may one day be found of more value than that army in staving off the evils and terrors of a revolution. Such a thoroughly organized body of officials as that under the control of the government is marvellously efficient in guiding the impulses and controlling the passions of the people. And yet the individual Berlinese bureaucrat is too often as disagreeable as only the compound of a Berliner and a bureaucrat can be. He is wretchedly paid, he has been driven almost to his wits' end by the rise in rents and provisions, and yet he does a great deal of work and does it well. But he regards himself as a member of the government, a pillar of the state, shudders at the thought of what would be the consequence if the country were to be deprived of his services, and adds a coating of official *hauteur* to his native cantan-

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kerousness in his dealing with the outer world. No whiskered club lounger who is forced by the exigencies of fate and the necessity of at least appearing to do something for his salary, to dawdle away six hours per diem in a comfortably furnished room, in Downing Street; no Lord of the Treasury's private secretary standing gracefully at the corner of the smoking room mantel-piece with a surrounding circle listening with breathless attention to the words that fall from his lips, ever more thoroughly identified himself with the government he served than the humblest Vice-Deputy Sub-Assistant Temporary Inspector or Supernumerary Clerk in a Berlin Public Office. And when he emerges into such society as he keeps, he is ever careful to "lay the finger of silence upon the lip of discretion," so far as the secrets of his prison house are concerned. He affects to be overburdened with state secrets, though it is needless to remark none ever come into his possession, and when the conversation takes a political turn sits with his lips as tightly closed as the shells of an oyster, save when he raises his beer-mug to them, and confines himself to a Lord Burleigh-like shake of the head which is construed to imply that like the monkeys of Indian fable he could say a great deal if he chose.

The bureaucrat, of whatever degree, is usually a family man of a very domesticated character, and is in the habit of rearing large families of daughters, who, however, do not often develop into the spoiled beauties of society. The pecuniary circumstances of their father, the unwritten laws of German etiquette, and their tastes and bringing up, forbid it. They are certain to be well informed, thoroughly educated, to know more languages than their sisters in France and England, and to play and waltz with scientific precision, but they are too quiet for coquetry, and too serious for flirtation. They may have even extended their studies through the most thorny paths of philosophy, but above all they shine in housewifery duties, the manipulation of the knitting-needle, the presidency of the coffee-table, and the superintendence of the kitchen and the store-room, being functions in which they unquestionably excel.

The Hebrew element forms a very marked feature of Berlin society, which is constrained to recognize the decided mental and practical influence which the Jews, spite of their relatively small number, exercise to-day in the capital of the new Empire. It was very different so recently as a score or so of years ago, when no Berlin Jew was allowed even to marry without the special permission of the King. Friedrich the Great turned this regulation to account at the time he purchased the Berlin porcelain manufactory from the banker, Gotzkowski, and was in a strait with respect to customers for his stock. It was his rule to sanction these unions only on the condition that the future couple purchased so much china at the manufactory, and he

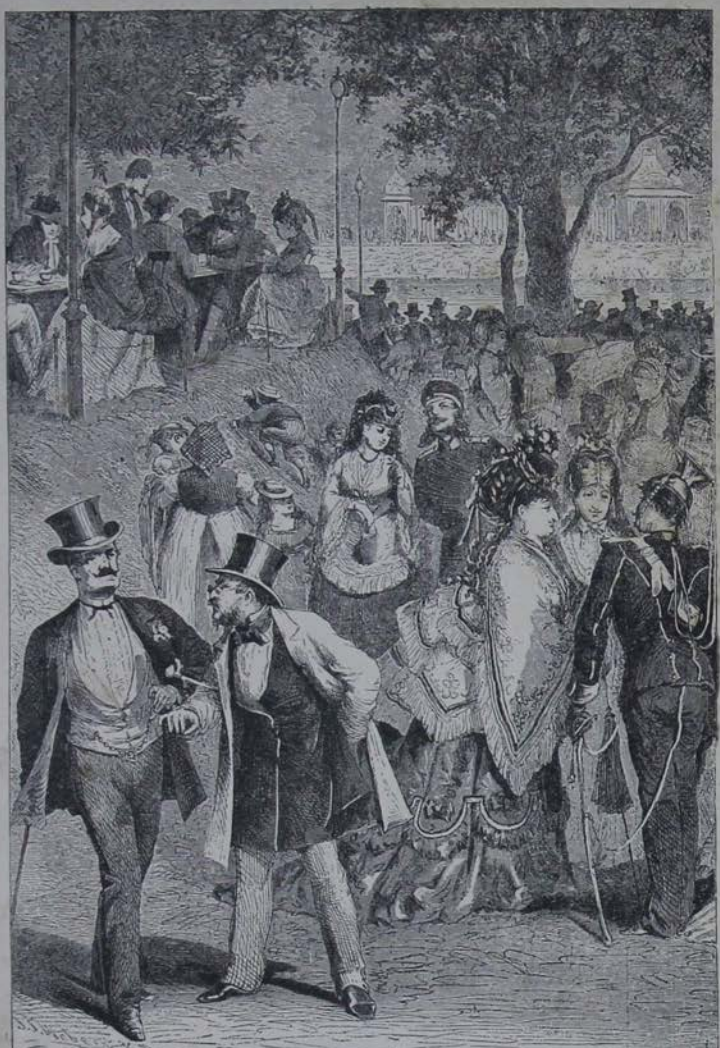
himself used to specify the quantity necessary to be taken by aspirants to connubial bliss on the margin of the petitions addressed to him.

The Berlin Jews thrust themselves prominently forward some few years back, when, with characteristic foresight, and by associating their capital, they commenced buying up land in and contiguous to the city, securing possession of all the vacant tracts, and parcelling them out for building purposes. Besides being foremost, as in most other German cities, in general trade, whether as retail shopkeepers or merchants on an extensive scale, the realms of the *haute finance* acknowledge their exclusive sway; the most valuable freeholds, the stateliest mansions, and the finest equipages, belong to them, whilst certain of their body affect a taste for and patronage of the arts. The one Berlin newspaper which is entirely free from their influence is the *Neue Preussische Kreuz Zeitung*, most of the others being wholly or in part owned by Jews, who moreover constitute the bulk of the journalists and reporters. The majority of the young

doctors and many lawyers are also Jews; and if at the Royal theatres the actors have up to the present time been chiefly Christians, the same cannot be said of the audiences.

At Berlin the only things of which the Gentiles have been left in undisputed possession are the churches, on which, however, it has been bitterly said they set but little store, and even these have been thrown into the shade by the magnificent new synagogue, the dome of which towers above the sea of Berlin houses. In politics, thanks to the Parliamentary *régime*, they play an important part. The prejudice with which they are regarded by the nobility and those Conservatives who are deeply imbued with the traditions of the middle ages, the coldness displayed towards them by the pious King, and the religious formularies which interfere with their aspiring to certain positions connected with the Government, have thrown them into the ranks of the National Liberal party, to which not only their wealth but also their education render them valuable allies. They are constantly endeavouring to give their sons and daughters a superior education to that aimed at by Catholics and Protestants, thereby leading them to sympathize as much as possible with general culture. The importance attached by them to instruction, especially in science, art, and the higher branches of learning, is shown by statistics, proving that upwards of one-half of the Jewish boys and two-thirds of the girls receive a liberal education, while with regard to children of other religions, not more than a fifth of the boys, and less than a sixth of the girls, enjoy this advantage. One result of this is shown in the influence attained and wielded by the leader of the National Liberal party, and the ablest debater in the Reichstag, the Jewish lawyer, Edward Lasker.

In stature the Berlin Jew is usually short, or at the most of average height, and his physiognomy and figure are alike ex-



THE HEBREW ELEMENT AT THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. *Page* 105. I.

pressed by sharp lines. The head is generally oblong, the visage oval, the under lip large and sensual, while the upper one, the nose, and the eyebrows, especially when laughing, give to the features much the same kind of expression as is observable in the mask of Pan. It is the eyes which mark the great difference between the Germanic and Semitic races. The German's glance is generally contemplative or passive; he looks for the pleasure of looking; takes an interest in what he is observing; whereas the Jew has a scrutative eye, ever on the move, like a man who measures and estimates everything he looks at, and only feels interested in his own affairs.

As a rule, too, he is always over-dressed. Not daring to launch out in those countries where they are still regarded as pariahs, the Jews affect to be *élégants* in the lands of their emancipation. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens on the days consecrated by fashion to the afternoon promenade, they contend for pre-eminence even with the aristocratic military element. Several among them have succeeded in getting themselves ennobled, while the wealth of others is gradually securing them admission into some of the best circles, where, if their sons show to small advantage, their daughters enter into successful rivalry with the handsomest and

most accomplished of their own sex of a different faith. A Berlin Jewess is equally *au fait* with a Parisian one in dressing her hair and arranging her *jupe à la dernière mode.* Now and then she is pretty, but more frequently cultivated and *spirituelle;* and when she feels sure of her ground, and knows that she is in the majority—as, for instance, at the Berlin Zoo—will show herself as provoking and engaging as her German sister—who cordially detests her—is generally tranquil and reserved.[1]

"All work and no play" is said to "make Jack a dull boy," and there is no doubt that this fact in some measure accounts for the habitual grimness of demeanour of the Berlinese. Such incipient grimness is perceptible even in his state of urchinhood, when newly breeched he steps along on his way to real-schule or gymnasium, with his neat knapsack full of books, and his face as grave as that of the most spectacled of professors when engaged in evolving a new theory. "The Berliner, from peer to droschke-driver, from privy-councillor to postman," observes a writer long resident on the banks of the Spree," is an overtasked being, and has been so for a couple of hundred years past, so that the habit of not amusing himself is a hereditary one, and has passed into his nature—has become a congenital characteristic. That he is cross and cantankerous must be ascribed to the facts that, as a rule, his whole time is spent in struggling to exist, that he lives in one of the most unhealthy cities of the world, and that year after year he finds himself compelled to sacrifice bit by bit his well-being and few comforts, in order to be able to keep a roof over his head and body and soul together with the coarsest food."

The engrossing devotion to personal interests, the furtherance of which absorbs each individual's attention and occupies his energies, is a main cause of the cheerlessness characterising the Prussian. He exhibits a national and habitual thriftiness akin to that of the Scot, and, as a rule, not only works to live, but lives to work, striving as hard to make money in peace as he

[1] Berlin statisticians, who are themselves possibly Jews, endeavour to show, by the inexorable logic of figures, that Christianity is rapidly becoming extinct in Berlin, and they supply data highly favourable to the followers of the Mosaic rite. We learn from them that not only do a far larger proportion of the Jews of Berlin marry than members of other religious denominations, but that nearly the whole of them marry at what these *savants* style the natural age—namely, when the man is not above forty, and the woman is under thirty. Such marriages form 85 per cent. of those contracted amongst the Jews, against 72 per cent. amongst the rest of the population, while the lists of deaths show one-third of the Jews to be married, and less than one-fifth of members of other creeds. The mortality, too, amongst Jewish children from their first to their fifth year is only 17 per cent., whilst it is 25 per cent. among other persuasions; and the circumstance that the general percentage of illegitimate children in Berlin is 15, and amongst the Jews only 2, speaks highly in favour of their morality.—See *Städtisches Jahrbuch,* Berlin, 1874.

does to secure victory in war. Amusement costs both time and money, and if, like John Gilpin, he is occasionally to be found "on pleasure bent," like that citizen of credit and renown, he has "a frugal mind." The mere man of pleasure, the epicurean butterfly who flits from flower to flower, would be nipped to death in the frosty Prussian capital, to which Friedrich the Great had to impart the first elements of society, conversation, and politeness from abroad. A certain amount of dissipation of the most forcedly ostentatious character was favoured by the influx of the French milliards, but it was confined almost entirely to the financial element. Rumour, indeed, says that some of these gentlemen carried the national spirit of order and economy into their amusements, keeping ledgers and day-books wherein the details of the sums expended for self-gratification were scrupulously recorded, and wherein a supper to the *corps de ballet*, and the cost of maintaining an actress, were written off against a lucky *coup* on the Exchange. The military element, so prominent in the pursuit of pleasure in England, has neither the time nor the money to spare in Prussia. All nobles enter the army and have to work too hard at their profession to have leisure for amusement, even if they had the necessary spare capital, which, considering that the majority are as poor as rats, they certainly have not. A few wealthy guardsmen go in for sport, but they are the exceptions; and when, after some years hard work, the exceptionally rich noble doffs his blue uniform for good, he has lost the habit of wishing to be amused, and devotes the rest of his life to looking after his own interests and cultivating his estates.

A wide-spread delusion formerly prevailed to the effect that the children of the Fatherland were lovers of peace and quiet, and that their repugnance to strife and contention was the result partly of an inborn humility of disposition peculiar to them, and partly of a philosophical temper of mind, superinduced by high intellectual development, combined with strict physical sobriety. We were in the habit of picturing the typical Teuton as sitting in summer beneath the shade of the northern equivalents to the traditional vine and fig-tree, and in winter within the heating influence of his porcelain stove, and simultaneously evolving whiffs of kanaster from the bowl of his painted pipe, and moral aphorisms from a mind overflowing with sympathy not only towards his immediate fellows, but mankind at large. Nothing, however, can be further from the truth, contention and controversy being the normal condition of the average Berliner, who exhibits a bitterness that would have won the esteem of our great lexicographer, who so dearly loved a good hater. The national proverb that "Two Germans will fight about the colour of Barbarossa's beard," shows how conscious they are of the spirit of contentiousness prevalent among themselves, since the

Emperor's nickname sufficiently explains the fiery hue of his hirsute adornment. Their neighbours, the French, have gauged them pretty accurately too, and a *querelle d'Allemand* denotes a wilful and gratuitous wrangle. Nor do they appear to have altered by emigration, since, even under the stars and stripes, the national proclivity for the *argumentum ad hominem* crops up. At Hans Breitmann's famous "barty," after "de gompany" had revelled on brot and gensybroost, bratwurst and braten, washed down by Neckarwein and unlimited lager, instead of peacefully digesting these good things,

> "vighted mit daple lecks,
> Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop."

This disposition, common to all Germans, is more vigorously manifested in the North; and when it is remembered that one-half the entire number of German lawyers—exclusive of those of Austro-Germany—are domiciled in Berlin, it may be imagined what a disputatious set the inhabitants of the Kaiserstadt must be. Even these gentlemen are not always called in to settle their disputes. Within the memory of middle-aged Berlinese there existed in the city a "kneipe," or beer-house, much frequented by the humbler citizens, who loved to discuss the politics of the day there of an evening. In a conspicuous part of the principal room a notice was set up to the following effect:—"Honoured guests are respectfully entreated to observe that a reasonable provision of bludgeons is placed at their disposition by the proprietor, grateful for their patronage, and may be found handy behind the great stove. It is hoped that this accommodation will render it unnecessary for the future that honoured guests should break off the chair-legs for the purpose of mutually adjusting their political views!"

Prince Bismarck himself testifies to the unamiability of the national disposition. "Each one here," he observes, "lives apart in his little corner, holding his own opinion in the circle of his wife and children, always mistrustful of the government as well as of his neighbour, judging everything from his personal point of view, and never from that of society at large. The sentiment of individualism and the need of contradiction are developed in a German to an inconceivable degree; show him an open door, and rather than pass through it he will obstinately seek to make a hole in the wall by the side of it."

The enmity between the inhabitants of Berlin and those of Vienna has existed for years, the light-hearted, impulsive "Wiener" venting his feelings in the wit he alone of all Germans can display, and the bilious "Berliner" retaliating by that bitter and reckless satire which is his formidable weapon. In popular plays and humorous journals the typical inhabitant of the rival capitals is held up to ridicule, and even serious publications are full of the hatred and misrepresentations engendered by long antagonism. It is singular, however, that the captious and cynical Berliner, accustomed to criticize everything, naturally disposed to opposition, and extremely cantankerous in his dealings with his fellows, submits, though he may grumble, to any arrangements that are officially made against his pleasure or comfort in the city. The restrictions which the authorities impose upon his claims to such scant amusement as is available he generally accepts with the sullen obedience resulting from a prolonged military *régime*. His manners are, indeed, rarely ever cordial. When two acquaintances encounter each other they will commonly content themselves with a dry *Guten morgen*, and take their leave with a curt *Adieu*. This last phrase they have appropriated, like many others, from the French, as though conscious of the deficiency of their own language in the ordinary terms of politeness.

Savoir vivre is certainly not natural to the Berlinese, though many of them undoubtedly try to be polite. When introduced to a stranger they will bow half-a-dozen times, at an angle of 45 degrees, in a ceremonious manner, and will never think of sitting down at or quitting a *table d'hôte* without first saluting the company. Before taking possession of a vacant chair, in a beer-garden even, or taking up a newspaper in a *café*, they will first of all appeal, uncovered, to the nearest person, even although he may happen to be sitting at another table. Yet they will blow clouds of smoke from their rank cigars into ladies' faces, and this not merely in the street but in railway-carriages, and even at dinner-tables, and will roughly elbow their way through a crowd inside a theatre, regardless both of women and children. *Place aux Dames* has certainly no place in their code of etiquette. They further thrust themselves in front of you

should you happen to be looking into a shop-window, rudely push against you in the street, and tread unconcernedly on your favourite corns, and, after obtaining a light for their cigars, will hurry off, caring little or nothing whether they have deposited the borrowed weed safely in its owner's hand or allowed it to drop upon the ground, and, worse than all, will rarely think of apologizing for these and other breaches of good manners. Still what is to be expected of a people who think nothing of taking a comb out of their pockets and combing their hair in the midst of a

conversation, or of standing before a looking-glass in a restaurant and performing the same operation, and who, instead of reserving

their tooth-picks for their teeth, clean their finger-nails with them in public, and at times even thrust them into their ears.

A Frenchman whom I casually met at Berlin complained bitterly of the behaviour of the Berlinese in a crowd. At Paris he admitted you get more or less pushed against, and occasionally a trifle crushed, "but then," observed he, "you have the satisfaction of being able to push and crush those around you in return. At Berlin, however, this is simply impossible; you find yourself pushed in all directions, have your corns positively stamped on, receive all manner of violent digs in the ribs and sharp pokes in the sides, which you cannot return with interest—as you dearly long to do—for these heavy masses of flesh, these gigantic feet, these muscular arms, these thick-set shoulders, have the resistance of granite. One throws oneself against them, one positively hurts oneself, still they do not budge an inch. They have an admirable plan, too, in a crowd, of carrying a lighted cigar in their hands, so that, in pushing against them, you run the risk of burning alike your hands, face, and clothes."

Another weakness of the Berlinese is that all classes as a rule "talk at the top of their very powerful voices; no man waits for his neighbour to finish the observations he has begun; he

shouts in reply as though the main object were to be heard at any cost. Take a *café*, a steamer, a railway carriage, any place of public resort where two or three Teutons are gathered together, and the result will be vociferous. That finer instinct which teaches the talker to lower his voice in a picture-gallery or a public garden, and produces a pleasant hush in clubs, reading-rooms, and theatres, is entirely wanting here."

A Berlin acquaintance once pointedly asked of me my opinion of his compatriots. "The French," said he, "call us barbarians; now as you have seen a good deal of our ways, tell me if you find us very different from other people." Being hardly pressed I readily owned that the French considerably exaggerated the little failings of their conquerors; still I could not help remarking that the natives of the Fatherland did appear to me somewhat ill-mannered; and I cited, as one example, their graceless habit of using the knife as a spoon at their meals, and frequently thrusting three or four inches of the blade into their mouths. From that moment my Berlin friend treated me with marked reserve, conscious though he must have been of the truth of my observation.

This interjection by the Germans of knives half-way down their throats has been the theme indeed of frequent satire. Thackeray introduces us to the charming Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter performing hideous feats of knife-jugglery at the royal table of her illustrious relatives; and the writer we have frequently quoted describes how it has "happened to her more than once to sup at royal, serene, transparent, and impalpable tables where the service has been of fine gold and the air literally charged with diamonds and decorations, and yet to tremble at the dangerous dexterity of her neighbours, as, ignoring the humble merits of the fork and spoon, they performed surprising and audacious tricks with knives of Damascene sharpness." She mentions, too, a *naïve* compliment which she overheard a German paying to an English lady, whose acquaintance she had casually made at the *table d'hôte*, from which they had just risen. "I knew directly you were English," exclaimed she, "for you eat so prettily!"

Anywhere in Berlin, from the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel du Nord to a cellar *bier-local*, you will see people grasping their forks dagger-fashion, and using them solely for the purpose of steadying their food as they cut it up, while their knives fly incessantly backwards and forwards from their plates to their mouths. At the dinner-table one has watched a party of good-looking *fräulein*, and seen their knife-blades loaded with food disappearing between their rosy lips in a way that has made one tremble for the consequences. And not merely do the Berlinese use their knives as spoons, but with their aid commonly scrape their plates so clean, that changing the latter is a work of

supererogation. In the restaurants you may see them clattering away at their plates until the smallest invisible animalculæ might search in vain over their surface for so much as a mouthful. To prove that we have not exaggerated the Berliner's deficiencies in the matter of good breeding, it will suffice to quote some curt remarks of a distinguished Prussian professor on this subject:—"It is not easy," observes our authority, "for well-bred foreigners to associate agreeably with a people who mistake rudeness and bluntness for sincerity and frankness, who eat clumsily, wear unsightly signet rings on their forefingers, whose women dress without taste, and divide their time between the kitchen, and gossiping, coffee-drinking associates, as they find it difficult at first no doubt to accustom themselves to our execrable beds and bad cookery."[1]

The Berliner's proverbial ill-breeding can scarcely be attributed to lack of proper counsel on matters polite, for he has the advantage of any number of books on etiquette, all going deeply into the question, both as to what is proper and improper to be done in the various exigencies of social life. The most popular of these—the *Berliner Galanthomme*—in its rules for good behaviour at table, is, however, strangely silent upon the accomplishment of polishing the plate off which you have eaten with the aptitude of a scullion, and of handling your dinner-knife with the dexterity of a juggler, although it gravely announces that it is "no longer the fashion" to change the fork from the left hand to the right when conveying the food to the mouth. Yet spite of this the rule is daily violated at every Berlin dinner-table. One is constrained to believe that only people deficient in the rudiments of refinement could possibly need such counsel as the following extracted at random from the above-mentioned work:—

"Passing the hand through the hair at the dinner-table, using a knife or fork as a toothpick, or throwing pellets of bread about, are improprieties which scarcely require to be pointed out.

"It is not seemly to wipe your knife, fork, or spoon, with your napkin before using them. It may be allowable at a restaurant, but not in a private house.

[1] Professor Hillebrand.

"Avoid soiling the table-cloth, spilling wine, or putting bones upon it, or splashing those that sit next to you.

"It is for the host to see that his guests do not fill their wine-glasses to the brim.

"Of course no one should help his neighbour with the knife, fork, or spoon he is himself using.

"It is unpleasant to see any one eating great quantities of pastry, putting too large pieces into his mouth, or filling a cup or glass with crumbs, and eating them with a spoon."

The gravity of the following will provoke a smile :—

"If you wish a lady to think you over precise, be very careful about folding up your napkin in the old creases at the end of dinner. Should you wish, to be thought careless, crumple it up and throw it on the floor. It is, however, preferable to adopt the proper medium. Women will judge from a man's way of folding up his napkin the kind of husband he is likely to make."

From the same precious mentor a few other precepts may be quoted, and first of all one embodying his individual opinion of the value of those social courtesies which he sets himself up to inculcate :—

"The usual civilities current in social intercourse are only lies by which people seek to deceive one another.

"Do not scratch your head or pick your ears or nose in company ; it is hard to believe such things are done, nevertheless we have seen them.

"Never allow your nails to grow an inch long. Delicate and refined ladies object to such claws, which are only popular with those who think them a sign of the Bohemian.

"Do not tramp up and down the carpets in a lady's room without occasion, seat yourself on the edge of the table, or rest your feet upon its legs.

"Do not sit with your legs too far apart, too much stretched out in front of you, or with them crossed, and if you have occasion to draw your chair nearer to the table, do not use your feet for the purpose.

"Do not rock yourself in your chair, drum on the arm of any one else's chair, or keep kicking your feet against it.

"Do not look inquisitively round a room when paying a visit, or handle everything you see lying about."

The hints on conversation suggest nothing in the least degree lively. Fancy the moribund tone that would pervade a company where the following precept was strictly observed :—

"A man should always speak as if he were making his will.

"When conversing with ladies do not fix your eyes steadily on them, neither cast them on the ground. Do not press too closely on them, thrust yourself immediately under their noses, or breathe in their faces while you are speaking to them. Three paces off is the proper distance.

"In ladies' society refrain from arguing on learned, religious, political, or other dry subjects, in which they can take no part and feel no interest. Above all never discuss points of belief with them, and rob them of their faith, since you have nothing better to offer them in place of it."

The morality of the following is at least questionable :—

"Nothing wins a man more admiration from girls and women than knowledge of any kind. To them no one is so ridiculous and contemptible as an ignoramus. Above all things, therefore, be on your guard never to say 'I don't know' when you are asked about anything. If you are not in danger of some by-stander remarking

'that is untrue' you had better make a misstatement; an error is more readily forgiven than ignorance.

"Forbear making comments to ladies on the good or bad looks of persons whom you know."

The Berlin ladies on their part are admonished that—

"It will not do for a lady to knit stockings in every kind of company and in all public places!"

Spite of the courtesy which there is a pretence of exacting towards the fair sex, we find a lady justly complaining that in Germany "No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a '*Tausend Dank, meine Gnädigste*,' but the 'most gracious' will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for 'pain and anguish' to 'rack the brow' before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties, and pass down the stairs, they will draw themselves up, in *stramme militärische Haltung*, click their heels together, and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is not devotion, chivalric behaviour, and splendid respect the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent."

Dancing is a positive mania with the Berlinese, yet our *arbiter elegantiarum* of the Athens of the Spree offers but few hints for the benefit of novices in the science of saltation. He, however, informs us that—

"There may be parties where propriety requires you to enter the room hat in hand, to keep on your gloves, to dance hat in hand, &c., while there may also be highly respectable society where to do so would look absurd.

"*If you wish to look like*

a fool you have only to keep on your gloves when no one else in the room is wearing them, or to dance hat in hand when no one else is doing so.

"In dancing avoid grand steps and pirouettes, which are admissible in a theatre but not in a ball-room, where simplicity, modesty, and dignity are required in the dance. The waltz especially demands great moderation."

The Germans have long enjoyed the credit of being a sentimental people, and M. Emile Souvestre has called attention to the circumstance how with them the enthusiasm of the mind allies itself perfectly with the activity of the stomach, citing, as an example, that Werther, even in his moments of most profound despair, never once forgets the hours of his meals. To-day we find a lettered Berliner maintaining it would be an immense mistake to imagine that a trace remains of the elements which went to form the picture Madame de Staël gave of them to the world. "The idealism, the dreaminess, and moonshine," observes he, "have had their day. We have become strict Realists. The questions that

occupy us in the morning, which perplex us at nightfall, are business questions. All in art and literature that savoured of idealism, dreaminess, and moonshine, is gone. We have become accustomed to deal better than we used to do with realities, and to describe things as they are. Why are we Realists? For the same cause that makes a Realist of any one on the pavements of the London streets. If one is pressed upon, and shoved from all sides, and must keep a sharp look-out in order to escape being run over, one has no leisure for transcendental Idealism and the sorrows of a 'beautiful spirit.'"[1]

Spite of all this our thoroughly practical Berlinese are still under the influence of the romanticism which pervades the literature of the past century, and a very short sojourn in the imperial capital suffices to satisfy one that its inhabitants have other idols besides Bismarck and Moltke, and that Goethe and Schiller still hold their place in the general admiration. You can rarely open a Berlin newspaper or periodical of any kind without meeting with something concerning one or other of these twin geniuses—either some new detail concerning their lives, a *fête* held in their honour, a projected statue, a criticism on their works, the sitting of some *verein* devoted to their study, or some allusion to their intellectual supremacy. Whenever there is a dearth of news the papers invariably fall back upon Schiller or Goethe. The elephant at the Berlin Zoological Gardens, although a colossal one, would never be able to carry the piles of paper printed every year with the specific object of keeping alive the worship of these twin demi-gods.

A German, although he be but a better-class shopkeeper, will generally possess some kind of library, and occupying the place of honour on its shelves are certain to be the complete works of Goethe and Schiller in the handsomest of bindings. And yet, in spite of this, or perhaps by reason of it, the trade keeps constantly reproducing

[1] F. Spielhagen, in the *Athenæum*.

these books, issuing them as perfect marvels of cheapness. There is scarcely an intelligent German or educated young girl, or mother of a family in the Fatherland who does not know much of Schiller or Goethe by heart. And as it is only natural for people to like to talk of what they know, you can scarcely converse with a Berliner for half-an-hour, or if she be a lady for more than five minutes without Schiller or Goethe coming upon the *tapis* in the shape of some quotation from one or other of their works.

I was once with a friend at an open-air concert, when standing behind us, were a rather numerous family. A gentleman passed, exclaiming, "*Das also war des Pudels Kern!*" a remark of Faust's when Mephistopheles assumes his proper shape in lieu of that of the dog into which he had transformed himself. Instantly the mother behind us repeated the continuation, "*Ein fahrender Scolast?*" and then one of the daughters took up the quotation, saying, "*Der Casus macht mich lachen;*" and so on, each member of the family going on in turn to the end of the scene without missing a single word.

"Do you prefer Goethe to Schiller, or Schiller to Goethe?" is the question constantly addressed to a foreigner. Each poet counts his partisans and admirers, and Berlin, like other large German cities, has its two parties of Schillerians and Goetheists. Every one, while adhering to his particular preference, still admits both to be great men. The discussion on this subject has already lasted nearly half a century, and still continues as brisk as ever. Friends and families constantly quarrel on account of differences of opinion on this most important point, *à propos* of which a Belgian, whose acquaintance I made at Berlin, related to me the following anecdote:—

"A rich banker," said he, "to whom I brought introductions is owner of a charming villa in the vicinity of Berlin, where he spends the summer months. When I first visited him there I noticed in front of the entrance a bust of Goethe on a pedestal surrounded with flowers. On a subsequent occasion I observed that the bust had disappeared, and that its place had been supplied by one of Schiller. Remarking on the subject to the banker's wife, the lady replied: 'It was I who had the busts changed, and I intend that Schiller shall remain. I am determined not to give way in this instance, although I have generally fallen in with my husband's fancies. For Goethe to occupy the place of honour whilst Schiller is hidden away in a garret will never do. I certainly will not allow our sublime poet to be thus insulted. I have forbidden the gardener to remove his bust, and if he dares to touch it I will at once discharge him. Goethe, as you know, was a dreadful character, and said marriage was immoral, whilst Schiller ——'

"At this moment the banker, who had evidently overheard the latter portion of the lady's remarks, entered the room. 'My dear

wife,' said he, 'you are most unjust with regard to Goethe. He is more universal, addresses himself more to mankind at large, than Schiller, who was exclusively German. The place of honour, therefore, belongs to Goethe.' Then, addressing me, 'You, I am sure, will be of my opinion.'

"I was greatly embarrassed how to reply, when the lady came to my rescue. 'No, indeed,' interposed she; 'our friend is a Belgian, and must prefer Schiller, who wrote such an admirable history of his country's revolution in the sixteenth century.'

"'And Goethe,' replied the banker, 'did he not write *Egmont?* Did he not translate the romance of *Reynard the Fox,* a Flemish work?'

"Thus beset on both sides, I was about proposing, as a solution of the difficulty, that a second pedestal should be erected for Goethe, when the daughter of the house, a girl of seventeen, abandoning her roses, made her appearance, and warmly espoused Schiller's cause. She detested Goethe instinctively, and would not hear his name mentioned. Under these circumstances, not knowing what to say, I relapsed into silence. The discussion lasted until dinner-time. It was probably resumed the following day, and I doubt if it is even yet concluded."

VII.

THE BERLINESE—AT HOME.

WITH the exception of a score or two of mansions, for the most part grandiloquently dignified by the Berlinese with the appellation of palaces, Berlin houses, like Paris ones, are, as a rule, built to let out in flats. Each has its common entry under a *porte cochère*, and its common staircase for all the inmates, while the larger ones have generally a good-sized court in the rear. Sham marble pilasters and panels, and sham mosaic, decorate the vestibules and staircases of most of the modern stucco edifices, the stairs themselves being frequently painted over with sham carpeting, just as the ceilings of the rooms are set off with sham cornices and centre ornaments, and the walls with sham panels and mouldings. Double windows are invariably provided to keep out the cold, yet the floors will be only partially carpeted, while polished parquetry is merely found in the more elegant houses, it being the fashion at Berlin simply to stain the floors of the apartments some darker colour.

In the typical middle-class drawing-room, most of the furniture, including chairs, tables, sofa (the seat of honour in all German households), and even footstools, is scrupulously covered with crochet-work of elaborate design. Other *chefs d'œuvres* of the needle, from the familiar woolwork on which Berlin has conferred a name, to complicated embroideries and endless inutilities in bead-work, are prominently displayed about the apartment, while any such artistic objects as mediæval glass, last-century china, modern bronzes, statuettes, caskets, sconces, chandeliers, and girandoles, are scarcely ever seen. Considering, too, the shoals of French clocks which the Prussians are accused of having carried off during the war with France, gilt timepieces and their *garnitures* are rarer objects than one would have imagined in Berlin drawing-rooms. On the walls invariably hang the family photographs in little oval frames, the men being commonly represented in uniform with military medals on their breasts. On the table one finds neither albums nor illustrated books, nor even magazines and newspapers, excepting perhaps a stray number of *Der Bazar* or *Der Gartenlaube*, for Berlin women rarely read the papers or trouble themselves about anything outside their own narrow sphere.

Just as the drawing-room is deficient in elegance, so does the dining-room lack comfort, its walls being usually bare, its floor uncarpeted, and its furniture of the plainest description. In none of the apartments are there open fireplaces, warmth being more effectually and economically secured by means of the Berlinese *kachelofen*, a monumental stove of clay and gypsum, glazed outside with white porcelain, the interior being so contrived that the heat passes slowly through endless circumvolutory valves, which by degrees warm the whole mass. Preparatory to heating, the stove is well piled up with wood and a strong draught created; and when the logs are reduced to ashes, a handle is turned in the wall of the stove and a little door drawn over the grating at its mouth, when, the draught being cut off, the heated air remains imprisoned in the *ofen*, which will keep warm for many hours, communicating an equalised heat to the remotest corner of the apartment. One drawback to this arrangement is that, if the escape-valve be closed too soon, the fumes of charcoal will pass into the room, rendering the danger of asphyxiation in a sleeping apartment great. During very cold weather such casualties are by no means uncommon. Cast-iron stoves are frequently substituted for the *Berliner ofen*, and produce a furnace-like heat, affecting both taste, smell, and sight, the unpleasant consequences of which are but very slightly counteracted by the vessel of water which you are advised to keep constantly boiling on their hottest part.[1]

The sleeping apartments are provided with bedsteads of

[1] *German Home Life.*

Liliputian dimensions—simple wooden boxes, too short to allow of a tall man stretching himself out full length, and too narrow for a fat man to turn round in. Indeed, narrower quarters could scarcely be found in a coffin, and certainly not in a Berlin one. The sheets, too, are little else than good-sized towels, so that tucking in is altogether impossible, while, in lieu of blankets and counterpane, the bed is provided with a voluminous bag of feathers, too short, however, to keep the toes warm. The problem to be solved by the unhappy occupant of one of these diminutive sleeping berths is to slide deftly in between two bags of feathers, and to keep the upper one, which is apt to be constantly slipping on to the ground, in proper equilibrium. Coleridge, when travelling in Germany, said that he preferred carrying his blanket about with him, like a Red Indian, to enduring the discomforts inseparable from a German bed.

The wall-papers in many private houses and hotels are remarkable for their hideous patterns, which, in the case of nervous individuals are sufficient to induce an attack of nightmare. These papers are bad enough in the daytime, but at night—lighted perhaps by a trembling moonray—they assume a ghastly aspect. Great ogres' heads, with eyes as large as saucers, and mouths which seem to open wider and wider every minute, appear to stare down upon one; serpents twist and twirl in endless arabesques, as though about to spring; while little demons perch themselves here and there round the room with hideous grins stereotyped upon their features. No wonder that a stranger, with the indigestible Berlin *cuisine* lying heavily on his chest, should imagine himself encompassed by all manner of horrors, and engage in a more or less desperate struggle with the spirits of the air, in the course of which the hateful bag of feathers is certain to overbalance itself and topple to the ground, leaving him shivering in a half-sleeping, half-waking state during the remainder of the night.

A special feature of Berlin is its furnished apartments. "Eine

möblirte Stube zu vermiethen" is to be seen on thousands of house-doors and beneath the windows of all the storeys from ground-floor to attic. In Berlin the letting of rooms is a business of itself, which not only pays the householder's rent, but is frequently his or her sole source of income. All sections of the middle-classes devote themselves to this vocation—widows of privy-councillors, subordinate officials, thrifty gentlemen of private means, tradespeople of all descriptions, but pre-eminently tailors. A lodger has the widest choice, from gorgeous *salons*, with pier-glasses and divans at extravagantly high rents, down or rather up to humble attics, with rickety chairs and unsteady tables. The principal occupants of the better class of furnished apartments are strangers to the capital, members of the Reichstag and Landtag, and well-to-do idlers, indifferent to civic privileges, and free from the cares of family life. Lodgers of this class are not dominated over by their landlords in the fashion that those of humbler condition are. They are neither controlled nor watched in the same harassing way, the only scrutiny they are subjected to having reference merely to the contents of their purses, whereas the occupier of furnished apartments in an average Berlin lodging-house becomes in a great measure the property of his landlady, who is never satisfied with receiving the mere rent. She requires him to drink the family coffee on the plea that if he made his own he would spoil the table-cloth. The heating of his apartment is also monopolized by her, and, as a consequence, only a few fir-chips are laid in the stove of a morning, causing him to be shivering with cold at noon, necessitating its being constantly relighted, and forcing him to seek for warmer quarters in some *bier-haus* of an evening. The furniture generally consists of a sofa, on which it would be idle to attempt to lie at full length, such a proceeding being designedly rendered impossible for the sake of the sofa itself; a *secrétaire*, spotted all over with

ink; a chest of drawers, in which each new comer finds the worthless relics of his predecessor; a few rush-bottomed chairs, a table, washstand, looking-glass, and finally a bedstead, constructed according to the universal rule of rigid military dimensions, whose brevity is provocative of cramp, and whose extreme narrowness renders extravagant dreams altogether impossible.

Hundreds of lodging-houses of this description, swarming with domestic vermin, which the proprietors are at no pains to exterminate—their habit being to assure their tenants that they will soon get used to them—are to be found within a stone's throw of the Linden. Up in the attic will perhaps be perched one of those quiet, industrious young men, who, on his arrival in the Weltstadt—as the Berlinese since the war have christened their city—will have brought with him a huge trunk, which, by the aid of a friend, he gets up stairs with apparent difficulty, peremptorily refusing the landlady's proffered help, as it happens to be almost empty; in fact, as empty as the cupboard in his room, which he carefully locks whenever he goes out, and which contains simply some socks, a cap, sword-belt, and pair of high boots. The owner of this scanty wardrobe is a truant from home who had joined a company of strolling players, and, disgusted with his first failure, and discarded by his plodding father, has come to Berlin to try his hand at literature. His next-door neighbour is an embryo portrait-painter—an orphan, whose uncle, a stalwart country blacksmith, proud of what he believes to be his talent, makes him a monthly allowance to enable him to pursue his artistic studies. The money is not exactly wasted, for the young fellow is constantly at work with his brushes and his palette, and even in the open air has always the odour of fresh paint about him. His uncle and the rest of his relations, as well as all the landlord's family, have sat to him in turn. Photographic portraits he maintains to be merely bungling productions of science, whereas art, with its idealism, is capable of surpassing nature herself. He gains, however, no prize-medal, and is sent on no Italian tour, so that at length the old blacksmith, doubting his talent, withdraws his monthly allowance, which obliges him to give up his furnished room, and he is last seen on the top of a ladder painting the outside of a newly-finished house.

Underneath live several rackety students and a professor of the English language, who flaunts a stylish overcoat, but whose general wardrobe, according to his laundress, is but poorly supplied. He leaves home very early in the morning under the pretence of breathing the fresh air; but his neighbours, the students, say that it is to avoid the bailiff. *Vis-à-vis* with him lives a great but unknown composer, who regards the works of Mozart and Beethoven as unadapted to the spirit of the age, and who has composed a couple of inimitable operas which however

he has failed to get performed. His landlady complains that he is a most untidy genius, for he is always losing his soap, and leaving his hair-brush on the sofa. He is poor and consumptive, and gets his living by giving lessons, which obliges him to trudge long distances even in the very worst of weathers.

On the first-floor lodges a stout, middle-aged gentleman from Pomerania, who has come to Berlin for the express purpose of seeing the Minister of Finance. He is the inventor of a peculiar water-mark for bank-notes, which it is impossible to forge, since it is produced by electro-magnetism, and cannot, he maintains, be imitated by the most skilful hand. He remains installed for months, dressing well, and living still better with his landlady for caterer, but postponing payment both for rent and board until the Minister of Finance comes to a definite decision on his invention, which he informs his landlady the latter is certain soon to do, as everybody pronounces the new water-mark to be one of the most ingenious inventions of the age, besides which the Minister has been heard to express himself enthusiastically regarding it. One day, however, the stout, middle-aged gentleman fails to return from the Ministry of Finance, and when the landlady examines his room she finds the wardrobe perfectly empty. On the table is a letter for her, in which the defaulter has inclosed a specimen of the water-mark, promising to forward the bank-notes belonging to it at the earliest convenient opportunity.[1]

The Berlinese have a traditional objection to letting apartments to the fair sex, and certainly not one in a dozen is willing to open his doors to a young lady living alone. Berlin numbers thousands upon thousands of self-dependent, unprotected women whom lodging-house keepers object to receive—first because they are suspicious of their characters, and secondly because nothing is to be made out of women. In itself there is nothing remarkable that a young girl should be driven by her destiny to support herself by honest and virtuous means; never-

[1] *Berlin wird Weltstadt*, von Robert Springer.

theless for her the question of shelter in the capital of the new Empire is invariably attended with painful humiliations; and vainly does the association for assisting women to support themselves by their own industry try to vanquish this prejudice. Even the magistracy retain their old suspicions, founded doubtlessly on actual experience, of women who live by themselves; hence an unmarried lady, engaged at the Court theatre, was recently summoned by a magistrate to appear before him, and state what were her means of subsistence. Such a person may be in comparatively good circumstances, and yet be reduced to tears when she tries to obtain apartments in Berlin. People will mount their noses in the air, and send her from their doors, or she will have to submit to a sharp cross-examination. If she is received, and her character and occupation are not at once patent, all that she does, as well as all that she leaves undone, where she goes, and the time when she returns, her wardrobe, and the letters she receives, are all regarded with intense suspicion.

The Berlinese, following the general custom of the Continent, assemble round no family breakfast-table, with its snowy cloth set forth with glittering plate and handsome china, as amongst ourselves, before entering on the avocations of the day. With them the matutinal meal is partaken of under conditions the reverse of inviting. On the table there is usually one of those abominable oil-cloth covers, so common abroad, on which is placed a basket or tray, piled up with newly-baked little wheaten rolls, called *semmeln*, and the requisite number of cups and saucers —plates and knives being regarded as altogether superfluous— while the coffee-pot is placed on the top of the *kachelofen* to keep warm. One after another the members of the family troop in, if not altogether unwashed, certainly after a too sparing external use of cold water, and in varying stages of *dishabille*, the head of

the establishment ordinarily in one of those offensively loud dressing-gowns, to which the Germans are so partial, and the mistress of the house in untidy morning wrapper and crumpled as well as not over clean cap. Each grown-up member of the family helps him or herself to coffee, and, as a rule, almost everyone partakes of the uncomfortable meal—the *frühstück*, or "early bit" as it is expressively enough termed—if not moving up and down at any rate standing.

By reason of the early dinner-hour, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* is not in vogue at Berlin, where the two great meals of the day are the dinner and the supper. With the middle-classes the dinner-hour varies from twelve to two, during which time all the public offices, banks, and other large institutions, are closed, and business may be said to be entirely suspended. The upper classes ordinarily dine no later than four o'clock, so as to admit of their going to the theatre or the opera at the early hour of six. The meal in the majority of households is far from a substantial one. The scant supply of meat in the butchers' shops has already been remarked on, and many a British mechanic devours as much animal food in a day as would serve an average middle-class household for a week. The wealthier burghers and the poor nobility exercise in their domestic commissariat an economy which, judged by an English standard, is quite incompatible with the maintenance of full health and strength, and one writer, whose long residence in the Prussian capital renders him a competent judge, expresses his doubts whether there are really ten thousand well-fed people in all Berlin out of nearly a million of inhabitants.

The ordinary dinner may be taken to consist of soup, the *bouilli* from which it has been made, and from which all nutriment has been carefully extracted, a slice or so of sausage or of raw ham, or equally raw pickled herring, various vegetables—

comprising, of course, the national *sauerkraut*, which, if warm, will be redolent of grease, and if cold of vinegar—preserves or pudding of some kind, and plenty of *schwartzbrod* —that is, rye bread stuck full of caraway seeds, which the Berlinese pretend calm the nerves, an inference hardly warranted by their condition of chronic cantankerousness. During the autumn baked goose is an especially favourite dish both at the Berlin restaurants and with private families. Into the mysteries of the domestic *cuisine* it will not do to pry too closely. German food generally has been divided into "the salt, the sour, and the greasy: the salt, as exemplified by ham and herrings; the sour, as typified by *kraut* and salads; the greasy, as demonstrated by vegetables stewed in fat, sausages swimming in fat, sauces surrounded by fat, soups filmy with fat." But there are weird compounds, mysterious "hell broths," evolved from odds and ends, and of which the restaurateur's *carte* disdains to take notice, to be met with at private tables. The English belief that to make soup sundry pounds of meat are needed as a primary ingredient, may receive a shock on first becoming acquainted with the *soupes maigres* of France, but it vanishes altogether on finding the water in which fish has been boiled thickened with flour and flavoured with a dab of salt butter, formally served up at a meal, or in the presence of a soup composed principally of beer, thickened with eggs and sweetened with sugar, and the aspect and flavour of which produce upon strangers much the same effect as the black broth of Sparta upon the guests at the classical banquet in *Peregrine Pickle*.

The dainties which Germany boasts of with some justice, such as Westphalia hams, Brunswick sausages, Pomeranian goose breasts, East Sea fat herrings, smoked Kiel sprats, Elbe and East Sea eels in jelly, caviar, and the like, and which are to be found on the *cartes* of the better class of restaurants at Berlin, are too costly to figure on the tables of her citizens, save on the most exceptional occasions. Sticky jams and sallow salt or acid pickles, notably the *saure gurken*, play, however, a conspicuous part in the repast, and are often eaten simultaneously. The preparation of the latter in the immense quantities needed for home consumption is one of the great duties of a housewife; and that dead season of the year which we usually associate with gigantic gooseberries and the sea-serpent is known at Berlin as "*die sauregurkenzeit*," as everyone is then supposed to be absorbed in the pickling of gherkins for winter consumption.

In many households the dinner is served in much the same happy-go-lucky fashion as the breakfast. It is true the table has a tumbled cloth on it, still its appointments and general arrangements have little that is inviting about them. It is not considered necessary to change the knives and forks, and only

rarely to supply fresh plates; still this can be of no great moment to people who make a practice of eating half-a-dozen different things of the most diverse flavours from off the same plate at the same time. Tea or coffee is partaken of later in the afternoon, after which comes the early theatre, very generally patronized by the Berlinese, and then the family supper, commonly consisting of little slices of cold meat, ham, or sausage, jam, pickles, hard-boiled eggs, black bread, cheese, and butter, washed down with copious draughts of beer or a limited quantity of simulated Bordeaux.

The primitive custom prevalent in provincial towns in regard to the hiring of domestic servants still survives at Berlin, where, at the end of each quarter, a kind of statute-fair is held in a particular part of Friedrichs-strasse. Here, crowding alike the foot-pavement and the roadway, a hundred or upwards of over-dressed, tidy, or slatternly-looking female servants may at times be seen, all duly provided with their *dienstbuchs* for the inspection of the Berlin *hausfrau*, or the *alter hagestolz* (old bachelor) in search of either *köchin*, *mädchen*, or *wirthschafterin*. In these *dienstbuchs*—provided by the police authorities, and for which the servant has to pay a few groschen—her name, age, and native place are duly recorded, and then follows a series of printed forms, one of which each successive mistress of the girl fills up when the latter quits her situation. They certify as to the time she has been in her place, and how she has conducted herself whilst there, together with the reason for her leaving. These latter particulars, however, are not to be relied on, Berlin mistresses, like Paris ones, being singularly wanting in candour with reference to servants' characters. When it happens the girl's conduct has been so bad that it is impossible for her mistress to overlook it, she neglects on leaving her situation, to present herself at the police bureau to have her book stamped, as she is bound to do. She rather finds it preferable to rusticate for a few months in her native place, as, armed with a

certificate of her good conduct whilst there, she is enabled to obtain a new *dienstbuch* on the plea of the old one being lost, and so make a fresh start in life with a clean moral bill of health.

Berlin derives its supply of female servants not merely from various country places in the vicinity of the capital and the Prussian provinces generally, but from all parts of Germany. Every year upwards of 30,000 unmarried women come to Berlin to enter domestic service, or procure some kind of work. Those who engage themselves as nurses, and occasionally some of the others—*femmes de chambre* and the like—will continue to wear the gay and picturesque costume of their native place. Principal among these are the buxom-looking peasant-girls from the Spreewald, whose quaint head-dresses and bright-coloured petticoats continually attract the attention in the central avenue of the Linden and the sidewalks of the Thiergarten. The girls who come from Prussian Poland are credited with being both exceedingly untidy and lazy, although the majority of Berlin servants are certainly to be commended. They cook fairly according to their lights, wash and get up fine linen equal to professional laundresses, and perform an amount of hard work, the mere enumeration of which would render an ordinary English housemaid highly indignant. They do no end of scrubbing and

scouring, commonly without the aid of soap, for the thrifty Berlin housewife usually allows only sand for this purpose. Sand, by the way, is largely in request in most Berlin households, which have their regiments of spittoons filled with this substance, and the sand-cart is one of the institutions of the capital, being indeed almost as common as the universal beer-dray.

The usual wages of Berlin servants are 60 thaler, or £9 a year, which is exactly double what they were previous to the war. They receive in addition a present equal to at least a couple of guineas on the occasion of the new year, besides which they are always hungering after gratuities from guests, lodgers, and the like. The afternoon of every second Sunday belongs to them of right, and is generally spent at some beer-garden or saloon, where their great delight is to join in a dance.

The relations between German mistresses and their servants have been animadverted upon by a female pen, which describes "the disastrous system of rambling, slip-shod gossip, carried on between mistress and maid, whilst the potatoes are being peeled and the carrots scraped, as breeding a familiarity that is apt to turn to contempt in the inferior mind, and is destructive of anything like truthfulness or independence on the part of the mistress. All the morning the lady potters in and out of the kitchen, and between lifting the saucepan-lids and deploring the scarcity of

A BERLIN SAND CART.

eggs and the dearness of butter, many little confidences transpire, the maid repeating all the miserable tittle-tattle of women of her class with reference to their betters which she has picked up at the market. A German servant who never saw her mistress in the kitchen would soon despise her as a bad *hausfrau*, and would probably begin a system of thieving, under the impression that her mistress was so rich it did not matter, or so stupid she would not discover it.

"In ordinary households only one servant is kept, but if there are children there will be a nursemaid. If the household be that of a military man there will be an orderly, who helps with the rougher work, such as the hewing of wood and drawing of water. In almost everything, domestics are allowanced, provisions (not stores only) being kept under strict lock and key, and doled out from meal to meal according to want or necessity by the indefatigable *hausfrau*. So much bread and so much butter is allowed, or board-wages are given, so that the servants are independent in all smaller matters of the family-food.

"A German servant continues a maid of all work until circumstances elevate her to a higher position. When dispensing with the marriage ceremony, civil or religious, she becomes a mother, a fresh career is opened to her as an *amme* (wet-nurse). It is extremely rare for German ladies to nourish their own children, and in rich and noble families the *amme* forms a part of the pomp and circumstance of the house. She will wear her peasant's dress, and with singular sort of coquetry her mistress will see that the smartest silver shoe-buckles and Mieder ornaments, the brightest scarlet cloth, the trimmest cap and bodice are hers; and when she carries her charge through the public gardens or is driven abroad for an airing, she will often attract more notice, and receive more admiration, than equipage, lady, horses, and infant all put together." [1]

Miss Martineau speaks of Quaker children as being trained from their earliest infancy to "cry softly," and it would appear as if Berlin babies were subjected to something of the same discipline. The infants, mewling and puking in their nurse's arms

[1] *German Home Life*, by a Lady.

have an air of gravity well becoming incipient *Teufelsdröcks*, an expression of mental discipline, in strict accordance with the fashion in which their physical freedom is cribbed, cabined, and confined by a multiplicity of swathings and swaddlings. The same soberness of demeanour marks them as they increase in years. If they play they must do so in the recesses of their nurseries, for you rarely see them engaged, like English children, at a boisterous game in the open air. Such mild amusements as flying kites and blowing bubbles are far more to their taste. We all know Germany to be the great producer of toys; and although toy-shops are singularly rare at Berlin, it is only fair to suppose that the numerous toys exposed for sale at the Christmas fair there are turned to some kind of account. And yet it is only the veriest toddlers, and rarely even these, who are seen trailing after them such a sign of the

times as the ubiquitous uhlan mounted upon his wooden steed.

Berlin boys play at neither round games nor games with sides, although they execute sundry weird manœuvres at the commands of their instructors, which may have the effect of improving their lungs and muscles; but which, judging from the serious aspect of their countenances, certainly do not relax their minds. Excellent gymnasia for children and adults abound, at which really astounding feats are executed; but standing on your head at the end of a pole, hanging by the chin on a trapeze, or revolving like a catherine-wheel round a horizontal bar, although achievements requiring both

strength and skill in their execution, have nothing in common with playing at a game. Such a sight as a boy spinning a top, trundling a hoop, tossing a ball, knuckling down at marbles, discharging a pop-gun, or sending a "cat" whirling past your ears, is never seen in the streets of the Prussian capital. Berlin boys of the middle-classes go to day-schools furnished with playgrounds, it is true, but in which no play goes on; and when, on leaving these, they join one of the universities, their relaxations take the form of gymnastics, beer-drinking, and duelling, with a walking tour during the vacations. An eight or a four, manned by German students, has never been seen on the Rhine, the Main, the Neckar, or the Spree, although there are universities on the banks of all these rivers; and when a recent writer remarks that "the only *manly* game that Berlin youth of the upper and middle-classes play is the *kriegspiel*," one appreciates his irony.

As to the girls, they are early taught to sew, knit, cook, and attend to household matters, all of which, when combined with their ordinary education, and their instruction in music and singing, allows them but little opportunity, even if they had the inclination, to play. The separation of the sexes, commencing at an early age in the school-room, is continued outside it, consequently, boys and girls from their tenderest years rarely mingle together, while sisters never share their brothers' pursuits and amusements as with us. Croquet, boating, and archery, are unknown among them, and riding is for the most part looked upon with horror as an unfeminine recreation. The apparition of a lady on horseback is such a novelty in the streets of Berlin that the juvenile ragamuffins have been known to testify their astonishment by stoning her. The out-door exercise of a Berlin girl is confined to her daily passage to and from school, with occasional strolls in the Thiergarten, if she lives at all near to it, and suburban excursions on high days and holidays, in company with her parents. As she grows up, the in-door life of a stove-heated atmosphere, aided by a diet in which coffee, grease, sweets, and pickles, play the prominent part, begins to tell upon her constitution. She becomes, as the French say, *étiolée*, her complexion gets pasty, and her teeth take their leave at an early age.

The important epoch of confirmation at length arrives. This is in reality, however, less a religious than a social ceremony—a species of "coming out," marked by a round of visits paid in the dress provided for the solemnity, the congratulations of friends, and promotion to the degree of "young ladyhood," with its accompanying privileges, such as long dresses and heart aspirations. German young ladies are very much like each other, since their lives mainly revolve in the same narrow round of daily occupation, varied by an occasional dance and evenings spent at concerts and theatres. To deviate from

this round would be to scandalize all one's friends and acquaintances. Above everything our heroine continues to cultivate, under her mother's tuition, the eminently Teutonic virtue of *häuslichkeit*, or domesticity, a quality more highly prized by the middle-classes than any other, and one which popular literature incessantly celebrates in prose and verse. The result is that when she marries she is nearly always equal to the domestic duties of her position, and is prepared to pinch, scrape, shift, and starve, as people only pinch, scrape, shift, and starve in Berlin.

A yet more important epoch in the young girl's life approaches —that in which she gives her affections to another under the pledge of betrothal.

An impressionable French author, M. Edgar Bourloton, writing after the recent war, paints a highly sentimental picture of the development of the tender passion among the youths and maidens of the Fatherland; pretending, among other things, that "a grave and well-considered affection rather than sordid calculations of interest, or that blind exaltation commonly termed love," is the moving principle in the majority of marriages contracted between them. "At the age when the heart expands," he goes on to say, "the young man selects an *amie* in the circle of his acquaintances and under the eyes of his family. The sentiment of love thus becomes fixed at the very moment it is awakened, and the still flexible characters of the youthful couple harmonize in pleasant intimacy, while they at the same time learn to know each other. When the legal age arrives at which marriage is possible they exchange the betrothal ring, which symbolizes a solemn covenant, and embellishes the future with tender expectations, the realization of which is the best and worthiest encouragement to a young man to conduct himself well on his entrance into life. With many it is in the tender security of this love, which is not the mere dazzling of a moment, the illusion of a day, that the dream of their youth passes by; this hope of their life smoothing down the difficulties attending all first efforts, and preserving from the wanderings of inexperience a heart which is already satisfied."

All this is very pretty and equally proper, no doubt, but if these idyllic unions are frequent in the purely rural districts, they are certainly far from common in the larger towns, where life is for the most part of the hard matter-of-fact rather than of the sentimental type. Courtship and betrothal have little or no romance about them at Berlin, where wooing a maiden's heart is a task of less moment than gauging the probable depths of her father's pocket. Young ladies too, on their side, are little disposed to surrender themselves to "love's young dream." When well born or handsome their great aim in life is the making of a good match. If, like *la Grande Duchesse*, they love the *militaires*, their reveries will be of an alliance

with some officer of hussars or white cuirassiers. Otherwise the three conditions commonly imposed by an aristocratic Berlin belle upon her lover are a flight of steps leading up to the house, the title of "Your Excellency," and a man cook; and yet flights of steps to which carriages may drive up are rarely to be found in the Prussian capital, these obstructions having of late years been generally removed to widen the foot pavements. A young lady of high birth, but poor, who succeeded in making one of these good matches, received merely a thousand thaler for her dowry. With half of these she bought false hair, and with the other half real lace, leaving her husband to provide all the domestic requisites of their joint household, the furnishing of which in Germany properly attaches to the wife or her relatives. This is somewhat different to the days when "spinster" was a title that every German maiden sought to earn, and when no bride entered her husband's dwelling without oak chest upon oak

chest piled high with snowy lavender-scented linen of her own manufacture.

The average middle-class young Berliner, instead of calmly selecting his betrothed under the parental eye, begins, as a rule, by losing his heart to his bashful partner of the dancing-class, only to become fascinated by a succession of blonde belles met with in the Thiergarten, or encountered at various places of amusement or the more congenial beer-gardens, where so many Berlin middle-class families spend their evenings. These indeed form the favourite hunting-grounds of mammas with eligible daughters, and certainly no Belgravian matron is more keen in detecting a "detrimental," or more skilful in firmly hooking the man uponwhom shehasfixed her choice. The young lady herself is expected to contribute to this end by making a display of her domestic accomplishments, aided, of course, by

judicious maternal hints. The scene has been thus amusingly sketched:—"If the objective man be an industrious artisan or thrifty tradesman, the maiden drinks sparingly of beer, eats a piece of ham or sausage instead of a beefsteak, and knits on some useful garment. If he be a banker's son, one grade higher socially, but attracted by a pretty face, the tactics are different. The girl is permitted to be a little more forward. Instead of knitting she works at some light embroidery; she takes not only a beefsteak, but a beefsteak *aux champignons;* she chatters a good deal about the opera, and even about Renz's circus; and in short her whole manner is lighter and freer. If the first class of candidates are to be captured by the steady persistent work of infantry, the movement for the rich 'catches' is more like a cavalry charge. An observant young man can generally tell by the second evening at the beer-garden if he is a *persona grata* with the mother. If on his appearance she innocently offers him a place beside the daughter, or accidentally makes a place for him, as it were, in the confusion of the moment, he knows at once that one formidable outpost is carried; and worse than that, if he be himself indifferent, he knows that a sharp matron is filling his path with traps and pitfalls. Perhaps the most interesting scene is a mother who at a public place like that has three or four daughters to adjust among as many ardent or reluctant suitors. I can compare it to nothing but a cook watching half-a-dozen beefsteaks in different degrees of preparation. From the pair who are most advanced in their wooing and may be left pretty much to themselves, to the pair who least harmonize and consequently need the most discreet attention and encouragement, from the one of these extremes to the other, along the intermediate grades of connubial readiness, the care of this watchful mother ranges and operates. The young ladies play their parts demurely, but with a good deal of skill.

"Perhaps the most delicate situation for an anxious suitor is when the mother is indifferent, or, with a little judicious matronly coquetry, knowing that he is anxious, pretends to be indifferent. This situation exacts from the candidate the most careful behaviour, especially late in the evening after beer, when the mother is likely to be sleepy and tired, and even irritable. One false step then may ruin all. The other evening a friend and I sat under a lime-tree at a fashionable resort, amused at, and, in spite of ourselves, interested in, the proceedings at an adjacent table, where there was a family party, consisting of a father, three daughters, as many young men, and a mother calmly but unobtrusively directing the course of affairs. One of the young ladies, feeling cold, rose to throw a shawl over her shoulders, and of course all the young men by a common impulse plunged madly forward to assist her. One of those young men will never be seen again with that party, for he carried in his hand

as he went to aid the young lady a heavy cane; and, with characteristic awkwardness, he managed, while drawing up the shawl, to thrust the end of the cane into the eye of the mother, and the shawl seeming to require a good deal of adjustment, as I have observed it often does when a young man is drawing it on, and the shoulders are those of a young lady, the unlucky wretch nearly ruined the maternal eye. At any rate he seems to have become convinced that it would never again look favourably on him, for he comes no more to the trysting-place."

Such wooings go on every evening at the various Berlin beer-gardens, and people in the habit of observing the actors can tell by one infallible sign when the climax is reached and the couple are regularly engaged—namely, when the lover begins to pay for the young lady's refreshments as well as his own. To do so from that time forward is his privilege and his duty; but with true Prussian thrift he meets his sweetheart's expenses alone, and considers himself in no way called upon to dispense hospitality to the rest of her family. Even if there be nobody else with them but the mother the latter always pays her own bill. Night after night one may see at the same restaurant a young man pay for himself and his sweetheart, while the worthy matron just as regularly is left to the resources of her own purse. If the three visit the theatre he purchases stalls for two, while the mother takes her place in the *queue* and looks out for herself, and the rule is scarcely ever broken through.

A Berliner who has been casually struck by some fair one, and desires to pay his court to her, has little or no hesitation in inquiring her address, and writing point blank either to the lady herself or her parents upon the subject, previous acquaintance-ship or introduction being considered altogether unnecessary. In his letter he will, as a matter of course, draw a flattering portrait of himself, and after mentioning his income, position, prospects, and friends, will ask permission to visit the house in the character of the young lady's suitor. If his request is accorded he finds himself received by

the family of his intended with open arms—father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all treating him as though he had been their friend for years. The happy individual is, moreover, at once privileged to proceed to demonstrative proofs of the ardour of his affection without any fear of being rebuffed, and as a consequence chaste salutes are indulged in to a most unconscionable extent, and mutual caresses exchanged in the presence of third parties, with a freedom that is positively embarrassing. Yet there are many suitors who exhibit a preference for more clandestine modes of courtship if we may judge from the numerous advertisements of declarations, assignations, and the like, encountered in the popular newspapers. One day we read that—

"The two elegant young ladies who in their own carriage, and at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, near Charlottenburg, passed by a young man in grey, who smiled to them, are begged to enter into private communication with him. Address," &c.

On another occasion we are apprized that—

"The blonde with the eye-glass, who, after waiting in vain last Sunday afternoon in the Café Bellevue with her mamma for her papa's arrival, went in the direction of the Leipziger-strasse, and disappeared from my sight in a droschke at the corner of the Wilhelms-strasse, is, with the most honourable intentions, requested by the gentleman who sat at the same table to afford him another opportunity for a meeting by addressing a line," &c.

From an advertisement headed "Renz's Circus, pit, left, second row," we learn that—

"The charming and handsome young lady dressed in black who was present at last Sunday's performance is politely and most earnestly requested by the gentleman who sat on her right hand to arrange a meeting, if this be in any way practicable, by addressing," &c.

Again—

"The dark-eyed, luxuriant-locked beauty who sat in stall 51, fourth row, of the Wallner theatre, on Tuesday evening, and wept pearly tears over Anna Ivanovna's sorrows, is passionately entreated to communicate her honoured name to Ypsilon, a young Israelitish merchant in flourishing circumstances. Love, respect, and silence! Address ——at the editor's office."

Some few of these enamoured youths give vent to their feelings in verse after the following fashion :—

"TO LOUISE.

"Uncertain whether the eyes were thine,
Which charmed me so as past they went,
Let them again be on me bent;
Perhaps thy life might blend with mine."

One bashful swain, signing himself "Thy neighbour in the pit at Kroll's," and who appears to have found himself tongue-tied in presence of the fair one by his side, summons up courage to address the lady in print, declaring his passion in legitimate doggrel :—

"Thou didst but sigh and glance at me,
I also sighed, and yet to thee
The courage lacked to speak—
Still shall my heart be left to break?
For once again, dear charming face,
That speaks of nought but love and grace,
Impart some sign to make life sweet;
Say where again we two may meet.
Oh! quickly shine thou fairest star,
Near to my heart and yet how far."

Some of these announcements, idiotic in expression, enigmatic in meaning, and obscure in grammar, are evidently intended to be intelligible only to the particular individual to whom they are addressed. The absurdity and ambiguity of the following are on a par :—

"Many, many thanks for the warm little flock, my own beloved heart. Oh! how inexpressibly enraptured and consoled was I by each heavenly word in your precious note of Saturday. Humming-bird thinks again and again of all the past and future—little—in the dear little watch-tower; and I see precious little Lina trusting to the leaf which the little Wolf sees so happily around her. It is well and so happy to hear the same of its Celandine. How icily the wind blows! The evenings are already growing long, and everywhere autumn is appearing. With a burning hot Friday—every hour, and your little bird's news is closed for to-day with her best love."

Here we are treated to something more impassioned :—

"FROM HER TO HIM.—While lost in deep meditation, my head resting on my hand, and the candle nearly burnt out, suddenly the bandage fell from my eyes, and to my great joy I saw clearly. Following thy counsel my heart is left pure by that dew, although it was not thereby animated. Was this owing to bitter grief or love's distress? The hopeful glances I cast into futurity ended only in nameless pain. I think of thee! I love thee! Open to me thine heart, sharing with me all that fate may have in store. Love never dies, but is the same as it befell—two souls and one thought, two hearts and one pulse."

The betrothal is a matter of considerable importance, and usually precedes the marriage by some years. As authorised by law it takes the form of a written promise, signed by the parents, which promise, without rendering the marriage absolutely obligatory, makes the party retracting liable for damages. Cards, with the names of the affianced pair printed on them, are usually sent round to all the friends of the betrothed, besides which the event is formally announced in the papers,

under the heading *Verlobungsanzeigen*, or "Notices of Betrothal." Here is a typical notice of this class from the popular *Vossische Zeitung*, evidently a favourite medium for announcements of the kind :—

"We herewith have the honour respectfully to announce the betrothal of our eldest daughter Elisabeth to the Rittergutsbesitzer (lord of a manor) von Bismarck-Kniephof, Lieutenant of Reserve First Guard-Dragoon Regiment, Castle Plathe, 7th September, 1872.

"KARL VON DER OSTEN,
"MARIE VON DER OSTEN, *née* VON KESSEL."

Immediately underneath follows the advertisement of the victim :—

"I have herewith the honour respectfully to announce my betrothal to Fräulein Elisabeth von der Osten, the eldest daughter of Herr von der Osten.

"VON BISMARCK-KNIEPHOF,
"Lieutenant," &c.

Scores of similar advertisements, drawn up in almost precisely the same words, the names only varying, make their appearance daily varied by such brief formula as the following :—

"MARIE CHARISIUS, *née* ZOBER,
"AUGUST LENZ.
"Betrothed. Berlin, November 29, 1872."

Among a batch of announcements of this character there recently appeared in the *Reichsanzeiger* one to the effect that Fräulein Pförtner von der Hölle (Gatekeeper of Hell), was about to bless a Prussian gentleman at some future period with the possession of her hand and other Tartarean charms, giving rise to the suggestion that Fräulein Cerberus would have sounded prettier and more poetical, while preserving all the significance of the dismal function denoted in the family title.

The betrothal compact is as good as indissoluble, for there are few who are bold enough to break off an engagement thus publicly notified, not only to their friends and relations, but to the world at large. Still a small minority—alarmed, perhaps, at the gradual development of an "incompatibility of temper" that might eventually lead to an application to the German Sir James Hannen—take time by the forelock, and slip their fingers out of the engagement-ring. Such ruptures are commonly passed over in silence, and the two sundered ones set forth afresh in search of more congenial spirits with which to unite their own. But it does sometimes happen that the passion for advertising matters of purely personal interest, which continues to form a feature of Berlin life, has led one of the parties to publicly notify why the bud of betrothal has failed to expand to the orange-blossom of matrimony, and a young man has been found dolefully proclaiming that the engagement formally announced has been broken off by his sweetheart, to his great

regret, because she "did not find in him that gravity of demeanour which she conceived she had a right to look for."

In Paris, where well-brought-up young people of both sexes are carefully restricted in their intercourse with each other, it is no uncommon thing for parents even to have recourse to marriage agencies—with their tribe of intermediaries occupying good social positions and always on the look out for brides with handsome *dots*—to secure alliances for their sons and daughters. One of the best known of these, the Maison Foy, is continually parading in the Paris newspapers the many thousands of advantageous if not happy unions which have been arranged under its auspices. Moreover in addition to these purely business agencies there are few middle-class families which cannot count upon the services in a similar direction of one or more match-making friends. And judging these agencies, whether professional or amateur, by results, one is inclined to believe that the preliminary courtship, on which in England we set so much stress, adds in no degree to the proportion of prizes drawn in the hazardous matrimonial lottery.

In Berlin, with none of the restriction to intercourse that prevails in Paris, the old matrimonial machinery is found to run at too slow a speed, and, as a consequence, marriage agencies and marriage gazettes have recently sprung into existence there, the former with their managers and their matrons, their collections of *cartes de visite* and lists of languishing candidates, laying claim to well-nigh every moral and material advantage. The Berlin Matrimonial Gazette is illustrated with vignettes, one of which represents paterfamilias, in easy-chair and dressing-gown, reading to his daughters offers from individuals of the opposite sex, eager to be united in the bonds of wedlock; another introduces us to a young officer depositing a sealed packet at the office of the hymeneal journal; while in a third, depicting a joyous marriage feast, we have the same young officer seated beside his blushing bride, and the guests pledging the happy pair in foaming bumpers of champagne.

Even the disreputable Berlin *commissionaires* do a brisk trade in negotiating marriages; and in the city small-debt courts they are constantly found figuring as plaintiffs against happy but forgetful husbands, who have failed to pay the stipulated commission on the dowries of wives whom they have succeeded in securing through such exceedingly dubious intermediaries.

Another mode of obtaining a partner for life in favour at Berlin is by means of the advertising columns of the *Vossische Zeitung* and other popular newspapers. One firm of advertising agents—Rudolf Mosse and Company—alone insert upwards of a thousand of these announcements annually; all classes appearing to resort to this doubtful method of securing conjugal happiness. Figuring among their clients are officials of noble birth; officers

in the army and in retreat, who guarantee secrecy on their word of honour; with non-combatants, whose exemption from military service constitutes their principal recommendation to the fair, whom none but the brave are said to deserve; speculative men of business, eager to embrace some opportunity of engaging in a magnificent enterprise with their future wife's fortune, which it is, of course, essential should be under her own control; penniless bachelors, who signify their willingness to espouse youth and beauty if possessed of a fair manorial estate; widowers, who confess themselves to be neither young nor good-looking, but make boast of a spotless name, and who seek a helpmate having both the inclination and the capacity to undertake the education of a family of amiable children. They too stipulate that the lady they are in search of should have a suitable fortune at her own disposal; while bankers, merchants, manufacturers, professional men, and tradesmen, show themselves equally exigent on the score of the fair one's dowry. All indeed hold to the truth of the axiom that—

> "Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

Some among these advertisers stipulate for birth and beauty, while others bear in mind what Kotzebue said about marrying for beauty being like purchasing an estate for the sake of its rose-trees, and the latter proceeding being the more sensible of the two, inasmuch as the season of the roses always returns, but that of beauty never. These more prosaic souls express themselves as perfectly indifferent to personal charms, and as even prepared to put up not only with ugliness, but age, indifferent character, and doubtful family connections—anything, in fact, provided their brides are weighted with sufficient coin. In return for a portion amounting to the mere bagatelle of 100,000 thaler, they offer a heart capable of loving beyond all precedent, and yet there are simpletons in the world who pretend that love is really beyond price.

The following advertisements of this class are from Berlin newspapers which came casually under one's notice. The grammar, style, and precise phraseology of the originals have been closely preserved:—

"To Ladies of Noble Birth.—A cultivated legal official, of noble birth, with a rising salary, which is now 1000 thaler (£150), not unpleasing in appearance, and very kind-hearted, just thirty years of age, who has no lady acquaintances, wishes to marry a pretty, refined, and amiable lady of noble birth (spinster or widow) between the ages of seventeen and twenty-seven, with a fortune of at least 10,000 thaler at her own disposal. Highly-respected ladies who comply with these requirements, and are inclined to answer the present serious advertisement, or their respective parents or guardians, are most politely requested to forward their honoured addresses,

with details of their intimate circumstances, to ——. Photograph greatly desired. Secrecy understood."

"To Independent Ladies.—A young man, of prepossessing appearance and aristocratic manners, an official in the Imperial German Service, wishes to unite himself to a pretty and cultivated lady of fortune. He would not object to marry on a manorial estate or similar property. The gentleman's photograph will be forwarded on application, but not in answer to anonymous communications. Ladies feeling disposed are requested to send their addresses in strict confidence to ——. The services of negotiators are declined."

"To Young Ladies.—An officer, thirty-two years of age, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young lady of property and attractive appearance with a view to matrimony. Those who are willing are requested to send full particulars accompanied by their real names. Photographs also are urgently requested. I guarantee, on my word of honour, that their confidence shall not be abused."

"To Young Ladies of Fortune.—I am twenty-four years of age, went through the last campaign as an officer of the line, was severely wounded, and have retired in consequence from the service.

"My father intends to sell his really fine estates to me, and I request some young lady who wishes to be married, and has a fortune of from 100,000 to 200,000 thaler under her own control to assist me in purchasing them. Nevertheless I decidedly require her to be good-looking, of a respectable family, well educated, and of simple tastes.

"As to the rest I believe that my personal qualities will insure a happy and peaceful (!) union. Young ladies ready to respond are requested to forward their photographs and addresses to the office of this paper, with the superscription—

"When eyes are blue,
It proves they're true.

"Secrecy on my word of honour."

"Offer of Marriage.—A young man, exempt from military service, not devoid of means, and belonging to the highest circles, a Lutheran, twenty-five years of age, of pleasing appearance (photograph forwarded on application), good character, and clerk in one of the first banks, wishes to marry a young lady of good family and fortune at once. Young ladies or their friends are most politely requested to forward their esteemed addresses, with particulars of their circumstances, to ——."

"To Ladies.—An intelligent and speculative man of business, 30 years of age, a Catholic (which is not requisite on the lady's side), with a grave and manly but amiable character, refined manners, pleasing appearance, and enjoying robust health, the owner of a factory and manufacturer of a lucrative article much in request and exported, is led by want of time and lady acquaintances to seek in this manner for a faithful partner for life, under 25 years of age. Preference given to an amiable disposition and cheerful temperament rather than great beauty. A taste for quiet and simple domestic life, and a fortune of 30,000 thaler at her own disposal, to assist in an intended development of the establishment are requisite. Ladies who have the courage to confide in a young man's honour, and desire a comfortable home are requested in the strictest confidence to send their addresses, accompanied by a photograph, which in case of unsuitability will be returned, to ——."

"Matrimonial Offer.—A well-to-do merchant, a widower, 46 years of age wishes to meet with a wife in a well-educated lady, spinster or widow, without children, and of mature years. Well knowing that he can pretend to neither youth nor beauty he only lays claim to a spotless name and really kind heart. A pleasant life under favourable circumstances is offered. The following are the requisite qualifications; a spotless character, cheerful disposition; inclination and capacity to undertake the education of several amiable children, combined with a suitable fortune at the lady's own disposal. Ready money not essential. Offers, with particulars of circumstances and accompanied by a photograph, with regard to which the most honourable confidence is guaranteed, will reach the advertiser if addressed to ——."

"Offer of Marriage.—A high state official in the prime of life, a widower, who is prevented by his occupation from finding a partner for life for himself wishes to marry again by reason of his present lonely condition. German maidens or widows without children, between the ages of 25 and 30, of pleasing and stylish appearance, and if possible of good birth and fortune, who are inclined to confide in this discreet mode of communication, and have a real taste for domestic life, are requested to forward their obliging offers, sealed and addressed —— accompanying them with a photograph and particulars of their family and fortune. Secrecy on word of honour."

"Matrimonial Offer.—The advertiser wishes to arrange a marriage with a lady of domestic tastes (having 20,000 thaler at her disposal, which she would not object to invest on mortgage) for a really substantial and highly educated gentleman of amiable disposition and agreeable appearance, 36 years of age, and partner in an old established and lucrative manufacturing business. N.B. The lady must be willing to answer inquiries. Letters to be addressed—."

The following are some of the more characteristic advertisements emanating from individuals of the opposite sex:—

"A young, pretty, and highly educated girl of rank, with a fortune of 10,000 thaler, wishes to meet with a partner for life, of noble sentiments, agreeable appearance, and good birth. Offers to be addressed ——."

"A young lawyer or forester already established, of noble sentiments and aristocratic name may hear of an opportunity for marrying a young, handsome, highly educated, but domesticated girl of rank, who has pin-money of her own, and expectations of a fortune. Offers, with photographs, may be sent addressed ——."

"A young lady, daughter of a wealthy tradesman who has been dead a year, being youthful and amiable, and finding it impossible to make acquaintance with suitable gentlemen, owing to the strictness of her parental home, is obliged to choose this means of meeting with a husband. She has a fortune of 20,000 thaler at her disposal, which she offers to an officer or official person. Gentlemen of unimpeachable character are requested to send confidential communications and photographs to ——."

The next is unique in its way—

"I HAVE AN EXCELLENT DAUGHTER to marry, who refused many good offers when young. She is now 29, and I would give a reasonable dowry to a suitable husband, a tradesman, if possible, or well-to-do artisan, if pious, and averse to alcohol. Address ——."

Some advertisers seek to contract purely Platonic unions, as witness the following:—

"A gentleman in comfortable circumstances, and of ripe age, who believes in the Platonic form of love, and is anxious to realize this beautiful idea in marriage, desires by some friendly means, and through the channel of a preliminary anonymous correspondence, to make the acquaintance of a lady not entirely without fortune, of honourable intentions, well educated, possessed of a lively intellect, and a vivacious rather than a serious disposition, to conclude with her a heart-union of the purest Platonism. Address, &c."

Another advertisement, headed "Heart and Intellect," is of much the same type, excepting that the desired form of union is somewhat ambiguously indicated.

"An educated gentleman, of cheerful disposition and in easy circumstances, moving in good society, but no longer young enough to think of contracting an ordinary marriage, cherishes nevertheless a wish to renounce the solitary life he is leading and to form a purely Platonic connection with a lady of Heart and Intellect in independent circumstances, who may feel disposed to enter into some kind of union for life. Address, &c."

In the *Berliner Städtisches Jahrbuch* for 1874—the contributors to which strive to outvie each other by the minuteness and abundance of their statistical information—some learned doctor has been at the pains of preparing an elaborate analysis of the matrimonial advertisements, some hundreds in number, which appeared during the previous year in the *Vossische Zeitung* alone. He tells us that out of 411 advertisements, 306

emanated from men and 105 from women, showing that in these particular instances almost three times as many men as women sought to enter the haven of matrimony by this somewhat doubtful channel. Men aged between twenty-five and thirty-five and women between twenty and thirty formed the great majority, the latter being far less exigent than the former with regard to the ages of those they sought to unite themselves to, for fully one-third of the total number of men required their future partners to be young, while no more than one-sixteenth of the women made a similar stipulation. In the majority of cases where age was alluded to, the desired husband or wife was required to be on the sunny side of thirty.

Of the 306 men, thirty confessed to being widowers, and rather more than the same proportion of women proclaimed themselves widows, the latter being much less particular about the ages of their second husbands than their maiden rivals eager to embark on their first matrimonial venture. Most of the advertisers refrained from any allusion to their physical endowments, but such men as referred to them laid claim to health, activity, good looks, robust figures, commanding statures, fair complexions, agreeable appearance, &c. The reticence of the women on this point speaks volumes in favour of their modesty unless indeed their silence is to be taken as indicating an utter absence of all personal charms. The sterner sex commonly demanded beauty, good looks, or at least that ambiguous kind of charm known as "pleasing appearance" in their prospective partners for life, whereas the women made scarcely any stipulations upon that score. It is creditable that 20 per cent. of both sexes required those they sought to ally themselves with, to be intelligent, clever, educated, or accomplished, although the majority of the advertisers made no boast of any mental qualifications of their own, such few as did being chiefly of the softer sex. Probably the Teutonic lords of creation considered that credit was naturally given them for a high degree of culture, rendering any special announcement of their mental acquirements superfluous; while the women, vain of their mental gifts, determined that none of their intellectual light should be hidden under the figurative bushel.

The moral qualities which the men laid claim to, and required their wives to be possessed of, were so numerous and varied that any single individual endowed therewith would present a perfect type of human virtue. They embraced alike activity, energy, industry, economy, domesticity, amiability, kindness, gentleness, sweet as well as good tempers, cheerful and equable dispositions, good humour, innocence, simplicity, modesty, and purity; steadfast, straightforward, truthful, and unassuming characters; nobleness, dignity, honourable feeling, liberality, generosity, chivalrous hearts and noble minds! One advertiser, who demanded "a good but rather hasty temper," could be easily

satisfied, but scarcely so another, whose own temper was doubtless of the hottest, and who sought for what he styled a generous and accommodating one.

The women boasted, as a rule, of their domesticated tastes, their activity, economy and business qualifications, their unassuming characters, staid demeanour, modesty, and decorum; their good education and accomplishments; their amiability, cheerfulness, excellent spirits, and even of an exuberance of life, and finally of their kindness, their affectionate dispositions and excellent qualities of heart and mind. The men on whom they were willing to bestow their hands and charms were required to be respectable, estimable, honourable, worthy, reliable, simple, and genuine; good and easy tempered, amiable, possessed of sterling qualities and affectionate and feeling hearts. More than a quarter of the men and women, who dispensed with any allusion to moral qualities of their own, demanded that their future partners should be possessed of certain virtues, while of that larger number, who affect a virtue even if they have it not, two-thirds of the men and one-third of the women looked for corresponding qualities in those with whom they were willing their future lot in life should be cast. As a rule the fair were less exacting on this score than the sterner sex, and when they did put forward demands it was for moral qualities rather than for intellectual ones.

With regard to religious belief only 3 per cent. of the men and 6 per cent. of the women made the slightest reference to their own creed, and of these merely a fraction required any avowal upon the subject from those replying to their advertisements.

It would appear from the foregoing that most stress was laid upon moral qualifications by both male and female matrimonial advertisers, who next seem to have sought for intelligence, and to have set the least value upon creed. Strange to say that of the various religious sects at Berlin, the Jews had recourse to matrimonial advertisements in by far the largest proportion, and, what is stranger still, the proportion of Jewish women to the men was almost as three to one.

The social qualifications commonly dwelt upon in these advertisements were family, property, rank, and calling. The importance of the first-named in the Berlin matrimonial market was indicated by the large number of both sexes, who stated themselves to be of an estimable, respectable, honourable, wealthy, good, or noble family. As a far larger proportion of women than men thought it necessary to refer to their family connections, these evidently count for much on the part of the would-be wife. With reference to property, a few of the advertisers had the candour to confess themselves poor, while the majority claimed to be in well-to-do circumstances, in possession of a fixed income or a comfortable independence, and even to be rich. Several

gave their exact incomes in figures, numbers intimated that they derived their means from trade or manufactures, and others from landed, manorial, or house property. The women considered it necessary to be exceedingly explicit with regard to their worldly possessions. Fixed incomes on their sides were numerous, and riches preponderated over a respectable competence, showing that the possession of pecuniary means was regarded by them as their strong point in affairs matrimonial. At the same time they asked in return for less in the way of wealth or easy circumstances than the men, and in the majority of instances made no demand whatever on this score, whereas the men on an average required a fortune of 16,000 thaler, or about 2,400*l.*, professing themselves to be in possession of 35,000 thaler or 5,250*l.* More than half of the advertisers described themselves as being bankers, brokers, and owners or partners in some business or manufactory.

The betrothal ceremony, as we have already explained, frequently precedes the wedding by several years. Before, however, marriage can be seriously thought of, the lady or her friends have to furnish a house. Should they not be prepared for this, she has to remain single until it can be accomplished. Ordinarily furniture will have to be provided for the drawing-room, the dining-room, the husband's and wife's sitting-rooms, the bedrooms, and the kitchen. Bed and table linen forms one of the costliest items. When, in the case of a betrothed couple in good circumstances, these are laid out on the "Polterabend" for the inspection of friends, the room presents very much the appearance of a linendraper's shop. There will be piles upon piles of sheets, table-cloths, pillow-cases and the like, seemingly sufficient to last the engaged couple all their lives. For three weeks previous to the wedding the names of the betrothed are displayed in the Rathhaus, no marriage being valid unless this formality is observed. The ceremonies attendant on the rite itself extend over three days; the first day being the Polterabend, the second simply an intermediate day of rest, while on the third day the marriage itself is celebrated. The Polterabend used to be the evening immediately preceding the wedding, but this too close proximity gave rise to so much hurry and confusion that some sensible people hit upon the idea of introducing a *dies non* in between, a happy innovation which has gradually become universal.

On the Polterabend the bride's presents, chiefly composed of useful articles, together with her *trousseau*, are laid out. The invited guests assemble about three o'clock in the afternoon when all kinds of diversions take place. It is customary for the young people to come in fancy costume and make appropriate speeches to the bride and bridegroom. On one occasion we remember seeing a little boy dressed up as a farmer enter the room with a huge bunch of vegetables on his back. He marched sedately

up to the bride saying to her as he threw down his load at her feet, "You like soup, I am told—well here is something to make it with, only be sure to make some for your husband as well, for you must remember from this time forward to look on him as part of yourself, and let him share all you have." This little ethical speech successfully delivered, the boy gravely retired. At another wedding, where the bridegroom was an old doctor and the bride the daughter of a wealthy merchant, all the young ladies and children came in fancy dresses, and most of them delivered their little harangue in allusion to some episode in the past lives of the bride and bridegroom. One charming girl was arrayed as a water-nymph, and a couple of little boys duly booted and spurred as *jäger burschen*. Conspicuous among the other costumes were those of two young ladies, designed to represent Coffee and Tea respectively. Coffee wore a robe of coffee-coloured silk with a velvet head-dress of the same tint, in imitation of the leaves and berries of the coffee-plant, and surmounted by a miniature coffee-pot, while her necklace and the ornaments on her dress were composed of actual coffee-berries. The young lady who represented Tea was correspondingly arrayed, and the pair presided appropriately enough at the tables where tea and coffee were served to the company. After these had been partaken of, all the cups and saucers were duly collected together on a tray, and Fräulein Coffee rising up made the bride a pretty speech, advising her not to be led away by a poetical view of married life to the neglecting of its practical duties, and reminding her how essential it was always to be prepared with a cup of coffee for her husband whenever he wished for one, and for her friends whenever they called to see her. Saying this, she dexterously overturned the tray, and cups, saucers, and plates fell with one loud clatter upon the floor amidst frantic applause. It was thus that a characteristic feature of the Polterabend, the all essential smashing of crockery, was accomplished on this particular occasion.

This custom of smashing crockery corresponds in a measure to our time-honoured habit of throwing old shoes after the departing wedded couple, the assumed motive of both proceedings being the same, namely, the ensuring of good luck to the newly married pair. Among the Berlinese, advantage is ordinarily taken of the delivery of some speech, or the singing of some song to startle the company by a tremendous crash, which sets everybody laughing, and is the signal for wishing happiness to the bride and bridegroom. Formerly it was the custom to carry all the old plates and dishes outside the house door and break them in the street, when, if a single one chanced to escape demolition, it was considered an unlucky omen for the bride.

The charade performances at the Polterabend are frequently succeeded by some play or opera, the parts in which are allotted

to the grown-up members of the company. On one occasion we heard Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger,* very creditably performed by a small amateur orchestra of half-a-dozen fiddles, flute, and piano, selected from among the friends of the bride and bridegroom. At the wedding of our middle-aged medical friend refreshments consisting of oysters, caviar, and sweet biscuits were served at intervals during the afternoon, and the time, varied by occasional little speeches and general conversation, was passing pleasantly enough when the company was startled by a loud voice, echoing through the apartment, and demanding admission for the God Zeus. This being granted, the doors were flung open to the sound of slow music and a procession filed in. At its head marched Mercury with his caduceus and talaria, and behind him came Apollo playing on a lyre—other gods and goddesses in appropriate costume followed, and at the close of the procession came Zeus himself, who ascended a throne which had hitherto escaped general notice.

Summoning the various deities around him, Zeus announced that he had news of importance to communicate. "A rumour hath come from the earth," said he, "that a certain son of Æsculapius is about to be married. The report is shaking Olympus to its foundations, and calm will only ensue when I learn who and what he is, and who and what is his bride. Let him who knows therefore speak." At this Æsculapius stepped out of the circle of gods and informed Zeus that his mortal son was one who had not the power to bring the dead to life, but on the contrary, very often brought the living to death, killing more than he cured, and so on. Venus, who was attired in a flowing white robe trimmed with broad silver braid, and who wore necklet and armlets of silver, then advanced and prettily pleaded for the bride. One was much struck by the taste displayed in the toilettes of the various goddesses. Diana, with the orthodox crescent on her brow and a hunting spear in her hand, was nothing remarkable, but Athena adorned with the "krobulus," and "tettinx," showed the stage manager of the charade to have some knowledge of Thucydides. After a variety of speeches, all of which related more or less directly to the bride and bridegroom, the procession retired, but there being a general demand for the appearance of Zeus and Venus, part of the spectacle had to be performed over again. The company now adjourned to the supper-rooms, the tables of which were loaded with no end of Teutonic delicacies, and as soon as supper was concluded, dancing, which opened with the inevitable polonaise, commenced and continued with unabated spirit until the morning.

Thus ended the Polterabend. Advantage is taken of the day intervening between it and the actual day of the marriage to get things in something like order for the latter. As the invitations are invariably for both days, on the morning of the wedding the

guests assemble again, and accompany the bride and bridegroom on their visit to the magistrate by whom they are formally united by civil contract. At Berlin this is considered quite sufficient, not only by the law but by society itself, and no kind of stigma attaches to those who go through the civil ceremony only. In the capital of the new Empire the ecclesiastical marriage is looked upon as a kind of luxury, which those who care to incur the expense can indulge in if so inclined. It can take place either in a church or a private house, and indeed is more usually performed in the latter. An altar is erected and tastefully decorated with flowers and the ceremony is frequently accompanied by music. The bride wears a plain myrtle wreath—the artistic effect of which is excellent, and the placing of which upon her head forms an interesting episode in the proceedings. The bridesmaids all carry baskets of flowers.

The ceremony concluded there is a dinner of inordinate length, consisting frequently of twenty or even more courses, when, as a rule, everybody feasts heartily and drinks heavily. The speeches which follow have the merit of scarcely being of the same unmeaning character as those delivered at average English weddings. Even the most ordinary speaker will make a point of introducing some anecdote or incident bearing upon the past life and character of one or other of the newly united pair; while the speech of the groomsman, who is invariably the bridegroom's oldest and most tried friend, consists generally of a sketch of the bridegroom's life, rendered more or less amusing by piquant allusions to forgotten youthful *amours*.

At the doctor's wedding, shortly before the company dispersed, the bridegroom was blindfolded and led into the centre of the room, when all the young unmarried ladies of the company joined hands and danced in a circle around him. While this was going on the bridegroom put out his hands and the first one he touched was declared destined to be the next bride. It was now the bride's turn to be blindfolded, and the unmarried gentlemen

present having formed a ring around her, the same mode of vaticination was again gone through.

The bride and bridegroom generally disappear from the party about eight or nine o'clock in the evening and straightway betake themselves to their new home, such a thing as a wedding tour never being even dreamt of. The bridegroom commonly goes to his counter or his desk the very next day, which is the main reason why Saturday is a favourite day for Berlin weddings, as this allows of, at any rate, one day's holiday, ere the drudgery of the shop or the counting-house is resumed again.

Before an officer in the Prussian army is privileged to marry, he is prudently required to deposit a fixed sum in the funds so that on his decease his widow may not be left unprovided for. We have seen that in ordinary civil life the question of money plays a very prominent part in all matrimonial engagements, and one that would have charmed the heart of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." Like him the better class Berlinese believe that "proputty, proputty sticks, and proputty, proputty grows," and that money if possible should not be allowed to go out of a family. Hence the example of intermarriages set by the petty princelets and dukelings, has been followed by the owners of landed property for generation after generation, leading to highly complicated relationships and disastrous physical results. Of late years however, a few of these gentry have seen the advantage of furbishing up their faded escutcheons and fertilizing their barren acres with some of the stream of wealth that has flowed from the Berlin Börse, and have consented to lead to the altar the daughters of new sprung millionaires.

Marriages are announced in the Berlin newspapers with considerate brevity on the whole, notification of these events being commonly given in one or other of the following forms with the addition of the date and the addresses :—

"Our marriage, celebrated on Sept. 3, is announced to friends and relatives by this means instead of by private communication, by

"Dr. GUSTAV LEWINSTEIN,
"ELISE LEWINSTEIN, *née* MICHAELIS."

"Their marriage, celebrated this day is respectfully announced by
"OTTO BRAUMÜLLER, Master at the Gymnasium, and Lieut. in the Landwehr,
"PAULINE BRAUMÜLLER, *née* MAECKER."

"EMIL WERNER and EMILLE WERNER, *née* KEUCKE, announce themselves a Wedded Pair."

"OSCAR LAASCH and CLARA LAASCH, *née* BAUERHIN present their respects as newly married."

Alluding to the well-nigh universal practice of dispensing with the intervention of the church in the matter of marriage, the

clerical organ, the *Germania,* dolefully lamented that what was formerly one of the most venerated sacraments of religion was no longer a source of grace, but merely the finish of a romance and a pure matter of business. Modern marriages as now performed, were rated by it as below the pagan marriages, which consecrated the duration of the union. The general falling off in church weddings and christenings among the Berlin Protestants is understood to have caused both regret and astonishment in the highest quarters, although many pretend that the reason for it is to be found in the national virtue—economy. The civil solemnization is not only compulsory, but it is also cheaper than the ecclesiastical one, and the frugal Berliner of the middle and lower classes cannot see why he should pay twice over for the same thing, when a single ceremony is legally sufficient. The government, disliking a state of things that might alienate a church from which it has ever derived strong support, has done all in its power to favour religious marriages by enforcing them amongst those over whom it has any direct control. In accordance with this view we find the following decree issued against the schoolmaster Priefart, at Weissensee.: "Royal Government of Potsdam, February 4, 1875. Having been informed that you have not had consecrated by the religious authority your marriage, contracted last December, we cannot employ you any longer as primary schoolmaster, for we require from a Christian schoolmaster that he follow the Christian rules, and give in this respect a good example to his commune. You are therefore dismissed from the first of next month."

In missionary circles the introduction of the civil marriage-law was productive of an unforeseen difficulty. Most of the missionary societies sent out only married missionaries in order that beneficial results might follow from the example of Christian matrimony. When the wife of a missionary died abroad it was customary to select a new spouse for him out of the reserve stock of damsels at the schools of the society, and to guard against her losing her heart to anyone else on the passage out, by performing the marriage ceremony by procuration, prior to her departure. When marriages were wholly in the hands of the clergy such unions by proxy were recognized as valid, but the obligatory civil marriage law makes no provision for their performance, and anxious missionaries, awaiting the brides whom the kind care of others has chosen for them, are now liable to be disappointed in their fondest anticipations.

It is time to speak more particularly of the fair sex of Berlin, yet at the risk of being considered ungallant, one is constrained to confess that the Berlin women as a rule lack the fatal gift of beauty, being neither handsome nor even pretty, although many of them have an expression of countenance that is peculiarly winning. They may be safely summed up as being

much less handsome than the English, less graceful than the French, and less clever than the Americans. You might promenade the Prussian capital for weeks without meeting a really beautiful woman. You might search for months without alighting on a Marguerite! The worst feature of a Berlin belle is unquestionably her nose. I scarcely remember having seen a single woman in the Prussian capital with a nose of the true classical type. The outline of this organ, instead of being straight or delicately curved is frequently broken by an exceedingly prominent bridge, while the end as often develops into a ball, imparting an unpleasant and vulgar expression to what might otherwise have been a handsome set of features. The face is usually fat and pasty-looking, presenting large

dreamy eyes, and, not unfrequently, an exquisitely moulded mouth, with full ruby lips, which, unfortunately, have lost their charm from the fact of the front teeth commencing to decay at an early age. The figure is generally good, although often diminutive, with a well-developed bust, heavy loins, beautifully shaped arms, large hands, and still larger feet.

The Berlin women utterly lack that grace which contributes so much to the attraction of their Parisian rivals. In their toilettes, too, although these are after Paris models, one misses the quiet taste, the elegant cut, and the neat tournure which distinguish the work of the French modiste from all others. The *mode de Paris* simply becomes travestied at Berlin, where, on the occasion of our first visit, we remember the fashionable ladies' boots were

bottines à mijambe with tassels in front, and tall wooden heels, higher even than those of the ordinary *soulier* Louis Quinze and placed almost in the middle of the foot, so as to disguise, as much as possible, the remarkable size of the fair one's pedal extremities. The French phrase *Être sur un grand pied dans le monde*, applies itself literally to a Berlin belle.

As amongst the feathered tribes, the male in Germany wears the gayest plumage, sings the loudest note, and lords it absolutely over his female mate. Men take the lead in social as well as public life, whilst their wives drudge away their existences in sordid details. The advice of Mr. Disraeli, that every public man should spend a portion of each day in conversing with his wife—in order to refresh his mind and profit by that just appreciation of matters in which they are not personally interested that distinguishes the softer sex—would appear ridiculous in the eyes of a Berliner. Woman in the Prussian capital has none of that politico-social influence exercised in London and Paris by the queens of the *salon*, whilst from anything approaching the views of her "rights," set forth by Mesdames Garrett-Anderson and Becker, she would shrink in horror. There her sole duty in life, after the nuptial knot has been tied, is to be domesticated, to wait hand and foot upon the nobler being who has condescended to unite his lot to hers, to concentrate her whole attention upon household affairs, to devote her intellect to the mysteries of the kitchen and the minutiæ of the store-room and larder, to regard sewing and scrubbing as cardinal virtues, and to pass no inconsiderable portion of her existence in locking

and unlocking presses, cupboards, drawers, and store closets, with that formidable bunch of keys which is the treasured symbol of her authority.

The German moralists style this "assigning woman her real place, by developing her domestic aptitudes and making her the model mother of a family." The wife assumes the economical government of the house, an end to which all her education has been directed; she has learnt to knit, to sew, to cook, and to economize. On quitting the upper school she has been sent to take lessons in cookery at an hotel, and lessons in dressmaking from a dressmaker. In many respects she is able to make up for the inefficiency of her husband, and this responsibility which she accepts in marrying unquestionably develops the energetic side of her character.

Her married life is indeed of the prosiest, and she has neither the time for, nor the notion of escaping into the sphere of literature, science, or politics. Moreover, save in the rarest of cases, her sway over the household is after all but nominal, for her husband whilst engaged in outside duties, manages to exercise a very keen supervision over the details of home-life. He knows to an ounce the precise quantity of groceries that ought to be consumed in the course of the week, grumbles at excesses in soap and candles, and is especially dictatorial when winter comes round on the question of fuel, whilst his wife stands meekly trembling before him, account-book in hand. "The German marriage," observes Heinrich Heine, "is not a real marriage. The husband has not a wife but a servant, and continues in imagination, even in the midst of his family, his bachelor life."

When in due season the wife presents her husband with the customary pledge of mutual affection, the event is chronicled in the Berlin newspapers in far more effusive terms than are customary among ourselves; here, for example, are several of these announcements.

"IN LIEU OF PRIVATE INFORMATION.—By God's merciful assistance, my beloved wife ANTONIE *née* HARDER, was safely delivered, at 8 o'clock this morning, of a healthy daughter.—HERMES, Ober-Consistorial-Rath."

"I have the honour to announce the happy delivery of my dearly loved wife, LINA, of a stout boy this afternoon, at 5.15.—LEO KRAUSE."

"At 2 o'clock this morning, my dear wife, ROSAMUND, *née* RÜHLE, presented me with a healthy boy.—F. SCHMALENBURG, Master Baker."

"With God's gracious help, my tenderly loved wife, SOPHIE, was safely delivered this morning at 4.30 of a strong boy. Hallelujah!
"H. KLEINWACHTER, Pastor."

"At ½ past 3 this afternoon, my beloved wife, ANNA *née* KLEMM, delighted me by the birth of a fine healthy girl. This is in place of any private intimation."

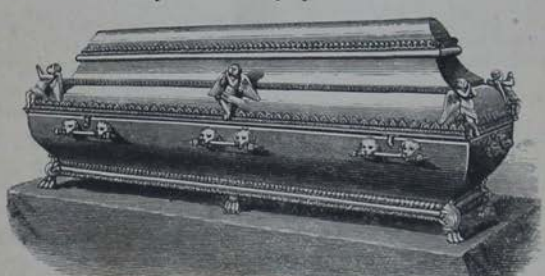
Some few of these announcements are couched in terms of commendable brevity; as for instance the following—

"The birth of a son has, this day, brought great joy to Dr. RICHARD BRAUMÜLLER and his wife."

"Highly rejoiced are P. HIRSCHBERG and wife by the birth of a healthy girl."

Among the middle and better class Berlinese, baptisms of the newly-born commonly take place at the house of the parents, and but seldom in the church. An altar decorated with flowers and covered with a white cloth is erected in one of the apartments, and on the conclusion of the ceremony an entertainment, which usually proves a remarkably noisy affair, is given. Only poor people as a rule have their children christened in a church, where the clergyman baptizes them wholesale, and where you will frequently see two or three dozen babies disposed in a circle around the font when a single dash of holy water, and one sweep of the hand is made to serve for them all.

If the Berlinese are received into the world in this unceremonious fashion they are rarely permitted to leave it in the



same slighting way. From the numerous handsome coffins exposed in the Berlin undertakers' shops, and the frequent notices exhibited of "*Bequeme Särge*," in other words "com-

fortable coffins," it is evident that the Berlinese are far from indifferent to the pomps and vanities of sepulture. It will be seen from the annexed engravings of a couple of these elegant metal sarcophagi, with their elaborate gilt ornaments and mouldings, that although the defunct Berliner may be consigned to his final resting-place without the formality of the prayers of the church, he yet quits this sublunary sphere in a sufficiently splendid receptacle, as though anxious that "nothing in life

shall more become him than the leaving of it," and as if seeking to deprive death of some portion of its terrors. The Berlin hearses are equally grand affairs, being so many elegant canopies on wheels, drawn by handsome Mecklenburg horses with long black draperies, and hung with curtains and festoons of black cloth, which allow of the coffin, decorated with wreaths and flowers, being exposed to public view. "Since seeing one of these resplendent vehicles," remarks an irreverent Frenchman, "my great ambition has been—of course at some exceedingly remote period—to end my days in the capital of the new German Empire."

At the single funeral at which I was present at Berlin, I found myself received on my arrival at the house, by the brother of the deceased, who, in accordance with the prevailing practice, kissed my cheek and then led me to a suite of rooms communicating with the funereal chamber, the door of which was at that moment closed. When the clergyman arrived, the mourners assembled in an immediately adjoining apartment, and the doors being thrown open, the bier was exposed to view. The corpse was seen lying on an altar covered with black velvet and decorated with branches of funereal cypress. Hundreds of wax lights rising in a perfect forest at various elevations were burning at the back of the altar. Whilst the mourners were contemplating this striking spectacle, they suddenly heard the beautiful chorale "*Jesus, meine Zuversicht*," intoned, seemingly by far distant voices, but which proved to be those of the choir of a neighbouring church, concealed in a corner of the apartment. The effect was most impressive.

The coffins of the poorer classes are usually painted a bright yellow colour, and in lieu of headstones at their graves it is customary to place little china slabs in the form of an open book, on which such inscriptions as the following may be read—"*Hier ruhet in Gott mein Schwager, Johann Schultz, geboren —— gestorben ——.*" Black funereal wreaths, with the words "*Ruhe in Friede*" inscribed on them in white, may be observed lying upon most of the graves in the cemeteries around Berlin.

The announcements of deaths in the Berlin newspapers, if commonly somewhat lengthy, are not unfrequently pathetic, although now and then one comes across some which are precisely the reverse. The few selections we have made furnish examples of both categories.

"On July 24 died suddenly, without previous illness, the Prussian Captain, Knight of the Iron Cross, Herr ADOLF VON PETZOLD. A life rich in bitter disappointments, heavy trials, and cares, lies behind him. His deeply religious mind, his firm faith in the will of God, enabled him to bear many sorrows in joyful Christian resignation. The evening of his life at last seemed to smile on him, but, according to God's unsearchable counsel, he was not to enjoy it. In him died a faithful husband, a loving father, a true friend—a man without guile! May God give him His eternal peace! True friendship devotes to the departed this brief memorial."

"According to God's inscrutable Providence, after prolonged and acute sufferings, to-day, Sunday Sept. 29, at half-past 6 in the morning, our precious and dearly-loved father, KARL ALBERT ERMELER fell asleep. This is announced with the keenest grief to relations and friends in lieu of any private intimation by and in the name of the entire family."

"Suddenly, of heart disease, in the arms of her married sister, on June 24, at 6 p.m., our dearly-loved daughter, sister, and sister-in-law, BERTHA VON DER LINDE. God grant us strength to bear this heavy blow. In announcing this domestic affliction to our relatives and friends we beg from them their silent sympathy. The deeply afflicted survivors."

"According to God's eternal predestination, our only and inexpressibly beloved son, RODERICK KOLLATZ, fell gently asleep in the midst of our prayers and burning tears, at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.—KARL KOLLATZ, Oberprediger, MARIA KOLLATZ, *née* KOPPNER."

"At 9 o'clock last night, after a brief illness, our dear and never-to-be-forgotten husband and father, the Gingerbread Manufacturer, FRIEDRICH CONRAD, departed in his 55th year."

The widow and children sign the above announcement.

"I here give notice to my friends and acquaintances that I have just lost my well-beloved spouse at the moment she was giving birth to a son, for whom I am looking out for a wet-nurse, until I meet with a second wife willing to assist me in my grocery business. Signed ——."

"To-day, at 9 in the morning, God our Lord called away from his counter into a better world, the Jeweller, SEBALD MICHAEL ILLMAYER. Over him weep his widow, named below, and his two daughters, HULDA and EMMA, the marriage of the first of whom, with a large dowry, was announced not long ago in the columns of this journal; the second is still unmarried. The desolate widow, VERONICA ILLMAYER, *née* SEIZES.—N.B. The business of our shop will not be interrupted, only in three weeks' time we shall remove to No. 4, —— strasse."

A BÖRSEN TOURNAMENT.

VIII.

"BERLIN WIRD WELTSTADT."

SO recently as a decade ago the Berlinese as a rule were modest; nay, almost humble. They owned, in the most naive manner, that everything was admirable save in their own city. War arises with Austria, and Sadowa caused them to raise their heads a little. Next ensued the contest with France, and Wissembourg, Woerth, and Spicheren, Sedan and Metz set them twirling their moustaches, while the capitulation of Paris sent their noses in the air. The proclamation of the Empire with Berlin for its capital made them prouder than ever, and the signature of peace, with the five milliards, and Alsace and Lorraine, literally turned their heads.

"We have vanquished the modern Babylon," said the orators of the *bier hallen*—they got this expression from the *Kreuz Zeitung*—"Paris is at our feet like the dragon beneath the lance of St. George. She was the capital of the world; she is fallen. Berlin will take her place. The mode of Paris will become that of Berlin. We will get together here all the best Paris workmen, and as they are mostly Germans, that will not be very difficult. Bismarck won't tolerate the French language any longer in diplomacy, he will write in German, and if the French can't understand him so much the worse for them. The favourite articles of apparel and toilette requisites will in future be those of *Deutsches fabricat*. We will inundate the world with Moltke cravats, and Bismarck collars, manufactured at Berlin. The products of Paris and Vienna are condemned for the future.

We have already 800,000 inhabitants, next year we shall have 900,000, and the year after that a million. We have distanced St. Petersburg and Vienna, we shall soon pass before Constantinople, then Paris, and afterwards commence to compete with London."

While reasoning thus, the Berlinese seemed to forget how little of the character of a capital Berlin really had about it, the principal Prussian newspapers and all the more important books being published in the provinces, where not only is scientific research quite as active and the artistic movement far more intense, but even social life is almost equally animated as at Berlin. The *mot d'ordre*, however, was given, "Berlin wird Weltstadt" was in every mouth, echoed in every newspaper, and placarded over the Litfass columns. "Ich bin Berliner," soon became equivalent to the "Civis Romanus sum" of the ancients. Newspapers augmented their size, so as to be able to insert the advertisements which kept flowing in; the most insignificant shopkeeper, dazzled by the glitter of all this foreign gold, said to himself, "to me belongs a share of these five milliards," and thereupon he launched into extravagances which he had never before dreamt of. On the pretence that his corns troubled him he drove about in a droschke when he had to go only a hundred yards from his home; the subscriptions to the Zoological Gardens increased tremendously, and the best restaurants were frequented as though their charges were a mere bagatelle.

When all this was known in the Mark of Brandenburg, in Pomerania, and in Posen—poor provinces where the workman of the fields looks upon meat as gold, and upon beer as nectar—the cry of "Let us go to Berlin the *neue Weltstadt*" found a ready echo. "There," said these poor simpletons, "we shall have good lodging, fine clothes, and the best food. Instead of a few groschens a day we shall receive a bright silver thaler for merely eight hours' work." And they came in crowds to the capital. At the same time the little communal administrations intrigued in a thousand ways to rid themselves of the obnoxious elements of their population and cause them to emigrate to Berlin, which lost rather than gained by its aggrandisement, as the administration for the relief of the poor had to disburse 1,265,042 thaler during the year. Meanwhile the newspapers proudly expatiated upon the rapid increase in the population of the city.

What were the consequences of this influx of adventurers? In Berlin there are few people of really solid wealth, and instead of fresh fodder coming to the manger, it was fresh horses that arrived to eat up what fodder there was, causing the whole legion of officers, *employés*, shopkeepers, and workmen, to complain bitterly against the *Freizügigkeit* which permitted every one to come and take up his abode in the Weltstadt. The deficiency in the matter of house accommodation, which already existed prior to the war, increased at an alarming rate, and rents rose to

such fabulous amounts, that in the year following the peace, hundreds of decent Berlin families, who up to that time had paid their rents regularly, found themselves suddenly without a roof to shelter them, and were forced to camp out in the suburbs of the city, in vacant spaces, in temporary huts, stables, and the like. It was in vain that scores of building companies were created, and that the president of police promised all his assistance towards the establishment of a new quarter at Treptow. It was in vain that enthusiasts chanted the honour of Berlin being the third and then the second city of Europe—the prospect promised neither the amelioration of existing inconveniences, nor any positive benefit to people's pockets, consequently instead of the former unanimity which prevailed in favour of the title of Weltstadt, this was clung to by merely an insignificant minority.

The families of the small commercial *employés* who five years ago had lived peacefully and contented upon what the father's post brought them in, soon found that the same money was worth only one-half of what it formerly was, and themselves, as a consequence, in a position of relative misery spite of the augmentation of salaries. The inferior government officials as well as persons with small fixed incomes, and indeed, the whole of that large class among the Berlinese who are condemned to eke out existence on narrow means, suffered in an equal degree. Perhaps none felt the baneful effects of the five milliards more acutely than the teachers at colleges and higher class schools, and the general run of medical men. The former held meetings at which it was shown how inadequate their salaries were to maintain them in the position they were justified in claiming for themselves and families, while the more distinguished members of the medical profession declared that of their 700 or 800 colleagues at Berlin, scarcely 100 were able to live by the proceeds of their practice. The gross receipts of an average practice were estimated at 2,000 thaler—under 300*l.* a-year—from which one-half had to be deducted for purely professional expenses, such as a carriage, a larger and more expensive residence, &c. What remained was insufficient to maintain their families, educate their children, provide for their old age, and for those whom they might leave behind. The reports of Medical Aid Funds moreover showed that many widows and orphans of medical men, and even some of the more aged practitioners themselves were receiving annual or occasional assistance, ranging in amount from 35 to 100 thaler.

The working classes by means of strikes, or threatened strikes, succeeded in obtaining several extra groschen per day, and in certain instances their earnings not only equalled, but even exceeded those of many *employés*. At this epoch one of the satirical journals pictured the latter as complaining that whereas the working classes were sending their sons to colleges, and their daughters to boarding schools, they were obliged to put their

own sons to trade, and their daughters to domestic service. The working classes, however, were not destined to enjoy for long the special advantages they were believed to have acquired. Soon the augmented prices of food and of lodgings, and more particularly the latter, at Berlin, absorbed the increase in their wages, and left them no better off than they had been before.

One natural consequence of the triumph of the German arms was the flooding of Berlin with speculative enterprizes. "Peace had scarcely been concluded when the tribe of improvised financiers began their merry mad dance round the golden calf at the Berlin Börse. The large houses opened the ball, the smaller ones followed in their steps, and masters and pupils were joined by an ever-increasing swarm of disciples and adherents, including men of all ranks and all religions. They danced from morn till eve, and went on dancing with screams and shouts for months and even years. The wild dance only came occasionally to a sudden standstill, as at the close of 1871, in the spring of 1872, and late in the autumn of the same year. Then the dancers grew pale, and suddenly trembled; they held their breath and listened, but all was quiet. The sky still looked clear, so they went on with their gyrations. When in May, 1873, the storm suddenly burst over Vienna, Berlin refused to hear the peals of thunder or to see the flashes of lightning which illumined the horizon, but still danced on. The earth, however, quaked, the dancers stumbled, and many among them rose no more.

BEFORE THE CRASH.

"The five milliards, with interest, which Prince Bismarck, assisted by Herr Gerson and Herr Bleichröder had wrung from MM. Thiers and Favre, had been at once looked upon by the Börse as its own, from a settled conviction that this fabulous sum must flow thither directly or indirectly. A mighty impetus to trade and commerce, a constant increase in the value of land was forthwith proclaimed. According to the declarations of the Börse and the political economists in alliance with it, every one, from the Emperor down to the beggar, had suddenly become rich, the national property had increased

tenfold, and in order not to allow this colossal surplus to lie unemployed, new enterprizes were started and new stocks created.

"This was accordingly done. During 1871 and 1872 about 780 joint stock companies were formed in Prussia. Rightly to appreciate this number, it should be known that between 1790 and 1870, a period of eighty years, only about 300 such companies in all had arisen. This gave an average of one every three months, whereas during 1871 and 1872 one was created every day. The majority of these 780 companies were formed in Berlin, or were connected with it, and almost all the shares were brought out on the Berlin Exchange." [1]

At this epoch frugal Berlin tradesmen, who, after long years of toiling and scraping, had laid aside a little hoard, allowed themselves to be bitten by the mania for speculation so carefully fostered by the band of "promoters" who had flocked to Berlin in the rear of the victorious legions of the Emperor. Allured by the specious promises of these Teutonic Captain Hawkesleys, and eager to plunge their hands into "the golden stream flowing from vanquished Gaul," they abandoned their counters for the environs of the Börse, and while absorbed in the share list of bogus stocks utterly lost sight of the prices current of more legitimate commodities, with results, as a rule, only too disastrous. The government and municipal *employés* could not strike like the artisan, neither dared they emulate the recklessness of the trader. The places of such few as ventured to dabble in speculative enterprizes soon "knew them no more," while their more cautious brethren dragged on their habitual cheeseparing existences, full of constant shifts and ceaseless privations.

"Victory," remarked the celebrated novelist Gustav Freytag, "has given birth to many evils; the honour, the loyalty of the capital are suffering terribly. Every one is infected with this senseless passion of gain—this thirst of gold; all are intoxicated with it. Princes, courtiers, generals, high functionaries, alike indulge in the unbridled game; all seek to win the confidence of petty capitalists; all take advantage of their position to make a speedy fortune. It spreads like wild-fire and renders one despondent. The sight of so much corruption makes one doubt the future."

Yet with all this the Berlinese continued to assume a jubilant air, and when the three Emperors met together at Berlin a caricature made its appearance, representing a pair of scales, one of which containing three milliards of francs, with little M. Thiers hanging on below, was high up in the air; while the other, holding three imperial crowns, and directed by the tip of Bismarck's little finger, was close to the ground, leading one to infer that the meeting of the Emperors had been arranged with the view of counter-balancing the favourable impression produced in Europe by the success of the recent French loan.

[1] *Der Börsen-und Grünaungs schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

Cassandra-like warnings were not, however, wanting, and the *Volks Zeitung* observed, "When one notices the continual increase of prices of articles of the first necessity, one is led to ask oneself seriously, What is the benefit of the strikes and of the increase of salaries? What good have the French milliards done us? One thought that these milliards were going to lighten the taxes and bring opulence into the country; whereas it is the contrary which has happened. The dearness of everything is a consequence of the augmentation of salaries and a result of the strikes, and the milliards undoubtedly had much to do with it.

"Augmentation of salaries means augmentation of prices. When the increase of salaries only applies itself to a few special branches of industry, a greater salary may bring with it the possibility of enjoying more easily the necessities of life. But when this augmentation is general, and applies itself to every branch of labour, its natural consequence is to oblige the workman to expend more money in procuring less enjoyment. The illusion has prevailed that the prices of the products of the soil do not augment when the salaries of the town workmen increase. But inexorable experience has shown that the augmentation of salaries does not merely limit itself to the towns but unfailingly penetrates into the rural districts. If the salaries of the country labourers do not follow the progression as initiated by the towns, emigration ensues either towards the towns or beyond the seas.

"Milliards, even if they rained from heaven, would not enrich a people. If by magic each thaler changed itself into two during the night, on the morrow that which cost one groschen before would cost two. Spain experienced this in her palmy days, and it is being experienced to-day in the countries where gold-fields have been discovered. Money only conduces to easy circumstances when it is the result of labour which effectively enriches

a country. The milliards temporarily serve for speculation, but the working classes do not profit by them. As they come by degrees from France, living in Germany increases, and labour in France diminishes in cost. The want of habitations is not known in Paris as it is in Berlin. Provisions also are not so expensive there, whereas here they increase in price every day. There are certain industrial works in which we compete with France in foreign countries. If here salaries augment while they decrease in France—such is the logical consequence of the milliards—the result will be that France will triumph in the competition."

The truths of political economy notwithstanding, Germany was soon found regretting that so little as five milliards had been exacted from her ancient enemy. When, however, the inevitable financial crash came, the tone changed again, and the Berlinese felt more sure than ever that "those accursed five milliards" were the cause of all their ills. They unquestionably turned the heads of even sober people, and brought in their train, swindling, a foolish rage for wealth, credulity about values that never existed, over production, gambling on the Börse, exorbitant wages, high rents, the monstrous rise in the prices of all the necessaries of life, and finally the great "crash," the effects of which are seen in the fall to a nominal value, or total extinction, of shares quoted a little while before at extravagant premiums, the failure of large banks, the diminished attendance at the University, the number of empty houses, the stranding of numerous families on the barren shore of poverty, and, as a necessary consequence of this material destitution and its accompanying moral depression, an utter sterility in the realms of art and science.[1]

AFTER THE CRASH.

The lament was loud throughout Germany, where people thought it very hard that, just as the nation had become suddenly united and powerful, it should be called upon to make such sacrifices. "The demons of swindling," exclaimed one

[1] F. Spielhagen in the *Athenæum*, Feb. 1876.

indignant writer, "pounced upon it, and trampled it down in the midst of its victorious joy and of the general enthusiasm. The most sacred feelings of a people were played with by speculators and swindlers for their own base ends and criminal purposes." More than this, the Minister of Justice, in recommending the adoption of a projected reform of the criminal code, urged its necessity on the plea that, since the influx of the milliards, popular manners had become more brutalized, respect for the law and the authorities so much lessened, that public order could scarcely be said to exist. With the Berlinese themselves, thus dolefully lamenting the disasters born of the baneful five milliards, it is not surprising to find a Frenchman chuckling over their misfortunes in this somewhat exaggerated strain :—

"These five milliards falling into Count Bismarck's helmet, like the golden eggs laid by the goose of the fable, literally turned the Germans' heads. In Berlin it was believed that the mythological era was about to return—that the Spree, like a new Pactolus, would roll down sands of gold, and that it would only be necessary to stoop to become rich. This hallucination lasted for a year. A thousand enterprises were created: companies sprung up like mushrooms after rain; everything was turned into shares—butcheries, breweries, groceries, streets, canals, roads; houses were sold at the Börse, and in two hours changed owners five or six times.[1] A five-storeyed house fetched a million of francs. Lodgings were classed like stocks and shares, and people disputed over a garret. Building operatives made their fortunes, worked ten hours a day, tossed off champagne in beer-glasses, and drove in droschken from their work to the restaurant. Money, in the heat of concupiscence, rushed forth from all its places of concealment, darting upon the French gold in order to become fecundated by the contact, and yield a profit of 50, 60, and 80 per cent. The ground trembled at the rumbling of the gold-laden trucks bearing the seals of the Bank of France, and, opening as in the pantomimes, there arose up *bier hallen* as splendid as palaces, restaurants as grandiose as cathedrals, enchanted gardens, where the perfume of flowers and the sound of music mingled during winter in the warm and voluptuous atmosphere of vast conservatories, and during the summer in the vicinity of refreshing fountains and cascades.

"Places of recreation and pleasure were necessary for this people, who, like the Romans after the conquest of the provinces, shouted 'Panem et Circenses!' The Kaisergallerie, with its eccentric gilding, was built; and the unique Flora of Charlottenburg, with its dining-rooms for 2,000 people, and its ballroom looking on to a conservatory stocked with palms, odoriferous

[1] "The same house would pass in a single day through many a tribe of Israel, through a dozen hands or more, each making five, ten, twenty, and even fifty thousand thaler out of it."—Otto Glagau in *Der Gartenlaube*.

trees, and bowers of roses, was created. Joint stock companies fought with millions as their weapons for the possession of the feudal castles in the environs of Berlin, so as to transform them into summer *bier hallen*, with open-air theatres, lakes and boats, artificial mountains, Swiss dairies, and the like. But this vision of the *Arabian Nights* did not last a twelvemonth. The temples of pleasure and the graces are to-day in a state of bankruptcy, and the bailiffs have seized the quiver of Cupid.

"Entire Germany, 'this nation of thinkers.' as its philosophers call it, allowed itself to be duped by this deceitful mirage. The cunning ones made use of the milliards as decoys. Five and even ten companies were projected in the course of a day; directly the shares were subscribed the managers disappeared, and nothing remained but the empty safes. They escaped all control by bribing the authorities. At length matters came to such a pass that people asked themselves whether it was prudent to go to the Börse without a revolver in one's pocket. Rows occurred every moment, and speculators fought like brewers' draymen.

"The governor of the Prussian Bank stated, in a report published on the 1st of January, 1873, that the promoters of companies had gained in two years several millions of thaler, thanks to public credulity. If France paid dearly for her defeat, Germany is to-day paying cruelly for her glory. Peace is costing her more than war." [1]

The agricultural labourer, or peasant, though he too had his share of suffering through the indemnity, managed to escape the best.[2] So long as he can scrape together the few score thaler needed for transport, either by fishing them out from the proverbial stocking stowed away in one corner of his big chest, or by disposing of the bulk of his household goods, he has the world before him where to choose.

"I pay the men who lift those sacks twenty-five shillings a week, whilst I can get a clerk for fifteen," recently remarked a London wharfinger; and muscle is a marketable article all over the civilised world. Thanks to emigration agents, the most obtuse of the Emperor Wilhelm's subjects have learnt to compare their own persistent efforts to wring a scanty subsistence from

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards*, par Victor Tissot, 1875.

[2] A brief explanation may here be given of how the indemnity received from France was disposed of. Broadly speaking about four-fifths were devoted to military purposes, being either laid out in repairing the losses of the last war, or in preparing for the successes of the next. Of the remaining fifth, 143,000,000 thaler (£21,000,000) were apportioned to Prussia, to be applied by her as she thought fit; and fit she deemed it that not a penny of the amount should find its way into the pockets of the tax-payers, or be applied to purposes ordinarily defrayed out of their pockets. One-third, indeed, went to redeeming loans, thus relieving the nation from paying the interest; the other two-thirds built a good many miles of Government railway—useful, no doubt, for military purposes, but highly prejudicial to the shareholders of those private companies whose lines had formerly sufficed for the traffic.

the barren soil of their native provinces, with the comparative life of luxury enjoyed by their brethren across the Atlantic; and the returns from the ports of Hamburg, Bremen, and Stettin, for the last three years, clearly indicate the combined effects of the milliards and the conscription upon the agricultural populations of East and West Prussia, the Mecklenburgs, and Posen.

Concurrent with the influx of the milliards, there arose at Berlin an insensate crusade against everything French, set on foot by the leading newspapers. The war had revived in the Berlinese many bitter reminiscences which the surpassing triumph of the German legions had failed to efface. When, in 1807, Napoleon I. carried off to Paris the colossal car of victory which surmounts the Brandenburg Gate, and plundered the Berlin Museum of its finest works,[1] the feelings of the population, as they watched the departure of their artistic treasures, must have been almost as acute as those of the French, who saw their *bronze-doré* clocks and their *palissandre* pianos carted off to the Prussian frontier during the last war. The French seemed to have forgotten this little piece of pilfering on the part of their great Emperor, and the Prussians were perhaps not altogether wrong in showing that they still remembered it, especially as they contented themselves with such bagatelles as clocks and pianos, and left the public galleries and art collections untouched. But when the war was over, and France had been forced to make ample reparation, one would have thought that the Prussians would have stifled their animosity against their old enemy, and if they had felt no pity for a nation that had suffered so grievously at their hands, that they would at all events have been actuated by no ill-feeling towards it. Unfortunately, it was not so; and I doubt if it is possible for the Germans to be more hated in Paris than the French are at Berlin. The Berlinese know that a time must come when vanquished France will be strong again, and possibly still eager for revenge; and the opinion that she has not been rendered sufficiently powerless, troubles peace-loving shopkeepers as well as bellicose generals.

One reason why the Germans hate the French is that, not being a witty people themselves, they cannot tolerate French ridicule. They are also particularly sensitive at being styled barbarians, and spoken of as ill-mannered and uncouth. The silly yet contemptuous manner in which the French spoke of every German who had lived in France before the war broke out, as an *espion*, touched them, moreover, to the quick. One is

[1] In the recently published *Recollections of the Countess von Voss*, we find her writing under the date of the 11th of November, 1807, "I received the catalogue of all that the French have either despatched officially from Berlin to Paris or simply stolen, as well from the Royal Palaces as from Potsdam, mostly statues, pictures, china, vases, valuables, and works of art of every description. The list is incredible."

here reminded of what befel a well-known German painter of military subjects who had studied in France prior to the war, residing for upwards of three years in Paris and Versailles engaged in copying the works of Horace Vernet. When the war broke out he followed the Prussian army with the view of making sketches for several pictures which the king had commissioned him to paint, and while at Versailles called upon different people he had formerly been on terms of intimacy with. He was received everywhere with marked coldness, which led him to suspect that he was regarded as one of "Bismarck's spies." Nevertheless, chancing to meet one of the attendants in the picture-gallery of the palace, to whom he was very well known, he invited him to drink a bottle of wine. The old man was nothing loth. "Ah!" thought the delighted painter, "here at least is one who does not turn his back upon me." They repaired to the painter's room; the bottle was uncorked; the glasses were filled, and the usual compliments exchanged. As the old adage has it, "When wine sinks, words swim," and while sipping his last glass the old man gravely shook his head, remarking, "Well, it's over now, *mais c'est tout de même un bien vilain métier que vous avez fait là, Monsieur.*"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished painter, as his belief in having found one old acquaintance who did not look upon him as a spy was suddenly dispelled. "Ah!" replied the other, again wagging his head, "you were always with the officers in garrison here, and it was not without an object, you know. True, it's all over now, *mais c'est néanmoins un bien vilain métier!*"

Before the war the Berlinese went into ecstasies over everything that came from foreign countries, and condemned, as bad or worthless, whatever was made at home. All the artificial flowers, perfumery, cravats, collars, bonnets, and mantles, made in the city, only found purchasers by the vendors telling falsehoods concerning their origin. The best-loved *fiancé* would have risked his future happiness had he dared to suspect that his betrothed's toilettes did not come direct from Paris, or at least from Brussels or Vienna. It was very different after the war, for when the troops re-entered Berlin the committee of management unanimously resolved that the young girls charged with presenting wreaths to the Emperor and princes should not be attired *à la Française*, but in strict German fashion, whereupon much perplexity ensued, and it was finally decided that the only way to secure them a really German appearance was for them to wear long flowing flaxen tresses in the style of Goethe's Gretchen.

Subsequently the Berlinese insisted upon French influence being no longer allowed to assert itself in literature and the drama, in drawing-rooms and kitchens, in apparel and cosmetics. This proposed breaking off entirely with France, and dispensing with all the results of French culture and industry, was not a

mere idle caprice, still the Berlinese had scarcely estimated how deeply rooted French fashions and ideas had become among them. A precisely similar movement had been started in 1814 after the war of Liberation, but only to die out in the peace that followed, possibly from want of any power at that epoch which could keep Germany in combined action. In the present instance the warfare against everything French was equally bitter, if not as active, as in the days of Lessing. It was not for long, however, that the latest Parisian mode found no favour in the eyes of Berlin belles, and that they employed native *couturières*, who draped them in robes of Spartan simplicity; that chignons became as rare as they had formerly been common, and that German labels and inscriptions usurped the place of French ones. Before the war there were only 200 French workmen in Berlin, now there are estimated to be 2400, the wages of whom range from two-and-a-half to five thaler a day. The larger number are masons, sculptors, upholsterers, and designers, to whom may be added at least a hundred French cooks. The Prince von Pless, a rich Silesian landowner, has recently been building in the Wilhelms-strasse, a palace after the designs of M. Detailleur of Paris. In the construction of this edifice, not only have French workmen been employed, but most of the materials have been forwarded from France. The journals acknowledge that the local architects know next to nothing of the ornate Louis Quinze style, which is utterly ignored in their manuals, and admit that Berlin artisans, accustomed for fifty years to the bald style of decoration known as Berlin Greek, are incapable of working in the highly florid style which the Second Empire restored in France.

Before the war, French language used to be spoken in the best Berlin society almost as freely as German itself; but although the officers of the Guard, who reign over the *salons* of Berlin, returned from the campaign with increased fluency in the *langage par excellence de la conversation*—of itself a source of constant temptation—scarcely a word of French was heard at either evening party or military mess. Waiters, too, no longer presumed to air their French when addressed by a foreigner in imperfect German; and in certain Berlin clubs and drawing-rooms it was the established rule to impose a small fine on any one using a French word in the course of conversation.

These puerile attempts at suppressing the innumerable French expressions which had crept into and been incorporated with the German language proved far from successful. Three centuries and a half ago Avelinus had complained of the evil, Stevin followed in his footsteps, and Grimm and Radloff thundered in vain against the abuse. Recently a learned philologist[1] renewed their protest; but while bitterly criticising the writers and

[1] Dr. Zung in his *Deutsche briefe.*

journalists who made use of what he termed so many barbarisms, he was guilty of the very backslidings which he was censuring, proving this habit of having recourse to French words to be far too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. A Frenchman on arriving by railway at Berlin will be asked for his *billet;* at the hotel an individual in a cap with a gold band will announce himself as the *portier.* Advertisements in the papers will apprise him where he can live *en pension;* outside many lodging-houses he will notice the inscription *Maison Meublée,* while the better-class dining-places will style themselves *restaurants,* and certain beer-rooms, where coffee is never by any chance seen, will call themselves *cafés.* If he visits the opera he can apply for a *billet de parquet,* and it is at once given to him. If he asks for a *loge,* a *parterre,* or a *balcon,* he will be equally well understood; and has merely to pronounce the word *programme* to have one handed to him. Over the shops he will find *Marchand tailleur, Magasin de modes,* &c., or such hybrid phrases as *Rasir, frisir, und haarschneide cabinet* inscribed, while *soieries de Lyon* and *nouveautés de Paris,* and similar announcements, stare him in the face in many of the windows. In the papers he will read of *ein arrondirtes, separirtes, und isolirtes, Gut, zum reguliren,* for sale, and that So-and-So *recommandirt sein renommirtes und assortirtes Lager, er garantirt seine marchandise.* Furniture-dealers vaunt their *mobiliär* and *meublements.* The newspapers announce the price of an *abonnement,* a journalist advertises for the post of *redacteur,* and photographers speak of their *ateliers,* and advertising agents of their *annoncen expeditions.* Theatrical programmes and the *cartes* of the better-class restaurants are generally half in French, while the *menus* of private dinners are entirely so—not such French perhaps as a Parisian would recognize, but good enough to establish the rule. At regular intervals the journals opened a vigorous campaign against the admixture of French in the programmes, but without much success.

The extent to which the French language has been laid under contribution for military purposes is certainly considerable; still we ourselves appear to be indebted to it in an equal degree. The Prussian recruit is sent to the *caserne,* where he learns that he has become a *militair;* his *uniform* is given him; as a *rekrut* he learns to *exerciren;* if tall and well built he will probably be admitted to the *cavallerie* as a *kürassier,* and enter into a regiment of such a *numero* or into an *escadron* of the *garde-corps.* If, on the other hand, he becomes an *infanterist,* he may be a *grenadier,* or be *incorporirt* into a *bataillon* of *fusiliers;* or, failing his admission into either of these divisions, he will be placed in the *artillerie.*

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

From the Illustrated London News.

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UNTER DEN LINDEN, FROM THE PARISER-PLATZ.

IX.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

TWO striking features of Berlin—more characteristic of the city than the Schloss, the museums, the military monuments, the Spree, the vast barracks, or the equally vast beer-gardens—are Unter den Linden and the Thiergarten, the favourite promenades, *intra* and *extra muros*, of the Berlinese. Berlin, without Unter den Linden and the Thiergarten, would be like Paris without its Boulevards and its Bois de Boulogne, Vienna without its Ring and its Prater, London without its Regent-street and its Parks. It is of these twin attractions that we shall now, therefore, speak, and first of Unter den Linden, the Prussian *via triumphalis*, where the national history may be said to be written in bronze, stone, and—stucco.

Unter den Linden is a pretty name; there is euphony even in the mere words, which suggest the title for a sentimental poem, telling of lovers meeting in the silence of evening under an avenue of branching limes; of throbbing hearts and faltering voices, soft endearments and whispered vows, broken only by the warbling of the nightingale. It is an appropriate name, too, for that slightly meretricious picture of Kaulbach's—engravings of which are in all the Berlin printsellers' windows—representing a bouncing young shepherdess, in a trifle too obvious *déshabille*, listening with rapture to the impassioned declarations of a gay and daring troubadour beneath the shade of overhanging lime-trees. Her hat, which, like her hair, is wreathed with roses, has fallen on the ground, and lies beside her crook among the blue-bells, daisies, and forget-me-nots, while her strayed flock stand bleating in the distance. She herself reclines unresistingly in

the minstrel's arms; her hand, which a moment ago repulsed the advances of the too impetuous youth, for whom the battle is almost won, now reposes languidly on his shoulder, as gazing into the limpid stream running at their feet she seems to lend a willing ear to his persuasive pleadings.

Unter den Linden, however, applied to the principal street in Berlin, is slightly inappropriate, for one might almost ask where are the lime-trees? One looks up and down that broad thoroughfare—which the Berlinese foolishly compare to the Champs Elysées and boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Milan, and the Prado of Madrid—for the wide-spreading foliage, which one is apt to associate with the lime, and all that one perceives are rows of sickly-looking trees shedding their withered leaves as they sway backwards and forwards in the autumn breeze. Lime-trees are there, it is true, but either so languishing or else so small, and so mixed up with stunted chestnut and maple-trees, that it is somewhat difficult to distinguish one from the other. The fact is, there is scarcely a tree among them that has seen threescore summers, and yet the Berlinese cheat themselves into believing that Unter den Linden is the finest thoroughfare in Europe.[1]

To obtain an idea of Unter den Linden, imagine, first of all, a thoroughfare as broad as Portland-place. Trace out in the centre a wide promenade enclosed by merely a single iron rail placed about a yard from the ground; border it with some scraggy-looking trees; dispose along it a score or so of seats and a few little wooden houses for the sale of fruit, walking-sticks, and effervescing drinks, with several dumpy columns covered with coloured announcements of the day's and night's entertainments; arrange a ride on one side by means of a second iron rail; border this with more trees, and reserve it to equestrians,

[1] The debilitated condition of the trees in the Linden is stated to arise from their being poisoned at their roots by escapes of gas. To obviate this all newly-planted trees are inclosed within a stone wall sunk five feet below the surface of the ground. Certain Berlin *savants* say it is to other causes, and more especially the drought in summer, that the decrepit condition of the Berlin lime-trees is really to be attributed.

taking care, however, that it is only just broad enough for a couple of horsemen to ride abreast; then, on the further side, set apart a similar strip of ground for carriages, with a reasonably broad foot-pavement beyond, which bound with a palace or so, some stuccoed houses, large hotels, and second-rate shops. Imagine a street disposed in the above fashion extending for nearly a mile in a straight line, and intersected by smaller thoroughfares, with its open drains in warm weather sending forth all the foul odours which Coleridge professed to detect in Cologne. Place at one end a stately gateway in the style of the Propylæum at Athens, and some sixty feet high and two hundred feet wide; surmount it by a colossal chariot of Victory harnessed to four prancing steeds, and erect several ill-matched mansions in its vicinity. Then, at the other end, in front of the Emperor William's palace, place a handsome bronze equestrian statue of Friedrich the Great standing on a tall pedestal, ornamented with finely-designed alto-relievos, and you will have a very fair counterpart of Unter den Linden, Berlin.

To give life to the scene there should be plenty of soldiers, both on and off duty, including perhaps a squadron of the famous White Cuirassiers, also helmeted officers, scintillating with decorations, driving about in droschken, ambling aides-de-camp, and orderlies, everlastingly on the trot, and young lieutenants clattering their sabres on the pavement; for at Berlin the military element dominates every other. Add a fair number of vehicles of all kinds, not forgetting primitive country waggons and carts drawn by dogs; with women carrying baskets of cakes and fruit; newsmen with the journals of the day in boxes slung before them; nursemaids from the Spreewald, in the quaint coiffure and scarlet "unterrock" of the district, and escorted by philandering guardsmen. Amongst the more respectable pedestrians there should be an occasional ragged urchin, with a good sprinkling of greasy-coated, unwashed bängel, or Berlin roughs, who seem to pass a large portion of the day sleeping upon the benches under the central avenue,

much to the disgust of the seedy loungers who will sit here meditatively for hours together, with their crossed legs incontinently exposing the dilapidated boots they are ordinarily so careful to hide.

It is through the open arcades of the Brandenburger Thor—which rises up at the western extremity of Unter den Linden, on the verge of the Thiergarten, and forms the grand approach to the Prussian capital—that all the triumphal entries into Berlin are made. At the conclusion of the late war with France, the victorious legions, which had recently passed in triumph under the noble Arc de l'Étoile, in the Champs Elysées, marched into Berlin by the Brandenburg Gate, acclaimed by an enthusiastic population. And when the first Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, made his entry into the city as a conqueror, he likewise passed through this gateway under the famous colossal group of Victory—the laboured work of a common Berlin coppersmith, after the sculptor Schadow's model—which a few months later was on its way to Paris to swell the art-spoils of Europe there accumulated. Seven years afterwards it was brought back in triumph, and restored to its appropriate pedestal to again survey the broad Linden perspective. The architect of the Brandenburg Gate is said to have borrowed the idea of it from the Propylæum, the entrance to the Acropolis. If so, he certainly took great liberties with his model, for his Doric columns are neither of classical proportions nor artistically treated. Besides being too tall, they rest on bases, and are fluted in the Ionic instead of the Doric style. The bas-reliefs ornamenting the sides of the structure, and referring to the military achievements of Friedrich the Great, are a sad jumble of the historical and the mythical.

The wide Pariser-platz, immediately facing the Brandenburger Thor, with its guard-house on the one hand, and a crowd of ramshackle droschken standing at hire on the other, is bounded on its two sides by some incongruous mansions and so-called palaces, of no architectural merit, excepting one recently erected by Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt, on the site of the historic edifice presented by the city of Berlin to his illustrious ancestor, who arrived so opportunely at Waterloo. At this end of the Linden is the School of Artillery and Engineers, with a couple of the Ministries, the remainder being installed in, or adjacent to, Wilhelms-strasse—the Parliament and Downing-street of Berlin—which intersects the lime-tree avenue at this point, and forms the official quarter of the city. Higher up the Linden, on the southern side, is the capacious hotel of the Russian Embassy, between which and the Palace of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, the broad thoroughfare is occupied on both its sides by shops, all, with rare exceptions, more or less commonplace, hotels more or less stately, restaurants with beer-

gardens in their rear, and *conditoreien* with iron balustrades in front, penning in the out-door *habitués* of these establishments, like so many sheep.

Quite a recent and attractive feature of Unter den Linden is the handsome Kaiser-gallerie, standing on the southern side, and leading into Friedrichs-strasse. The Berlinese, who style it "the Passage," point admiringly to its lofty proportions and redundant ornamentation, and believe it to be without equal in Europe. Yet, as a commercial speculation, it is a lamentable failure. Well-dressed loungers are not attracted to it, simply because its shops, with the exception of those adjoining the Linden, are stocked with worthless articles. You may dine, moreover, in perfect solitude at almost any hour of the day at its grand restaurant, the entrance to which is almost on a par with that of a first-class London club-house; while, as regards its capacious Wiener *café*, scarcely more than a dozen people are usually encountered there, although it offers ample accommodation to upwards of a hundred, besides which it is commonly deserted by nine o'clock at night, at a time when the Berlin beer-houses are perhaps the most crowded.

Berlin is not a lively nor even a particularly bustling city. It altogether lacks the gay, kaleidoscopic life of a great metropolis. None of the crowd of well-dressed loungers, encountered

on the Paris boulevards or in our own Regent-street, throng its principal promenade, where, moreover, elegantly-attired women are rarely seen. As a rule, the Berlin belles seem to know as little how to dress as a large section of our own countrywomen, the same war of colour prevailing in their toilettes, which are for the most part extravagant caricatures of Paris fashions.

The broad central avenue of the Linden is almost exclusively appropriated by nursemaids and children and the "residuum" of the Berlin population, while it is easy to perceive that the few loungers along the side-walks are either foreigners or provincials. Where the straight and wearisomely lengthy Friedrichs - strasse crosses the Linden is its busiest part. Here the traffic requires mounted police to regulate it; here "droschken kutscher" loiter for fares; street-vendors of newspapers find their chief customers, "dienstmänner" in scarlet caps hang about for jobs, and Berlin shoeblacks ply their principal trade. Hereabouts, also, are the most frequented *conditoreien*, where more assignations

THE CORNER OF FRIEDRICHS-STRASSE.

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are made, more newspapers pored over, more coffee sipped, and more pastry devoured, than anywhere else in Berlin. Kranzler's, at the corner of Friedrichs-strasse, used to be the favourite rendezvous of the officers of the garrison, but of late

KRANZLER'S CORNER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

years they appear to have abandoned it to the smaller stock-jobbing fraternity.

Rauch's admirable monument to Friedrich the Great, at the eastern extremity of the Linden, dwarfs the adjacent two-storeyed palace in which the Emperor resides. The colossal equestrian statue of Friedrich in his habit as he lived—the accustomed jeering smile playing over his cunning features, and the legendary cane hanging from his right arm, stands on a bronze pedestal, which, with its base of polished granite, gives to the complete monument a total elevation of nearly forty-three feet. At the corners of the lower pedestal are equestrian statues of four of Friedrich's distinguished generals, the intervening spaces being occupied by the effigies of different military heroes of the time. The upper pedestal, on which the statue of Friedrich rests, is ornamented by four sitting figures, symbolical of Wisdom, Justice, Strength, and Moderation, and by bas-reliefs, representing, allegorically, certain incidents in the life of the soldier-king. The monument may be said to illustrate an important chapter in Prussian history, with no actor of that stirring epoch

absent from it. The sculptor, too, understanding how to reconcile historic truth with ideal beauty, has successfully overcome the difficulty presented by an undignified style of costume, and produced a work of which Berlin may well be proud.

The palace of the Kaiser—over which the handsome imperial standard floats, and sculptured eagles hover with outspread wings—might pass for a respectable club-house, or, were it a few storeys higher, for a modern grand hotel. Unimposing though it be, it has, in the eyes of the Berlinese, the especial merit of having been constructed entirely of materials of home production, and decorated exclusively by native artists.

Twice a day, while the Emperor is at Berlin, an interesting scene is enacted in front of his palace, where the standards of the various regiments quartered in the capital are for the time being

deposited. Soon after dawn in summer, and before that unseasonable hour in winter, when half the residents on the Linden are between the conventional pair of feather-beds, early risers will assemble before the palace and await the arrival of the detachment which—with uniforms and accoutrements alike without a speck, and accompanied by a band playing martial airs—comes to fetch away the standards for the morning manœuvres outside the city. The exercises over the colours are brought back again—the detachment this time being smothered with dust, or drenched with rain and splashed with mud—when the band forming in front of the palace, strikes up some lively march, and a general salute is given at the moment the standards are deposited in ceremonious fashion in their customary resting-place.

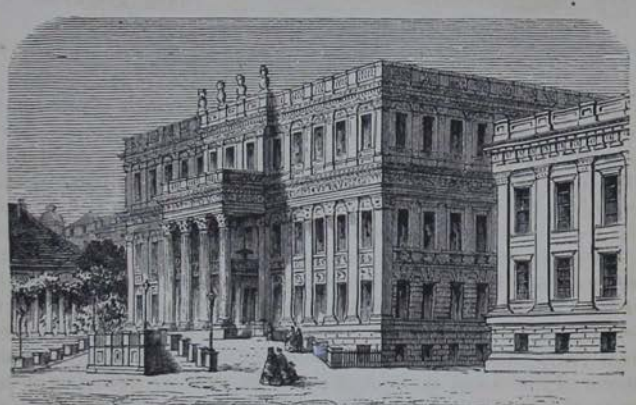
THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AND ROYAL LIBRARY.

The rococo façade of the Royal Library which abuts on the Emperor's palace at the eastern end is jocularly said to be the reproduction of an 18th century commode, which Friedrich the Great had chosen to serve as a model to the architect. Stored within the building is a large collection of rare works, together with an extensive and interesting assemblage of old music. The former comprises an 8th century MS. of the four evangelists, presented by Charlemagne to Duke Wittekind of Saxony, a portion of Luther's translation of the Bible written by himself, and more or less covered with his corrections, also both Guttenberg's and Faust's Bibles and other rare early printed books. Spread out in front of the Library is a small garden plot across which a glance is obtained of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Hedwig, while on the opposite side of the parterre and facing the Royal Library is the Berlin Opera-house, a vast and somewhat elegant structure, an adaptation on the part of Fried-

rich the Great's favourite architect, Knobelsdorf, of the Pantheon at Athens. Damaged greatly by fire a century after its erection, when the edifice was restored, the external walls were all preserved. Its principal front looks on to the broad Opernplatz, where Unter den Linden terminates — its five straight roads, fringed with sickly-looking trees, here merging into a single broad thoroughfare, whence a complete view can be obtained of the numerous neighbouring public buildings without elevating one's nose unduly in the air.

STATUE OF MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

Perched upon tall pedestals in the open space eastward of the Opera-house are bronze statues of three notable Prussian generals—York, Blücher, and Gneisenau—relieved by a rich back-ground of foliage. Beyond rises the so-called Prinzessinnen Palace linked by an archway to the more ornate edifice—surmounted by statues and balustrades, and enriched with sculptured friezes and military trophies—in



PALACE OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

which the Prince and Princess Imperial reside. Prior to its partial reconstruction in 1858, it had been the residence of the

father of the present Emperor, and also of Friedrich the Great, antecedent to his mounting the throne. It had been entirely refitted up for the latter on the occasion of his marriage; the Governor of Berlin who then occupied it—old Field-marshal Wartensleben, grandfather of the Prince's friend, Katte, beheaded for complicity in his famous attempt to escape—being bundled out to make room for the Crown Prince and his bride.

Facing the Palace of the Emperor is the Academy of Arts and Sciences, a building with no pretensions to architectural beauty, having been originally designed for the Electoral stables, but the clock of which enjoys the honour of regulating Berlin time.

THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Allusion has been already made to the origin of that promising Academy of Sciences founded at the instigation of the Electress Sophia, and which at the present day holds its meetings within the walls of this edifice. Under the utilitarian reign of Friedrich Wilhelm I., it had sunk so low as to submit to have the drunken butt of the King's tobacco parliament imposed upon it for a president, and have proposed to it by the King himself as a proper subject for discussion, "Why champagne foamed?" The academicians, more witty than the King, replied that they needed the requisite material to experiment with, but his parsimonious majesty sent them merely a dozen bottles. In subsequent years the Berlin Academy caused some noise in the world *àpropos* of the law of thrift doctrine of its then perpetual president, the mathematician, Maupertius, and the ridicule with which this was assailed by Voltaire in the famous *Diatribe du Docteur Akakia*—a satire heartily laughed over in private by Friedrich the Great, although it drew from him the simulated indignant

observation that if Voltaire's "works deserved statues his conduct deserved chains," and which, as already mentioned, was burnt by his orders by the Berlin hangman.

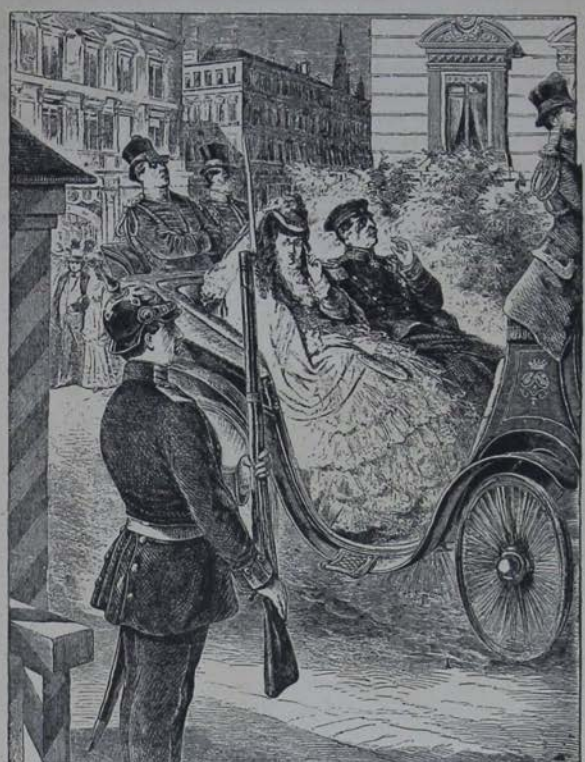
Adjoining the Academy of Arts and Sciences is the more imposing-looking University, formerly the Palace of Prince Heinrich, brother of Friedrich the Great. The centre of the edifice is thrown back some distance from the Linden, the quadrangular space in front being disposed in floral parterres. Eastward of the University is the so-called König's Wache, designed by Schinkel, an enthusiast in the cause of antique art, and much admired by the Berlinese, who see no anachronism in soldiers in loose pantaloons and spiked helmets mounting guard with needle guns before so severely classical an edifice.

Rauch's admirable statues of the brave Bülow von Dennowitz, and Scharnhorst the Hanoverian, who organised the Prussian army under Friedrich Wilhelm III., flank the guard-house, which

is almost surrounded by a grove of chestnut trees, between the trunks of which peep some ancient cannon of large calibre, captured from the French. Here at eleven o'clock daily, when the guard is paraded, connoisseurs of the street, loungers on the Linden, and nurses with their charges, assemble to listen to music admirably executed by the band of the regiment on duty. Occasionally in front of the guard-house a crowd of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, of all ranks and in all uniforms, will be passing rapidly to-and-fro as on the eve of a battle. Among these picturesque groups the eye will perhaps light upon

some white-moustached old general, his breast covered with decorations, who, enveloped in a cloak lined with scarlet and with his hand resting on his sabre, listens grave and attentively to the report of a booted, spurred, and helmeted lieutenant, resplendent as a sun.

At all times the sentinel on duty at this post has to be



constantly on the *qui vive* to avoid neglecting to "spot" the numerous officers passing backwards and forwards on foot and in closed and open droschken. When they chance to be of the higher grade, preparations to salute them have to be made the instant they appear in sight. Pass the guard-house at any moment and the sentinel will certainly be found saluting some captain or calling out the guard to render due honour to some moustached old general for whom you look in vain, till by the aid of your eye-glass you detect him almost a hundred yards off. It is

always interesting to see the first salute given, when the movements of the men are made with all the precision of mechanism, so perfect is the drill.

Beyond the guard-house and facing the palace of the Prince Imperial is the Royal Armoury, a huge square massive-looking building which Berlin art connoisseurs pronounce to be an architectural *chef d'œuvre*, and the handsomest edifice of which the capital can boast. The credit of the original design belongs to Nering, a Dutch architect, long settled at Berlin, whither he was tempted by the Great Elector. Nering dying soon after the building had been commenced, other architects in succession were entrusted with the work, the completion of which was ultimately confided to De Bodt, who became famous in after-life as the architect of the Dresden Japanese Palace. De Bodt was a French Protestant *émigré*, who had met with a favourable reception in Holland, and had accompanied the Prince of Orange to England. Subsequently he entered the service of Prussia in the somewhat dissimilar capacities of military captain and court architect.

THE ROYAL ARMOURY AND GUARD-HOUSE.

The many important changes which De Bodt made in Nering's plans entitle him to be regarded as the architect of the Armoury, which bears some trifling resemblance to our Somerset House, excepting that it is overlaid with military groups and trophies which crowd as well as crown the roof. Above the principal entrance, which is flanked by four indifferent allegorical statues by another Frenchman, named Hulot, is a vigorous gilt bronze medallion by the same sculptor, of Friedrich I., with a fulsome Latin inscription setting forth that this "terror to his enemies and protector of his subjects and allies, built the present Armoury and stored it with ammunition, war trophies, and booty of all kinds, in the year 1706." Ornamenting the pediment and surmounting the balustrade are some spirited groups by Schlüter of the old familiar allegorical type, one representing Mars reposing in the midst of prisoners and war trophies, another showing him

surrounded by fettered slaves and preparing to rush into battle, while Minerva encompassed by arms and warriors exhorts him to moderation. Surmounting the windows of the lower storey are richly-carved helmets, the details of which certainly display remarkable fertility of invention, and the successful effect of which seems to have led to this style of decoration, so consonant with Prussian military tastes, being applied to many other Berlin edifices, notably the Palace of the Prince Imperial, the Cadettenhaus, the General Staff Office, &c. No attempt, however, has been made to reproduce the far more interesting "Schlüter'sche Masken" sculptured above the windows looking on to the inner court of the building, and scarcely inferior to anything of their kind within the range of ancient and modern art. They are twenty-one in number, and consist of the heads of dying warriors, alike youthful and aged, who are seized with all the pangs and convulsions, the faintness and resignation of death. Schlüter, in giving the expression of mental suffering to bodily anguish, judiciously imparted dignity alike to the terrible and the affecting. A Berlin critic remarks that while the sculptured groups which surmount the outside of the edifice deal with the so-called glories of war, the bas-reliefs within reveal to us something of the anguish and the suffering which are inseparable from battles and military triumphs.

Standing with one's back to the Linden at the foot of the broad Schloss-brücke—spanning a narrow arm of the Spree, and connecting the wide "platz" in front of the Armoury with the Lustgarten—one takes in the finest *coup d'œil* of which Berlin can boast. The eight classical marble groups symbolical of the life of a hero—it is always deeds of arms that Berlin sculpture seeks to glorify—which line the bridge on its two sides are seen disposed in graceful perspective, while beyond on the right hand there rises up the imposing façade of the old Schloss, dominated at one end by the distant tower of the Rath-haus, and at the other by an imposing dome, and picturesquely varied by long lines of windows, gilded balconies, sculptured gateways, garden

terraces, colossal bronze horse-tamers, and a great golden eagle with expanded wings, posed on the summit of a marble column. In front of the Schloss the Lustgarten—the former drill-ground of Friedrich Wilhelm's gigantic guards—spreads itself out, the

centre part disposed in formal parterres around a fountain, which throws up fantastic spiral jets of water. Close by stands the

THE SCHLOSS-BRÜCKE.

colossal equestrian statue of Friedrich Wilhelm III., the pedestal encompassed by a singular jumble of mythical and allegorical figures representing Borussia brandishing a drawn sword, Father Rhine with his conventional urn and vine branch, Frau Memel, with wheatsheaf and ploughshare, Justice, holding her traditional sceptre, Science, clasping a globe and a book, while Genius, personified by a winged boy, lights him with the torch of truth. Another group symbolizes the union of Art with Handicraft, and finally Religion is shown covering a chalice with an olive branch, to signify, we are told, what we certainly should not have

MONUMENT TO FRIEDRICH WILHELM III.

otherwise have divined, namely the union of the Prussian evangelical churches.

Bounding the so-called Lustgarten on the opposite side and *vis-à-vis* the Schloss is the Museum, surmounted by colossal groups of the horse-taming Dioscuri. Its Ionic portico, which is supported by eighteen columns, surmounted by as many eagles, and decorated with over-glowing frescoes from the pencil of Cornelius, is approached up a vast flight of steps in front of which stands a Cyclopean polished granite basin. Flanking it are the familiar groups in bronze of the Amazon on horseback defending herself

against a tiger, and a mounted warrior engaged in combat with a lion—the one by Kiss, the other by Wolff. The drawback to the *tout ensemble* is the Cathedral standing at the eastern extremity of the Lustgarten and facing the Schloss-brücke, and which, spite of its portico with its triad of colossal angels, its twin towers and prominent dome, is about the baldest-looking and least interesting cathedral church ever met with in a large continental city.

IN THE THIERGARTEN.

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"BASKING IN THE SHINE."

X.

THE THIERGARTEN.

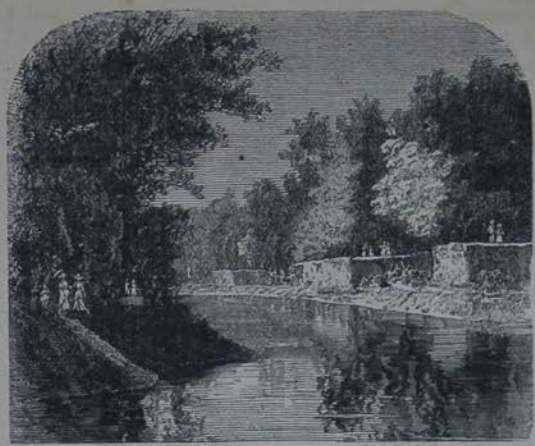
THE artistic attractions of the "Athens of the Spree" compensate in a measure for its acknowledged deficiencies on the score of natural beauty—deficiencies which none are more conscious of than the Berlinese themselves. With the exception of the Thiergarten, which is the Berliner's Eden, all the immediate environs of the city are tame and commonplace in character. The Thiergarten, on the contrary, with the inconvenient drawback that in summer the trees are grey with dust, and only the sluggish meandering waters intersecting it are green, is really a charming spot. If it cannot boast of foliage equally venerable as the antiquated oaks and elms of Hyde-park, it is by no means deficient in fine trees, besides which it is far more densely wooded than Kensington-gardens, and spite of the geometric avenues intersecting it, more naturally picturesque than the Bois de Boulogne. Once within its umbrageous precincts, you are walled in, as it were, by trees which bound your view on every side, and, excepting in the broader avenues, are screened alike from sun and wind, as well as almost sheltered from the rain.

The Berlin Thiergarten—situated just outside the Brandenburg Gate, and although much encroached upon of late years, still about the size of Hyde-park—is a combination of Dutch trimness in matters horticultural, with much of the studied irregularity, and far more than the natural wildness of our

English system of landscape-gardening. Unenclosed as it is on every side, and bounded by the city on the east and south, it is naturally a place of considerable resort with all classes; and although it is intersected in all directions with straight and winding footpaths and broad rectangular and radiating avenues —the inevitable termination of which, according to one who knows Berlin well, is either a beer-garden or a dancing-saloon— sombre glades, into which the sun never penetrates, and sequestered solitudes, where errant footsteps rarely stray, exist within a few minutes' walk of the Brandenburger Thor itself.

The Thiergarten takes its name from the deer and other animals which ran wild there two or three centuries ago, when it extended almost to the heart of the existing city, and formed, in fact, a hunting-ground for the Electors just outside the doors of the Schloss. It was then fenced in with the double object of keeping the game from escaping and preserving it from the poachers of the period. The first King of Prussia had the first regular roads cut through its dense thickets, and the earliest walks and pleasure-grounds formed. Since then succeeding sovereigns have contributed their mite towards rendering the Thiergarten the attractive spot it now is. Friedrich the Great especially had many alleys, basins, and flower borders, laid out under the direction of his pet architect, Knobelsdorf.

A broad roadway, immediately opposite the Brandenburg Gate, bordered by centenarian trees, and with a tramway at one side, along which cars are continually running, divides the Berlin park into two unequal parts, and conducts to Charlottenburg, by far the pleasantest suburb of Berlin, to which it forms a kind of Kew. To the left of this avenue, and no great distance down it, are the picturesque Apollo and Flora-plätze,



separated by a basin of water known as the Goldfisch-teich, and ornamented with statues, floral parterres, and clipped hedges, the whole hemmed in by shrubberies and forest-trees, and forming by no means an ill-assorted union of the careless and the precise. Outside the circular walk, which encompasses the Flora-platz, and forms a favourite promenade during the summer months, is a broad ride, bordered by fine trees, the tangled boughs of which meet overhead, and here in the morning cavaliers on prancing steeds caracole and canter to the admiring gaze of Berlin nursemaids and the terror of their youthful charges.

The Thiergarten abounds with

shady drives and rides, more or less thronged during the season by the rank and fashion of Berlin, and rendered gay by the preponderance of uniforms of the Prussian guard, which at times give to the gathering somewhat of the aspect of a military promenade. Spite, however, of the uniforms, the fours-in-hand, the handsome carriages and splendid horses, there is not the same animation as prevails in the Ride and Rotten Row. One drawback is the marked paucity of feminine equestrians. Of the few that are seen, the majority are either English or American, for riding, spite of the example set by the Crown Princess, is not an accomplishment necessary to the complete education of a well-born Berlin fräulein. A principal drawback of the Thiergarten is the absence of chairs for the motley assemblage of promenaders, both military and civil, compelling them either to keep continually on their legs, or to seek for a seat between nursemaids and vagrants—

"Dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine,"

on the crowded wooden benches.

The hours at which the Berlin beau monde takes its habitual dust-bath in the sandy drives of the Thiergarten is two o'clock in the afternoon and six o'clock in the evening when the days have sufficiently lengthened. The handsomest private vehicles are encountered in the broad Hofjäger-

allee, but invariably with a sprinkling of better-class droschken among them. The grandest Berlin ladies quit their carriages, and mingle with the very mixed company which promenades there between two and four o'clock. Even the Empress, who

"DOZING IN THE SHADE."

makes her appearance in semi-state—in a carriage drawn by four, and at times even six horses, and with outriders preceding her—will frequently alight, and, attended merely by a lady-in-waiting and a couple of footmen, pass quickly through the bowing crowd to one or other of the more retired walks with which the Thiergarten abounds. The Emperor, who drives alone,

wrapped in his traditional grey military cloak, arrives pretty punctually from three to half-past three, and, as his carriage flits rapidly by, the horsemen in the adjacent avenue rein in their caracoling steeds to render him the customary salute, while the ladies, who, in their exaggerated toilettes, resemble living fashion-plates, curtsey low to the ground, like flowers swayed by a breeze. The old Emperor has enough to do in puckering his lips into a perpetual smile, and raising his hand incessantly to his helmet.

Prince Bismarck generally rides out of the garden at the back of his house opening into the Thiergarten about two o'clock, attended by one of his secretaries or burgher adjutants. He mixes freely with the assembled company, but, being short-sighted, not unfrequently salutes ladies whom he does not know, and passes his own wife and daughter by without recognizing them. Count Moltke, who maintains his accustomed reserve and habitual thoughtful aspect even among the gay crowds that throng the Thiergarten, usually rides alone since the death of his young wife, a bold horsewoman, who was fond of accompanying him.

To the right of the main intersecting avenue, at the north-eastern verge of the Thiergarten, and no great distance from the Spree, is the broad Königs-platz, in the centre of which rises the monument commemorating the triple victories of 1864, '66, and '70, the Prussians, in their prudence or their modesty, having contented themselves by celebrating a triad of triumphs by a single trophy.

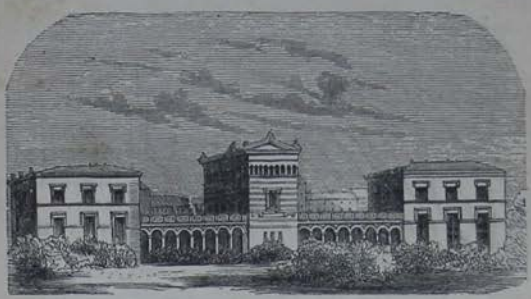
The memorial designed by Professor Strack is most pretentious but altogether unsatisfactory as a work of art. A stumpy fluted column bound round with brass, encircled with toy cannon cast out of captured artillery, dividing it into three sections, and crowned by a huge gilt bronze figure of Victory—rises from the centre of a circular colonnade of granite. This colonnade is raised upon a lofty pedestal, also of granite, ornamented at its four sides with large bas-reliefs ; the one on the eastern side—facing Berlin—referring to the Danish war, and the storming of the Düppell redoubt, while that on the north depicts the battle of Sadowa with the King embracing the Crown Prince, whose action had decided the fortune of the day. On the western side is a representation of the battle and capitulation of Sedan, with the King receiving the Emperor Napoleon's letter, the southern panel being devoted to the triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin after the capitulation of Paris. Calandrelli, Schutz, Keill and Wolff are the designers of these bas-reliefs.

The capital of the columns is encompassed by spread-eagles, and the winged figure of Victory which surmounts it is of the familiar fat and florid feminine type which constitutes the Germanic ideal of beauty. In her right hand she holds a laurel wreath above her head, and in her left a spear or sceptre. This statue modelled by Professor Drake is upwards of thirty feet in height.

The inner wall of the circular hall encompassed by the circular colonnade is being decorated with a colossal composition, representing the struggle with France for German unity, and designed by Anton von Werner. "In this gigantic picture we are presented with a figure of Germany, rising in a threatening attitude on this side of the Rhine, while on the bank a fisherman is anxiously drawing his nets. From the clouds on the other side floats a pale

figure of the Cæsars, who has in his train Pestilence, Famine, and Death. From this side rush the German youth on foot and on horseback; in front is a figure that can be no other than the bold cavalry leader Prince Friedrich Karl. In the next scene the Rhine is gone. On the battle-field, among corpses and ruins, North and South Germany shake hands in token of brotherly union, under the guise of two men on horseback, of whom one is 'our Fritz,' and the other the Bavarian General, von Hartmann. Next we are in the Palace of Versailles, indicated by two columns. The German Princes and the Paladins of the Empire, Bismarck, Moltke, &c., salute Wilhelm I. as German Emperor, Jan. 18, 1871, exactly 170 years after Friedrich I. made himself King of Prussia. Old Barbarossa wakes in his Kyffhäuser, and the ravens, which for centuries have hung round the hill, fly away."

At the north-west corner of the Königs-platz are the offices of the General Staff, and on its eastern side is the Raczinsky



RACZINSKY PALACE.

Palace, noted for its Art Gallery, comprising sculpture by Thorwaldsen and paintings by Cornelius and Kaulbach, Leopold Robert, Paul Delaroche, and other modern artists, with various works of the old masters. Facing the Raczinsky Palace is Kroll's popular establishment, a respectable kind of Cremorne, patronized by entire middle-class Berlin, and universally regarded—royalty itself having deigned to visit it—as one of the institutions of the capital. For this reason a somewhat detailed description of it may be ventured upon.

On the right-hand side of the garden-entrance rises a large and stately-looking stucco building, some four hundred feet long and upwards of a hundred feet in depth, with lofty central towers and pavilions at the extremities of its two wings. The edifice stands in a moderate-sized garden, of which the most has been cleverly made. The interior comprises covered corridors and vestibules, a spacious theatre, a so-called Roman dining saloon, and the Ritter and Korb Säle, together with what the Berlinese term a "tunnel," comprising an underground restaurant, beer-hall and billiard-room, for the accommodation of those numerous guests who find the lingering hours pass pleasantest in a cellar.

On Sundays Kroll's is the Berliner's Mecca, and on that day

is the place, of all others, to study him to advantage. The entertainments commence with a *table d'hôte* at two o'clock, to which in summer as many as a couple of thousand people will occasionally sit down in the dining-saloons and the large garden pavilion. The charge, a couple of shillings, includes admission to the grounds, which are laid out with the customary terraces, arcades, rectangular, serpentine, and sequestered walks, studded with trees and ornamented with the conventional fountains, the waters of which, trickling over mock rock-work, bathe glassy green artificial aquatic plants, or descend like dew on the gigantic metal leaves of illusory bananas. Freshly-painted plaster gods and goddesses, branching bronze candelabra, connected by festoons of coloured lamps, and flower-beds, in which the more intricate figures of Euclid may be traced, with countless chairs and tables, occupy the larger vacant spaces.

The repast concluded, a band plays at frequent intervals, and even continues its performances after the entertainments at the theatre have commenced for the amusement of those who prefer a lounge in the open air, combined, of course, with continual potations, for at no hour of the day or night does beer appear to

AT KROLL'S ESTABLISHMENT IN THE THIERGARTEN.

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come amiss to the droughty Berliner. At dusk, when the gardens are lighted up with artistically-arranged fantastic jets of gas and thousands of coloured lamps, something of the effect of a studied stage transformation scene is produced, excepting that, in lieu of houris in gossamer, it is peopled with a thirsty crowd, to do whose bidding agile *kellner*, bearing trays laden with *braten* and *kalte speisen*, and balancing half a score of glass beer mugs in either hand, apparently strive in vain. In the meanwhile the band, perched like stage brigands among a mass of counterfeit rock-work, are playing favourite airs from famous operas. The scene is generally enlivened by the presence of numerous

officers, whose varied uniforms contrast with the over-bright tints of the toilettes of the Berlin belles, and whose killing glances evidently light on sympathetic eyes, which, as a matter of course, indignantly scorn, not only the impassioned gaze of enamoured near-sighted civilians, but of the chubby-cheeked youths of the Cadetten corps as well. Mingled with the more respectable company, is a sprinkling of the *demi-monde*, who, spite of managerial efforts to chase them from their Eden with a flaming sword, contrive to parade the garden walks in their finest feathers.

The theatre is entered by a couple of spacious stone staircases, which communicate with broad corridors, having issues on both sides of the house, and admit of the crowd, divided into two streams, pouring into the auditorium from opposite directions; thereby effectually avoiding anything like confusion. The tickets to all the seats in every portion of the house are numbered, so that, instructed by the numerous attendants, everyone can be in his place in the twinkling of an eye. The theatre, instead of taking the conventional horse-shoe form, resembles a spacious hall. Near the roof, as if supporting it, are groups of capering caryatides posed in front of the white and gold-fluted pilasters, while the ceiling is studded with medallions of famous poets, composers, and artists. There are neither dress-circle, upper boxes, nor gallery, but a vast number of stalls ranged in successive tiers until they reach halfway up the hall, with what would be called the amphitheatre rising up behind them. The few proscenium boxes, with the rows of stalls nearest the stage, are occupied by the *élite* of the gathering. The auditorium thus arranged, if less elegant in appearance than when of the conventional form, enjoys the immense advantage of being beautifully cool even in the height of summer.

One found the family element largely represented in the audience, which was composed of well-to-do tradesmen, whom a life of beer-drinking had rendered inconveniently puffy, and who came accompanied by their wives and progeny; short-sighted young clerks, wearing the brightest-coloured cravats, and munching the knobs of their canes as they ogled all the fräulein within range of their spectacles; children of Judea, with an undue nasal development; young lieutenants, leering at every blonde beauty, and focussing with their opera-glasses, with military precision, each pretty actress every time she stepped upon the stage; together with betrothed young couples, gazing spoonily into each other's eyes, as if searching for the little Cupids supposed to be lurking in each pupil; and not a few couples of a riper age, whose earlier matrimonial illusions were by this time

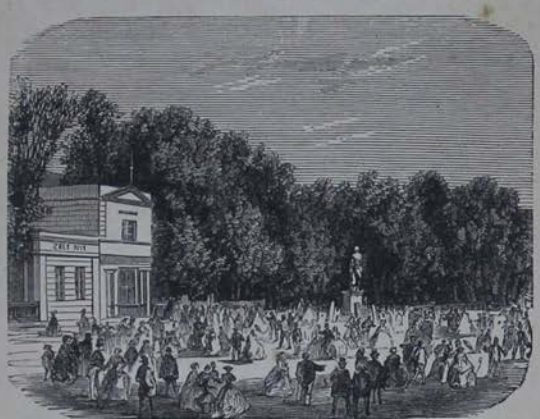
completely dispelled. These, with some over-dressed members of the Berlin *demi-monde*, and a few dashing, dandified men of pleasure, made up the audience in the midst of which we were seated.

The piece was a comic opera, with the slightest of plots; still it was well acted, and everyone of the 800 spectators seemed perfectly satisfied. A good-looking country clown is in love with a distant cousin, a charming orphan heiress living lonely by herself in the village Schloss, like another Mariana. Bashfulness, however, keeps the bumpkin from disclosing his passion, and he confines his admiration to surreptitiously sighing beneath the fair one's balcony, clandestinely nailing up her climbing rose-trees, and placing bouquets of flowers furtively upon her window-sill. While wasting his golden opportunities in such puerile pursuits, a smart blade from the capital arrives upon the scene, and the desolate heiress, although she has a sneaking regard for the good-looking lout, her relative, yet mistakes his silence for indifference, and, being in haste to be wooed and wed, accepts the new suitor without further ado.

The sheepish cousin-german is of course dreadfully cast down, and now, less than ever, can he muster up the requisite pluck to give utterance to those two or three words which even the boldest and most experienced in such matters amongst us often find a difficulty in articulating. The old landlady of the village bier-haus, however, takes pity on him, and suggests that switch to sluggish tongues, a bottle of champagne, of which exhilarating beverage the poor innocent looby had never even heard before. He tastes it, however, and finds the first glass agreeable to the palate, but nothing more. He fills again and again, and by the time he has swallowed the best part of a bottle, feels not only more desperately enamoured than ever, but burning to declare his passion. Happy fortune—which is always falling in one's way in novels and on the stage, and rarely in real life—brings his wealthy orphan cousin on the scene at this opportune moment, when he—suddenly transformed into a jaunty gallant, ready to chuck any girl under the chin that comes in his way—not merely puts the difficult question, but supplements it by a warm embrace, to the perfect dismay of his jilted rival, who of course enters from the back of the stage at this particular juncture.

The latter is of course the villain of the piece, and proves it by privately informing the orphan heiress that he has on more than one occasion seen her newly-accepted suitor not only conversing with, but positively kissing, some girl of the village. Of course this brings about a quarrel, and the handsome bumpkin hastens home, packs up his trunk, and forthwith starts on an emigration tour to America. His way necessarily lies by the Schloss, and his distant female relative, seeing him pass, of course cannot refrain from saying "Adieu" to him. In the course of the explanations which naturally follow, it comes to light that it was simply his own sister he was talking to and embracing, whereupon he is restored to favour and supremest bliss; while the treacherous villain finds his reward in being united to the young woman in question, who is blessed with a more than ordinarily loquacious tongue. The entertainment was brought to a close with the inevitable *ballet*, without which no Berlin popular theatrical performance would be considered complete, and in the course of it well-shaped feminine legs were thrown about with the most daring recklessness and an utter disregard of propriety, in accordance with the fashion in vogue at Berlin.

Westward of Kroll's, and bordering an islet of the Spree, are four famous beer establishments, looking on to a large semi-circular space, surrounded by lofty oaks, and known as the



THE ZELTE.

Kurfürsten-platz. In the days of Friedrich the Great this was the favourite rendezvous of the Berlin upper classes, more especially on Sundays and holidays, when the hautboy-players belonging to the regiments of the garrison, concealing themselves behind the trees, used to entertain the assembled company with

strains of martial music. This periodical gathering induced a Frenchman, who knew how provocative the Berlin sand is of thirst, to set up a canvas tent for the sale of liquid refreshments on the banks of the Spree. The success he met with induced other speculators to follow his example, and in time the tents gave way to more substantial structures, such as now exist, but which, although of solid bricks and mortar, still preserve their original designation of the *Zelte* (tents). To-day they appear to retain much of their ancient popularity, as no less than a dozen roads converge towards them, from all parts of the Thiergarten, for the convenience of thirsty Teuton souls, who sit here and watch the equipages of the Berlin beau monde and the millionaires of the Börse rolling past in the midst of attendant clouds of sand.

In summer the Zelte are largely frequented, though not by the aristocratic guests of yore, and on certain days open air concerts are given there. It is on Sundays, however, that their Weiss and Bayerisch beer are most in demand. Zelt No. 2 has been recently christened the Kaiser Wilhelm, and in front of it a colossal bronze bust of the German Emperor has been set up with a huge coloured glass crown suspended above it, and which lighted up at night indicates to the droughty Berliner, wandering about the Thiergarten, where he can readily quench his thirst. On the adjacent Spree there are always a few pleasure-boats for making excursions in, and in winter-time, when the river is frozen over and the skating season has commenced, people flock in thousands to the spot and the Zelte drive a lively trade.

A few minutes' walk along the banks of the Spree brings us to the seedy-looking Bellevue Palace, a two-storied yellow ochre tinted building with red-tiled roof, and having a small well-wooded park in the rear. The long rows of uniform windows are relieved by occasional pilasters and a few dilapidated statues surmount the central portion of the façade, while other statues, equally dilapidated, support some lamps on either side of the

principal entrances. In front of the building an old cannon called *Le drôle*, captured from the French at Leipzig, is posted, and points down the long Bellevue avenue of the Thiergarten.

SCHLOSS BELLEVUE.

Bellevue owes its origin to Friedrich the Great who built himself a country-house here, but finding it too damp to live in considerately presented it to his youngest brother. He in his turn converted the little villa into a so-called Schloss, added a small park to it and christened it Bellevue; not that there was any kind of view to warrant the appellation, but simply because his architect had attempted to impart to the edifice some faint resemblance to the splendid Pompadour Palace, thus named, near Meudon. Prince Augustus, son of the builder of Bellevue, and a handsome artillery officer, distinguished alike for his gallantry in the field and towards the fair sex, long resided here, and formed a remarkable gallery of portraits of beautiful and clever women he had known, foremost among whom was the celebrated Julie Recamier. He had made her acquaintance at Madame de Staël's and used all his powers of persuasion to induce the lively and gifted beauty to dissolve her marriage with her bankrupt banker husband and become his bride. She hesitated for a long time and eventually refused. Her portrait, in Grecian costume, painted for the Prince, is or used to be one of the attractions of Schloss Bellevue, in which the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg now resides.

The opposite bank of the Spree forms an important suburb of Berlin, which on account of the barrenness of its soil came to be designated by the refugee Huguenot gardeners who settled there in the reign of Friedrich I. as the land of Moab, whence its present name of Moabit. To-day, however, as if to refute the Frenchmen's dictum, Borsig, the great Berlin engineer, who has his foundries here, has laid out some extensive and magnificent gardens, which with their palm-house and conservatories deservedly rank among the sights of Berlin.

To the left of Schloss Bellevue is the Grossfürsten-platz, so-named because of a memorable *al fresco* breakfast given there

about a century ago by the brother of Friedrich the Great to the Grand Duke Paul of Russia—afterwards the mad and luckless Emperor Paul—on the occasion of his betrothal at Berlin to a princess of Würtemburg, and niece of the King of Prussia. The entertainment had a ludicrous termination, for a sudden downpour of rain completely drenched the aristocratic guests, who made their return entry into Berlin in a dreadfully draggled plight.

On the south side of the centre avenue of the Thiergarten, and beyond the Apollo- and Flora-plätze, various paths conduct to the Louisen-insel, so named after the beautiful Queen of Prussia, and whereon stands a marble altar erected to commemorate her return to Berlin. Near this spot, begirt by beds of flowers overhung by towering trees, and with its face turned towards the little island, stands a marble statue of the King her husband, whose vacillating policy entailed needless misfortunes on his subjects. On the circular pedestal are some graceful alto-relievos symbolizing, it is said, the enjoyments of the Thiergarten, and including chubby-cheeked children feeding swans and peeping into birds'-nests; an old man leaning on his stick watching a couple of little girls dancing with garlands, a squirrel just escaped from an amazed young urchin, springing up a neighbouring tree, a young mother gazing affectionately on the babe at her breast, while its elder brother clasps her round the neck. These graceful groups, which rank among the finest productions of the sculptor's chisel, are, like the statue surmounting them, the work of Professor Drake.

STATUE OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM III.

This part of the Thiergarten is the favourite resort of the Berlinese. Mammas rest here in the heat of the day with their tired offspring on the numerous benches, while the

"Ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wander nice young nursery-maids"

attended by their youthful charges, form a special point of attraction to guardsmen off duty. These obscure military heroes have all, of course, their tales to tell to the admiring Gretchens of their choice, of prodigies of bravery performed by them among the woods and vines of Wörth, and while the mitrailleuses were showering bullets and the cannon belching shells at Spicheren and Gravelotte, many of the more sympathising listeners

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING IN THE THIERGARTEN.

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"Dropping gentle tears
While their lovers bluster fierce
About gunshots and gashes!"

The path along the banks of the neighbouring sluggish stream leads to the Rousseau-insel, the sheet of water surrounding which is the resort during the skating season of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Berlin. Hereabouts many a pleasant green nook and tangled bosky dell are to be found, with the slight drawback, however, that the sluggish and stagnant waters intersecting this portion of the Thiergarten give forth their full share of noisome odours during the summer months and conduce to the unhealthy condition of the capital. Recently the Emperor contributed a considerable sum from his privy purse with the object of remedying a state of things which has long reflected on the authorities in whom the control of the Thiergarten is vested. So crying was the nuisance that the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* humorously related how a despairing lover, determined upon suicide, succeeded in "shuffling off this mortal coil," by hovering for several hours together on the banks of these mephitic watercourses.

The Berlinese of opposite sexes being equally prone to philandering among the trees, as the birds themselves, it is not surprising that the groves of the Thiergarten should be haunted by amatory couples. The latter secure every seat which those persistent communers with nature, the ragged philosophers who are found in great force at Berlin, have not appropriated, and the amount of hugging which goes on quite unconcernedly under the public gaze, even in broad daytime—guardsmen and nursemaids being as usual the chief offenders—is positively embarrassing to the phlegmatic promenader. When such things happen in the sunlight, one may imagine what goes on in the shade. At night time the Thiergarten with only a few of its main avenues lighted up, and under scarcely any kind of police supervision, is the scene of the most unrestrained

depravity. During the summer months it is the common couch of all the roofless wretches who regard house-rent as an intolerable extortion. Here they sleep for weeks and months, until indeed the police, who require even the most destitute to pay their landlords what they have not got, make what is called a "razzia," when hundreds of these outcasts are captured at a single *coup*, and marched off to the Polizei Verwahrsam, or Berlin lock-up.

The Thiergarten-

ENTRANCE TO THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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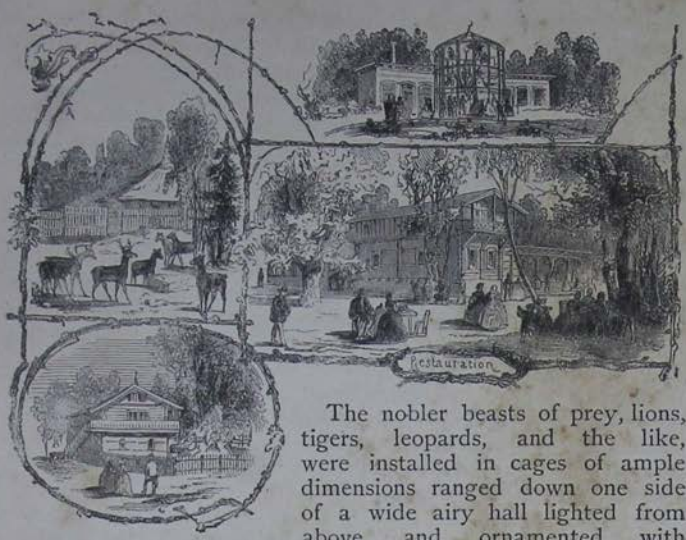
strasse, which runs parallel with the Charlottenburg Avenue, and bounds the Berlin park on the south, was formerly the high road to a number of celebrated and, to some few, once fashionable places of entertainment in whose gardens concerts used to be given during the summer months. With the exception, however, of Krug's garden, all or nearly all of them have been sacrificed to the exigencies of the city's rapid extension in this direction, and on their sites many beautiful and even magnificent villas have been erected, decorated occasionally with external frescoes, paintings on marble in encaustic, and figure subjects in mosaic, exhibiting a high order of purely domestic architecture of which neither London nor even Paris presents the counterpart, while the gardens surrounding several of these villas may be classed among the master-pieces of horticultural art.

The Thiergarten-strasse is to-day one of the fashionable drives of Berlin, and on special afternoons elegant vehicles and high-bred horses are to be seen dashing through it at their top-most speed to the adjacent Zoological Gardens, for like a wheel within a wheel, this so-called animal garden of Berlin comprises a zoological garden within its limits. The latter, covering a surface of no less than ninety acres, is at the south-western extremity of the Thiergarten, and is certainly not excelled by any similar institution in Europe, either as regards its picturesque laying out or the general perfection of its arrangements. Thirty years ago the menagerie which had been established on Peacock Island, at Potsdam, was transferred to Berlin and formed the nucleus of the present Zoological Gardens. For years, however, the institution, which offered no kind of attraction, languished, scarcely anyone visiting it. The ground was marshy, and however adapted its stagnant pools may have been to the water-fowl, they were certain death to animals from the tropics, necessarily requiring the driest of atmospheres. The beasts of prey, besides being shut up in cages without enough room for them to turn, had an insufficiency of air, light, and sunshine, while the larger birds confined under contracted wire-netting were deprived of the necessary space for freely expanding their wings.

After five-and-twenty years of disastrous failure, the management of the Berlin Zoological Gardens was entrusted to Dr. Bodimas, who had proved his capacity while at the head of a similar institution founded by him at Cologne. Under his rule a gloomy wilderness was transformed into a charming landscape varied by hills, lakes, islets, grottos, rivulets, cascades, fountains, and leafy groves. He had the dwelling-places of all the animals, furred and feathered alike, constructed upon a principle which regarded "their physical well-being and happiness, as mainly depending upon a minimum of confinement combined with a maximum of air and light."



The nobler beasts of prey, lions, tigers, leopards, and the like, were installed in cages of ample dimensions ranged down one side of a wide airy hall lighted from above, and ornamented with creeping plants suspended in baskets from the ceiling. These cages being designed for winter occupation, the building is warmed with hot air during this season of the year. Sliding iron panels divide the winter from the summer dwellings in the rear, which, enclosed with strong iron bars and roofed in with thick glass surmounted with ornamental wrought-iron crowns, are sufficiently capacious to allow the animals a good run. Here they breed freely, and what is more, successfully rear their young.

The elephant house is a gorgeous-looking building in the Hindoo style of architecture, constructed of coloured bricks and painted tiles, decorated with architectonic elephants, rhinoceroses and dragons, and surmounted by tall domes and corner towers and great golden suns. Adjacent to it are ample exercising grounds for the animals. Inside the building the massive columns, the capitals of which are ornamented with elephants' heads and tusks, as well as the roof, are elaborately decorated with colours and gold. The giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and other animals of a similar species are housed in a moresque building dominated by the orthodox minaret. Its handsome central hall with its arched glass roof forms a kind of palm-house in which all manner of tropical trees and plants are growing among artificial rocks and plashing fountains. Trailing plants cover the walls, twine up the columns, encircle the arcades, and climb to the summit of the lofty roof. In the rear of the different stalls the animals are provided with an open air run.

The bears are installed in a castellated stone structure flanked with conical-capped circular corner towers, curved bars forming the front of their dens, which are open to the air at the top, and are provided not only with pools of water and climbing poles, but simulated caves, to which bruin, when he finds the heat too oppressive, can retire. The various kinds of oxen have the run of a spacious shady court enclosed with an iron fence, supplemented by stabling in the form of log huts ; the deer, too, have their miniature park, the kangaroos their hopping grounds, the beavers their rocky grottoes, while the monkeys, who give themselves no special airs since they have come under suspicion of being related to us, as well as the wild-cats, are furnished with branching trunks of trees up which they can scramble, spring, and go through the most difficult gymnastic performances to their heart's content.

The birds of prey are provided with a large aviary, 200 feet in length, and including a central cage upwards of thirty feet high, surmounted by the Prussian spread-eagle in the same way that the poultry-house is decorated by a couple of strutting cocks and the bears' dens with sculptured heads of bears. Within this space even the bearded vultures from the Himalayas find ample room and verge enough to test the power of their pinions. Rock work with shady recesses in addition to the necessary perches has been constructed for the general accommodation, and some of the grey carrion vultures have even built their nests here—a most rare occurrence.

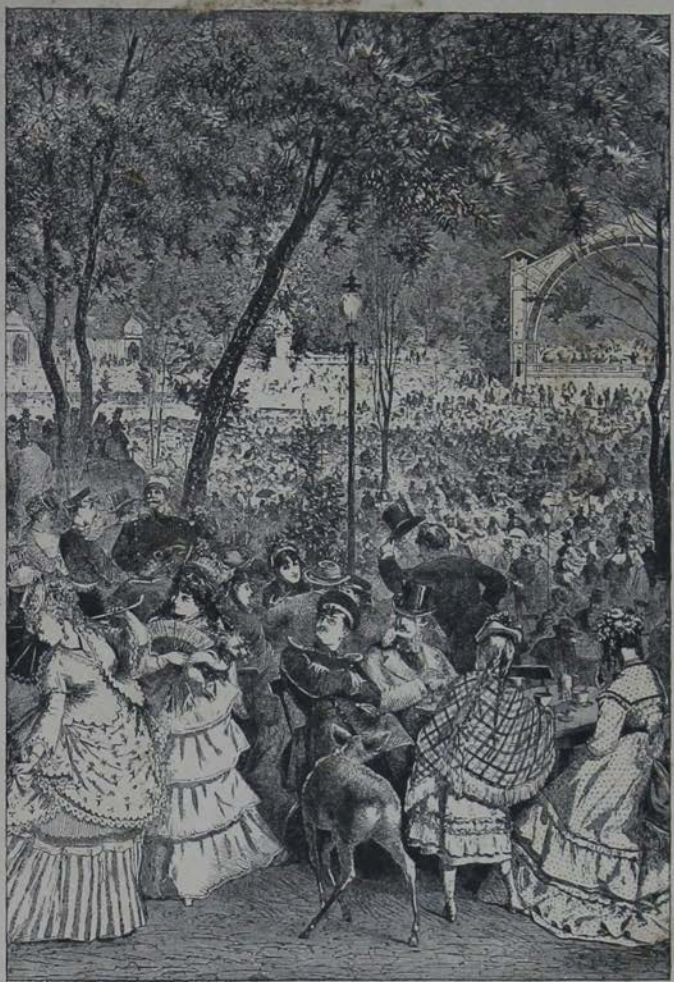
Endless varieties of quaint waterfowl find themselves perfectly at home in the adjacent lake with its islets, fountain, and cascade, the herons and other waders who cannot be trusted to strut among the smaller birds being housed in picturesque kiosks along its banks. The ostriches and cassowaries enjoy ample facilities for exercise, while the tamer kinds of fowl are permitted to wander through the grounds at their own sweet will. The glass houses for the pheasants are bordered by garden-plots laid out with turf and planted with evergreens and enclosed with wire netting. Indeed the aviaries generally are charmingly arranged with trees and rocky nooks, as well as fountains and basins for the birds to bathe in.

The Berlin Zoological Gardens now contain about 1,500 animals comprising nearly 400 different species, and including among others lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, bisons, camels, antelopes, kangaroos, ostriches, and no end of strange birds, all born and reared there.

In the neighbourhood of the lake is an orchestra where military and other bands perform; and close by is the principal promenade shaded by fine oak and birch trees. On set afternoons this is a sort of Vanity Fair, to which the *élégantes* of the capital and the *élégants* of the garrison resort, to pass one another in review. At this gathering of the *élite* of Berlin, the one thing that strikes the stranger is the variety of ethnological types, including Finns, Sclaves, Wends, Jews, and Germans, as well as evident descendants of the French emigrants who settled in Brandenburg during the seventeenth century. The Germans and the Jews predominate, the Teutonic type being represented in its perfection by officers of the heavy cavalry and of the guard—tall and well-made men with light hair and beards, fair complexions, blue eyes, straight noses, round heads, slightly oblong faces, and square shoulders. Their bearing is martial yet mild, their expression proud, and at the same time modest, and with a certain air of awkwardness which is, however, more apparent than real.

One marked feature of the Berlin Zoological Gardens is the extensive restaurant erected on a kind of terrace just above the promenade. Here during the fine weather on Sundays, when the Berlin shopkeepers, *employés* and the better class artisans, crowd the place with their wives and families, people will dine almost by tens of thousands in the open air, contemplating meanwhile the animated crowd promenading below, the little lake with its myriads of water-fowl, its miniature cascade and the tiny Turkish kiosks erected along its banks, and listening to the strains of some admirable military band.

To-day skating rinks, or as the Germans term them, *Schlittschuh Bahnen*, are temporarily the rage at Berlin the same as elsewhere. The principal of these rinks is in Kaiserin Augusta-strasse on the verge of the Thiergarten. In all essential features it is in the same style as Prince's in London, and it belongs moreover to the same proprietor. The grounds, which are tastefully planted, are furnished with the customary tables and surrounded by a high palisade which is generally decorated with flags. The company frequenting them is remarkably select, the price of admission, a mark and a half (*1s. 6d.*), being sufficient to exclude the rabble. The fashionable time to skate is from two till four o'clock in the afternoon, and on the hottest day in summer rinkers may be seen sweltering under a scorching sun and utterly disdaining the shelter afforded by the covered portion of the Bahn. A large proportion of the *habitués* are ladies, whose toilettes are often remarkably elegant. The garden is brilliantly lighted up at dusk, and



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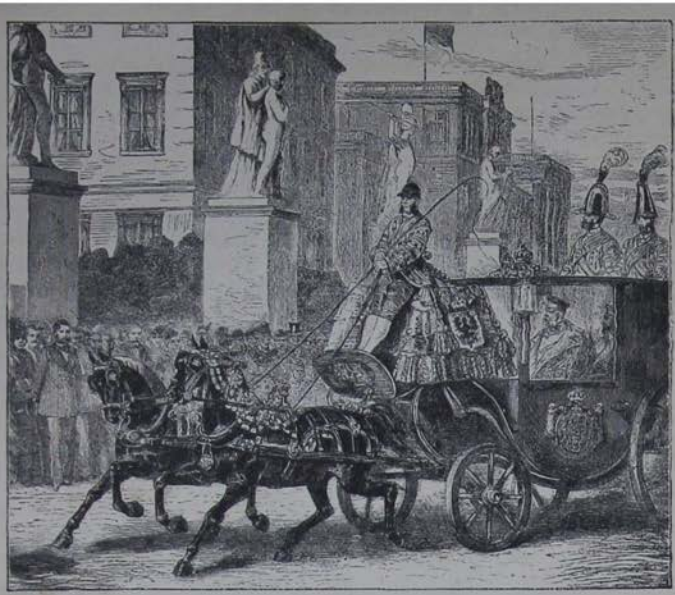
a band plays throughout the evening, when English people located at Berlin congregate there in considerable numbers. As a rule, the English make by far the best appearance on the asphalte, and the Berlinese, who regard skating rinks as English specialities and who seem to be more or less mystified by them, readily admit this. When the Schlittschuh Bahn in the Thiergarten was first opened, people used to congregate outside and peep through the palings, looking all the while as though they were thunderstruck. Although they have ceased to do this, they still regard skating in the summer as a phenomenon not to be witnessed without emotion.



XI.

BERLIN EN FÊTE. THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1872, the second anniversary of the capitulation of Sedan, saw Berlin *en fête*. The black eagle, and the black-and-white Prussian banner relieved by the slightly less sombre imperial tricolor, floated from the forest of flagstaffs that dominate the capital. At some few points was the black, red, and gold standard of the old Roman empire of Barbarossa ; at numerous others there waved the black-and-white flag of the great Friedrich, combined with the black, white, and red of the empire created by Sadowa and Sedan, and known as Bismarck's flag. Of eagles in every shape, single and double-headed with ferine beaks and truculent talons, there were legion. Regiment after regiment of soldiers defiled through the streets from an early hour. Crowds of Berlinese, with peasants from outlying villages in their Sunday best, thronged the Linden. War medals and iron crosses innumerable were seen this day on civilian breasts, not unfrequently beside empty sleeves, or in company with crutches and crippled limbs. "Grosse militärische Concerte" with a more liberal allowance than usual of *schlacht* or battle music were given throughout the afternoon and evening at suburban biergärten

and city Caecilien-säle, whilst at night-time bursts of "Die Wacht am Rhein," with other less patriotic effusions, were to be heard issuing from many a bier-local and wein-stube in the quiet side streets of the city.

The following morning preparations commenced in earnest for the reception of the Russian Czar and Austrian Kaiser, who a few days hence were to be the guests of the German Emperor. "Francis, Alexander, William, take pity on us, quick! a congress," sang Béranger, ironically, some half-century ago, and lo! history once more prepares to repeat itself, and another Francis, Alexander, and William are about to assemble; France, according to rumour, being as usual the object of the imperial gathering.

Berlin showed no great enthusiasm in the way of outward adorning. There was a partial patching up and embellishing of the dingier houses on the Linden, and limited preparations for illuminating. The Russian embassy, which the Czar was to grace with his presence, had a fresh coat of paint given to it, and attempts were made to relieve the tiresome monotony of its long façade by decorating its balconies with flowers and creeping plants, bran new sentry boxes for the guard of honour being posted at the principal entrance. Some of the large hotels went through a course of external and internal decoration which their owners could very well afford, in view of the exorbitant tariffs they had determined on, regardless as to whether their contemplated extortions might not put many of the geese laying the golden eggs to flight. Unter den Linden, especially, commenced to drape itself with many-coloured banners, representing the various nationalities resident at Berlin, which had the effect of relieving in some degree the funereal aspect of the Prussian standards. If banners were abundant along the pet promenade, sentry boxes were scarcely less so, owing to the recent influx of royal and serene highnesses, attracted to Berlin by the approaching imperial gathering, and who, as accommodation could or would not be found for them at any of the royal palaces, were reduced to put up at various hotels, and had to be mollified by the cheap compliment of a guard of honour. Gala carriages and four conducted by smart postillions and attended by chasseurs in magnificently plumed cocked hats, and gorgeous-looking flunkies in long laced coats with huge shoulder-knots, commenced to make their appearance in the streets, conveying grand-dukes and princes on visits of high ceremony.

The afternoon of Thursday, September 5, had been fixed for the arrival of the Emperor of all the Russias, and armed with a piece of pink paste-board bearing the signature of Von Madai, president of police, I made my way in a dowdy droschke to the Ostbahnhof in a distant and dirty suburb of Berlin to be present at the Czar's reception; nearly all the uniforms of the German army were encountered in the endless stream of carriages

rolling in this direction. Bright steel casques glittered in the sun, nodding plumes fluttered in the breeze, as the prancing horses dashed swiftly past, bearing the German Emperor, with a score or more of high-born guests, and all the military magnates of Berlin, across the Schloss- and Kurfürsten-brücken, and through the narrow and tortuous streets of the old town, to the place of rendezvous. In the suburbs there were crowds of working people, and noisy bands of dirty ragged urchins, with heads thrust out of all the windows, and scrambling groups scaling the house-tops, but scarcely any flags and no other attempts at decoration.

The entrance to the station was ornamented with evergreens and the standards of Russia and Prussia entwined. Inside at the edge of the platform where the train was to arrive stood the Emperor Wilhelm, hemmed in by a motley throng of princes, ministers, generals, and dignitaries of the household, with bright steel and gilt helmets, white plumes and brilliant uniforms, and half the orders in the universe scintillating on their breasts. Everyone wore the Russian uniform in compliment to the coming guest. The Emperor was gay in scarlet trousers and blue riband, the Crown Prince less conspicuous, in dark green and silver. Prince Friedrich Carl, the red hussar, wore a cossack lancer uniform of Muscovite cut and florid ornamentation, while the Grand Duke of Baden was travestied as a red-breasted uhlan, and Prince Carl as a Russian general. Altogether it was a perfect military masquerade, and the principal performers on the scene being attired in uniforms of a nationality different to their own, rendered it extremely difficult to determine who was who in this complimentary exchange of regimentals.

A line traced in white chalk on the platform indicated the precise point where the imperial carriage was to come to a halt. Here the old Emperor Wilhelm, who, spite of his lame foot, looked remarkably hearty, stationed himself. As the train approached, the guard of honour detached from the Alexander regiment, of which the Czar is colonel, presented arms ; as it passed into the station the drums beat a royal salute, and the moment it stopped the band struck up the Russian national anthem. The door of the imperial carriage was thrown open, and the Czar bounding out was caught in the Emperor Wilhelm's outspread arms. The greeting was gushingly affectionate. The German Emperor, since his blushing honours had set so thick upon him, could afford to be very gracious, and treat his dear brother of Russia with marked deference. Neither was the Czarewitch forgotten, and for several minutes there was a succession of kissings and huggings between the members of the Prussian royal family and the new arrivals. The burly, not to say bloated-looking Reichs-kanzler, whom Berlin painters

had been recently idealizing under the guise of St. George,[1] contemplated this scene with a grim sort of satisfaction from beneath the polished helmet which fell over his eyes, and afterwards proceeded to offer his congratulations to Prince Gortschakoff, between whom and the German chancellor, physically speaking, there could scarcely be a greater contrast.

The two monarchs were hemmed in by the crowd of petty German princes, grey-headed old generals, and intriguing courtiers, all eager for the slightest sign of recognition on the part of the great northern potentate. And they were not disappointed, for the Czar advanced towards one and the other in rapid succession, bowed, smiled, grasped them by the hand, and after saying a few courteous words, turned on his heel to address some of their less obtrusive companions whom his sharp eye recognised among the throng. At last the crowd of brilliant uniforms and jackboots and helmets, consented to allow the imperial brothers to issue from their midst, and the two Emperors advanced along the platform, the Czar casting gracious glances on the group of elegantly attired beauties whom they passed on their way.

Some Prussian officers now stepped forward to present the daily reports of the regiments which have the honour of calling the Czar their colonel. Military routine being thus satisfied, the Emperors, cheered by the populace, entered their carriage, the coal-black horses were touched up with the whip, and away they dashed, followed by the Czarewitch, the princes, the generals, the grand dukes, and the dignitaries, towards the royal palace, but not sufficiently quick to prevent the Berlin drains carrying their vile odours to the nostrils of the imperial visitors, who after alighting for a few minutes to pay their respects to the Empress Augusta and the princesses, drove along Unter den Linden to the Russian Embassy. Here the crowd danced attendance for hours, hoping to see a live Czar dining, smoking his cigar on the balcony, taking tea in the drawing-room, or turning in for the night. Next morning these same patient watchers were at their post of observation, as if expecting to witness the levee of an

[1] One of the most pretentious compositions suggested by the recent war with France, and which was exhibiting during the visit of the Emperors at the Berlin Königliche Akademie der Künste, was a commonplace allegory filling a vast canvas and styled "The Triumph of Germany." At the first glance, it appeared as if the artist had simply reproduced the old legend of St. George, but at the second you discovered that, instead of the chivalrous young saint whose lineaments have engaged the pencils of artists for centuries, the hero was none other than burly Fürst von Bismarck in the uniform of a Prussian cuirassier; not, however, with the familiar fat, florid face, the bald head, and all but grey moustache, but according to that more refined version of the Imperial Chancellor's countenance much affected by certain German artists—that is to say, a Chancellor with a thoughtful brow and almost ascetic aspect.

Emperor, and docile to the bidding of the martial-looking policemen as a flock of sheep to its shepherd.

The following evening the Austrian Kaiser arrived, and the trio of Emperors was complete. Francis Joseph, who came accompanied by the Crown Prince of Saxony, alighted at the new Potsdam Station in a precisely opposite direction to that at which the Czar arrived, in the most fashionable suburb and unquestionably the most inodorous quarter of Berlin. There was the same display of flags and evergreens, of military salutes, and martial music, as at the reception of the Czar, save that the Prussian and German colours were mingled with Austrian in place of Russian banners, that the guard of honour was drawn from the Kaiser Franz-Josef regiment instead of the Alexander, and that the Austrian national hymn took the place of the "Boshe Czarya Chrani," of holy Russia. As with the decorations and accessories, so with the performers, who, with special exceptions, were the same, though in a measure transformed, the German Emperor and princes with their satellites all donning the Austrian uniform in honour of the Kaiser, who returned the compliment by appearing in Prussian regimentals. The Germans suffered most from the travestie, their brawny frames appearing to signal disadvantage in the *chic* uniform so becoming to the slight and elegant Austrians, besides which there was something comical of itself in the conceit of the victors in the war of 1866, thus decking themselves out in the uniform of the vanquished.

Spite, however, of all this assumed courtesy on the part of hosts and guests, the reception can scarcely be said to have been a propitious one. Either the white chalk line on the railway platform had been forgotten, or from the length of time which had elapsed since the German Emperor had disported himself in Austrian uniform, the engine-driver failed to recognise him, for the train was run much too far into the station, causing considerable embarrassment to the chief actors in the scene. The old Emperor-King, however, regardless of his lame foot, rushed forward to try and receive his dear brother of Austria at the moment he alighted from the carriage, followed by the bedecorated crowd of princelets and dukelings, and grave old generals, and dashing young aides-de-camp in uniforms, the variety of which, to say nothing of the gorgeousness of several of them, was absolutely bewildering. The greeting was intended to be cordial, but it was evident that the principal performers were by no means at their ease. The two Emperors chased each other, as it were, about the platform owing to this false movement of the train. Franz Josef, moreover, hesitated to throw himself into the fraternal arms of his successful rival to the imperial crown, and simply proffered his hand. The incident lasted but a moment, still to those who were watching the monarchs' movements the silent scene was a

complete revelation. The German Emperor on his part seemed equally embarrassed. The Czar, luckily, was not present. Being himself a guest at Berlin, imperial etiquette forbade his making the smallest advances to meet an equal in rank.

The Austrian Kaiser, who could scarcely be expected to feel at ease on the occasion of his first visit to Berlin since the crushing defeat of Sadowa, looked grave, and as if beset with a crowd of thoughts. Presently, however, he put on a permanent smile as if with the object of impressing the couple of hundred pairs of eyes which were scrutinizing him, that the present was in truth the happiest moment of his life. Shaking hands with Fritz and the other princes, he passed, with apparent unconcern, before the impassive visage of Count Moltke, and the next moment found him greeting Prince Bismarck with effusive warmth. Recognitions of various serene highnesses and high mightinesses now ensued, followed by the presentation of the reports of the particular crack Prussian regiments of which the Kaiser or the Crown Prince of Saxony chanced to be colonels, and by eager castings about for imperial "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," on the part of the bedecorated military courtiers in attendance.

The Emperors, followed by a train of princes, dukes, counts, generals, court dignitaries, and supernumeraries, more or less pomaded, dyed, cosmetiqued, rouged, powdered and decked out in martial or official finery, entered their carriage, and without so much as a single trooper by way of escort, proceeded at a rattling pace to the old Schloss, passing down the shady avenue—whose stately trees with their wide-spreading branches offer a marked contrast to the sickly limes ranged along the Linden—known as Königgrätzer-strasse, and leading to the Brandenburg Gate, in order to enable the *cortége* to enter Unter den Linden by this favourite approach. The Berlinese condemned this selection of a thoroughfare, the name of which recorded a recent Austrian defeat when the almost equally convenient Leipziger-strasse, which commemorates a signal triumph of the combined German arms, might have been chosen. The incident was the more inexplicable as all the paintings referring to the war of 1866 had been scrupulously removed from the various royal palaces. Spite of a certain show of politeness towards their new guest, the Berlinese still regarded him as a slightly insignificant personage in comparison with the high and mighty austere Russian Czar, before whom they seemed almost disposed to prostrate themselves, while holding their noses high enough in air in presence of the over-gracious Austrian Kaiser.

Franz Josef as he crossed the broad Pariser-platz could scarcely have failed to notice that one large mansion had all its shutters strictly closed, and no flag floating over its roof. This was the residence of the ambassador of France, who certainly had no reasons for rejoicing over this imperial gathering. Arrived at

the vast old Schloss, the retreat of the mysterious white lady whose apparition signals the approaching death of some member of the royal house of Brandenburg, the Kaiser was conducted to the apartments formerly occupied by Napoleon I., and after an hour or two's repose was entertained at a somewhat expansive family supper of eight-and-forty covers.

Early on the morning of the 7th of September, all Berlin was astir making hasty preparations to witness the various sights that were to follow each other in rapid succession throughout the day. First an imposing spectacle was to be presented to the Russian and Austrian Kaiser of the military power of their host, and from seven o'clock the streets were crowded with carriages. An hour afterwards everyone was upon the wing scudding through clouds of sand to Tempelhof—thus named after an ancient establishment of knight templars—in the southern environs of the city, and a favourite place of Sunday resort with the working classes of Berlin. On this side of the village and separated from it by the railway is a vast plain of sand, known as the Tempelhofer-feld, divided into plots, disclosing a feeble and unhealthy vegetation and intersected by a long and broad paved highway bordered by some miserable-looking lime trees. It is on this spot that the great Friedrich used to manœuvre his soldiers, and that the garrison of the capital is daily exercised. Although the sandy soil, into which one sinks several inches at every step, may be very good for the purpose of manœuvring cavalry, it must be terribly hard work for the infantry, who here get familiarised in time of peace with some of the hardships and fatigues of war.

Our driver, a most intrepid individual, displayed the large blue card which we had received from the Polizei-Präsidium in front of his hat, thus at once securing us a free passage down the long avenue bordered on one side with private and public vehicles of all kinds, and carts of every description the owners of which were vending salted meats and sausages, butter-brode and beer christened for the nonce, "Das bier der drei Kaiser." We eventually reached the place where some couple of hundred privileged carriages were drawn up, and after a considerable amount of shouting and bellowing on the part of the police, took up what appeared to them to be a satisfactory position on the opposite side of one of the lime-tree avenues bordering the manœuvring ground. When at last we were fairly settled, and the wheels of our conveyance and the horses' hoofs had sunk some few inches into the sand, I mounted the seat and looked around. On the right was a sea of sand which at each new arrival rose in huge clouds and enveloped everything; on the left was more sand which did not however trouble us, so long as the carriages covering it remained stationary. Behind there was still sand bordered by the railway embankment, and before was more sand stretching as far as the city, and continually upon the

whirl. In the distance rose a large red-brick building named the Bock-bier Brauerei, where the Berlinese resort in early spring to get more or less tipsy upon bock-bier at least once before the season has regularly set in. The day was splendid; the sun shining high in the heavens poured its pitiless rays upon the assembled crowds, causing the perspiration to stream from beneath the helmets of the mounted police, tanning the complexions of the lovely Jewesses whom one saw on every side, half smothered in gauze and cashmere, and rendering the glossy black carriage-horses skittish and irritable, and the poor, broken-down droschken hacks still more weary and dispirited.

At this moment the plain itself appeared completely naked. All that could be distinguished was a few black dots—men of the Berlin fire-brigade marking out with lances the spot where the Emperors would station themselves during the march past. On the horizon though, with the aid of a glass, one could detect something gliding and glistening in the sun. Slowly the brilliant moving lines approached, and proved to be detachments of troops coming from all directions. Later, the arriving columns had swollen to a concentrated mass; a hundred banners were assembled, and over them floated a cloud of dust resembling the long trail of smoke from a locomotive. By about half-past nine the troops were in position, and what a spectacle they then presented! Two long lines stretching seemingly all the way to Berlin had formed themselves on two sides of the plain. On the left were stationed eleven regiments of infantry of the guard, and on the right eleven regiments of cavalry and artillery, while between the two lines was an open space nearly half a mile in extent.

Looking down from one's slightly elevated position upon the long lines of infantry, the eleven regiments with their white, red, rose colour and black plumes, gave one the idea of beds of lilies, poppies, and roses. Glancing at them sideways they resembled in their mathematical rectilinearity some long striped band dark in the centre and light at either edge; the bright helmets and the white linen trousers forming the light borders, and the tunics the dark central line.

Prince Augustus of Würtemburg, general of cavalry, had the chief command, and placed himself in advance with the entire mass opposite to him. The line of infantry was in two divisions, the right being composed of a couple of brigades of two regiments each, namely the 1st and 3rd and the 2nd and 4th of the guard, of which the 1st was the only regiment that wore the old-fashioned high-pointed gilded shako of a century ago. The left wing comprised three brigades of two regiments each, including the grenadier regiments of the Emperor Alexander and the Dowager Queen Elisabeth, the Franz-Josef regiment and that named after the German Empress, with the regiment of fusiliers of the guard and a mixed regiment formed from battalions of the line.

In advance of the right wing were Count von Roon, minister of war, the Emperor's aides-de-camp, the Prussian Marshals, including von Moltke, and "der alte Wrangel," whose military experience went back to the wars against the first Napoleon, and who strode his charger with ease and steadiness, while the sun blazed down upon the great cuirassier helmet which he seeks no excuse in his ninety winters for setting aside. Beside them rode General Manteuffel, slight of figure and quick of movement, with grey hair and beard and piercing eye. Then came the staff of the regiments about to be passed in review, and the military bands, and finally a detachment of mounted police. Some little distance off with numerous foreign officers in their suite were the Princes of the Imperial family, foremost among whom were the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Carl, "the right and left arms with which the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty contrived to carve his way to the throne," once the heritage of the Hohenstaufen and the Hapsburg. The line of cavalry was composed of the regiment of the body-guard, huge troopers with silver eagles on their burnished helmets, a regiment of cuirassier guards—the famous white cuirassiers of Prince Bismarck in their bright steel breastplates and helmets surmounted by gilt eagles—a regiment of hussar guards in scarlet uniforms with yellow facings, and composed in a great measure of volunteers of good family; two regiments of dragoon guards, and three regiments of uhlans of the guard distinguished by their red, white, and yellow plastrons, with the 3rd uhlans of the line, of which the Czar is colonel. There were in addition some battalions of riflemen, of the guard, of engineers, and of the military train, while the artillery consisted of sixteen batteries of four guns each.

As ten o'clock sounded from the red brick tower of the church of Tempelhof, there issued from behind the huge brewery situated at the extreme northern end of the manœuvring ground, the three Emperors, followed by a numerous and splendid suite. At first a bright scintillating spot with a deep shade hanging over it appeared on the horizon, then slowly approached, always with the shadow hovering above. At length some helmets were discerned flashing in the sun, and the three Emperors became visible, followed by a cortege of princes and generals enveloped in an immense cloud of dust. Arms were presented, formidable hurrahs rent the air, the bands struck up, some the Austrian, others the Russian national hymn. Halting a moment before the right wing of the infantry the Sovereigns saluted the regimental colours, or rather shreds of colours, for many were in tatters, while of others nothing remained but the flagstaffs with a few embroidered streamers floating from the top.

When this gorgeous crowd turned the left wing and passed near where I was stationed, my eyes instinctively singled out the

three Emperors—Wilhelm I. in the middle, brandishing his drawn sword, Franz Josef on his right and Alexander on his left. An indescribable scene succeeded. Following at a trot some ten paces behind were hundreds of brilliant horsemen, comprising princes of all ranks, officers of all the armies in Europe including even Cossack hetmen in their Astrakan caps and scarlet uniforms. All were intermingled, all pressed together in one compact parti-coloured mass in which red, blue, green, black, white, and grey, picked out with gold, could be distinguished. Suddenly all these fine uniforms disappeared. Nothing was to be seen beyond clouds of sand, still one heard the sound of voices combined with that clattering of accoutrements and neighing and tramping of horses which one is apt to associate with an idea of battle. At this spot not the smallest blade of grass or scrap of withered vegetation of any kind was visible, the cannons which had passed over the ground early in the morning had pulverised the soil and the horses' hoofs sunk deep into the sand. It was not a mere cloud of dust which arose, but the entire surface of the ground, so to speak. Now and then a glimpse of some brilliant uniform was obtained through the obscurity, only to be eclipsed however a second afterwards.

The cortege past, the dust descended slowly to the ground, and the Emperors with their suites were already far off when one again perceived them. On arriving at the opposite end of the plain they reined in their horses and the march past commenced, all the regiments with their bands playing and colours flying, defiling before the triad of crowned heads. At this moment the two or three hundred privileged vehicles received permission to cross the exercising ground in order that their occupants might obtain a better view of what was going on. Vorwärts! was shouted from the lusty lungs of some stalwart sergeant of police; instantly the cry was taken up, and "Vorwärts!" "Vorwärts!" resounded on all sides as droschke, caleche, barouche, and britzka set off at a brisk trot. Suddenly some one exclaimed in a loud voice to his driver, "Five thaler if you arrive first;" others repeated the words, and then ensued a scene of which it is scarcely possible to form a conception. One almost shudders while recalling the disorder which those five promised thaler created. The coachmen anathematized and lashed their horses, while the latter plunged and the carriages dashed onward as fast as they could go, wheels grazing and bumping against each other and roars of laughter mingling with the terrified exclamations of fair ones in distress. Our driver continued yelling in spite of all our efforts to restrain him. "Ich will siegen!" ("I will conquer") and almost foamed at the mouth with excitement. Unfortunately his fellows being equally determined to conquer, the utmost confusion ensued. In vain the mounted police shouted out to the coachmen to stop. Many were forced to gallop out of the way to

avoid being run against and upset, the danger being considerably increased by the obscurity, as everything was enveloped in a dense cloud of sand which at once blinded and suffocated us. Occasionally one caught sight of shadowy figures on horseback yelling out words of command, still it was solely the desire which everyone felt to give his neighbour a wide berth which caused the vehicles to become scattered and obviated any serious accident. As the dust prevented the goal from being seen, each driver engaged on his own account in a doubtful chase. Eventually the police succeeded in reducing this chaos into something like order, and the carriages were finally ranged in line opposite to the saluting point.

All eyes were now turned towards the tall guardsmen, company after company of whom were striding past the trio of Emperors, the bands of the respective regiments playing as the various corps went by.

"Steady! steady! the masses of men
Wheel and fall in, and wheel again,
Softly as circles drawn with the pen."

This pretentious Prussian parade has been truly described as a relic from the early days of the eighteenth century, when military drill was raised to the dignity of a science, and so to say infected by the narrow and pedantic spirit governing even the more intellectual pursuits in those over-methodical days. Preserved as a reminiscence of the olden time, it is as different as possible from the thoroughly modern tactics adopted in the Prussian army during the late reign. Imagine the upper part of the body kept bolt upright with one leg firmly placed in the same perpendicular position, while the other is spasmodically lifted up at an angle of forty-five degrees; imagine a hundred legs in a row simultaneously performing this gymnastic exercise with the utmost regularity, moving with an identity of step, tread, and intent as though they belonged to one immense multiplied animal; imagine every two lines of these combinations of muscular humanity separated from each other by a comparatively wide space, so as to expose everyone of them to the full gaze of the scrutinizing beholder, and you have the *beau-idéal* of the ceremonial march of this country. Judged by the pigtail and pipe-clay standard no doubt the performance was a highly meritorious one, still anything more artificial could not be conceived. It gave one the idea of dancing-school pupils being put through their toe-pointing steps rather than soldiers in the field. Evidently the movement could not have been kept up for long, as many of the men trembled from head to foot, and would unquestionably have broken down if they had had much more of it to go through.

As the regiment came up of which the Czar is the honorary colonel, his Russian majesty bowing low to the Emperor Wilhelm

THE THREE EMPERORS AT THE TEMPELHOF REVIEW. *Page* 229. I.

rode out and placing himself at its head, conducted it past the saluting point. When the Emperor of Austria as colonel of the Kaiser Franz-Josef regiment placed himself in like fashion at the head of the very men who had fought so desperately against him in the defiles of the Erzgebirge and presented the regiment to the German Emperor, some strange reflections must have passed through his mind.

The cavalry followed at a trot, the body-guard heading the heaving tide of many coloured squadrons. The silver eagle glittered on the top of their steel helmets and their swords flashed in the bright rays of the sun as these mounted giants swept along. They were succeeded by uhlans, tall, but wiry men, whose appearance called forth prolonged cheers. An electric spark of sympathy passed to and fro between the public and the troopers, and the pace of the horses became insensibly faster and faster. Light blue dragoons and hussars of all the hues of the rainbow, light-weighted men, on lithe, active steeds, brought up the rear. And then rumbled up the sombre line of the artillery and train.

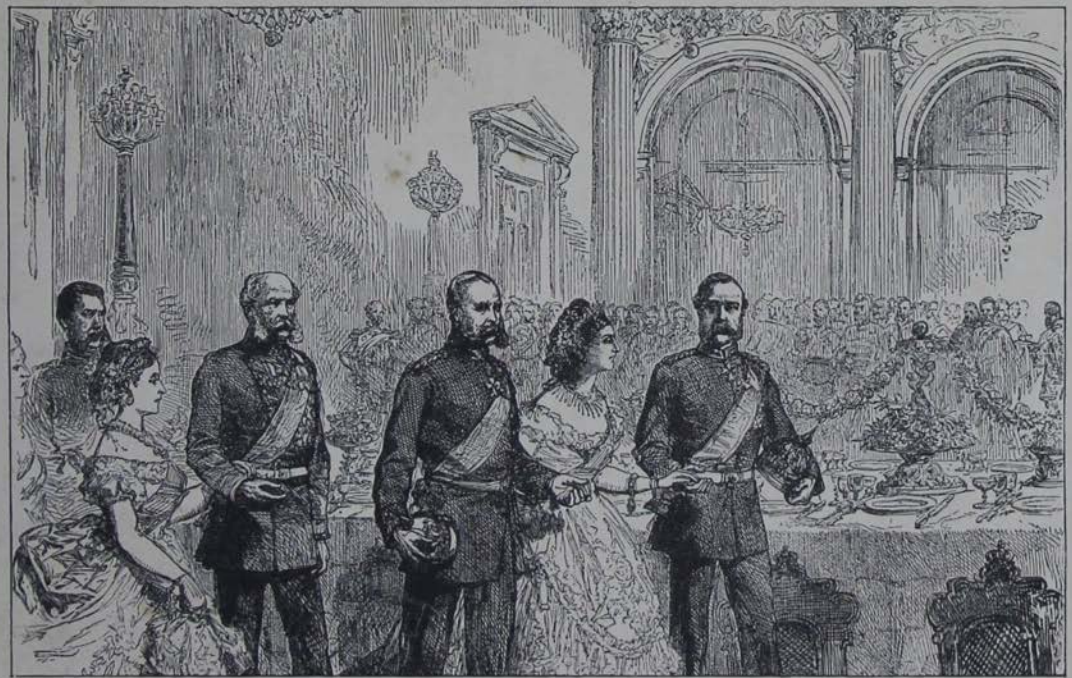
A military critic thus remarked on this most imposing gathering:—"Much larger bodies of troops have undoubtedly been massed together and been inspected, but thirty thousand of so splendid soldiers have perhaps never been combined in one review. There is, however, a limit to the human sight and to human patience. After a certain time even the practised soldier can no longer distinguish between the recruit and the veteran, the eye becomes wearied, the patience becomes exhausted, and however keen one may be, all curiosity is supplanted by one sincere and heartfelt wish that the great spectacle, with its accompanying heat, dust, and discomfort, were numbered among the events of history. As a specimen of perfect rigidity and stiffness of drill it was without its parallel."

Prince Bismarck was on the ground, attired in the uniform of his cuirassier regiment, and wearing the order of St. Stephen across his shoulder. I observed him approach a carriage full of ladies in a most unceremonious manner, and, after complimenting them, ask if they "happened to have a sandwich to spare." "Oh! Prince, why did you not ask before?" they answered in one breath, and three pairs of fair hands immediately dived into a hamper and produced some butterbröde, garnished in the centre with slices of German sausage. "And what will the Prince have to drink?" inquired mamma. "A glass of Chambertin," said Bismarck, if they had any; that agreed with him, he said, better than the German wines. But the beauties could find no Chambertin, so that it had to be requisitioned at a neighbouring carriage. "He looks as if he does not deny himself the good things of this world," said a poorly-clad individual, who was standing by, and gazing upon the famous minister's florid countenance, one was bound to admit that the speaker was not far wrong.

This slightly truthful remark cost the poor man his place and the sight of the march past of the cavalry, for with the nonchalant air of a man conscious of having said something pointed, he took a whiff at his cigar, and blew a cloud of smoke from between his lips in quite an important manner. Now, the carriage of her Highness the Princess Imperial, our Princess Royal of England, happened to be close by, and it seems that like many other ladies, she objects to the smell of bad tobacco, so she whispered to her footman, who carried the message to a policeman, who in his turn suddenly made a dive into the little group of people, and seizing the unfortunate offender by the collar, exclaimed, "How dare you smoke your bad cigars here?" and dragged him to the other side of the carriages, when what more befell him one cannot say.

After the review the Emperor Franz Josef went over the barracks of his regiment, inspected the monument erected in the courtyard to the memory of the men who fell in the Austrian and French campaigns, and partook of some refreshment at the officers' mess. The Czar had paid a similar visit of inspection to the head-quarters of the Alexander regiment on the previous day. By the time the Emperors and their suites had returned to Berlin and changed their dusty uniforms for gala regimentals, their presence was required at the grand banquet given in the famous Weisse-saal of the old Schloss. State equipages were the rule for the principal guests who had received invitations—carriages with over-decorated and richly gilt panels, prancing steeds with elaborate trappings, coachmen with powdered heads and scarlet breeches, chasseurs half buried under their ample plumes, flunkies in tall cocked hats with taller feathers, long-tailed gold and silver laced coats, and tightly-fitting snow-white stockings displaying their muscular calves to advantage. The German Empress and the Crown Princess came in carriages and six, with postilions, outriders, and a bevy of footmen, while the Emperors put up with simple carriages and pair. To ladies who came in robes *à traine*, their footmen acted as temporary pages as they crossed the vestibule of the palace, and I noticed one awkward lacquey, richly belaced from his head to his heels, who was so confused by his mistress's multiplicity of *jupes* that on hastily grasping at them one after the other he very nearly capsized her as she was mounting the grand staircase.

The Emperor Wilhelm, equally to oblige both guests, appeared in Austrian uniform, with the blue scarf of the Russian order of St. Andrew, while the Crown Prince reversed the compliment and wore a Russian uniform relieved by an Austrian decoration. Only the younger Princes of the Royal House, including the two sons of the Crown Prince—who came out for the first time on a gala occasion—had to content themselves with Prussian uniforms with a sprinkling of foreign orders. Both the Imperial guests wore Prussian regimentals, with the great star and chain of the



THE BANQUET TO THE EMPERORS IN THE WEISSEN-SAAL.

From the Illustrated London News.

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Black Eagle. The ladies being permitted to follow their own individual inspirations, had adorned themselves with consummate taste and skill. White and blue satin, interwoven with golden threads, diadems and jewelled plumes abounded in the noble hall. With studied richness of costume there was combined the deliberate punctiliousness of etiquette. The Empress Augusta, who was seated in the centre, had the Emperor of Austria on her right, and the Emperor of Russia on her left hand. The Czar being more nearly related to the host than the Kaiser, and having also more recently ascended the throne, ceded the *pas* to his Austrian brother not only in this instance but throughout their sojourn at Berlin. Next to the Czar sat the Crown Princess, next to the Emperor Franz Josef, the Emperor Wilhelm. The Crown Princess had the Czarewitch on her right and further on Princess Carl of Prussia and the Crown Prince of Saxony; the German Emperor having on his left the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Crown Prince, and further on the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Grand Duke of Baden. In front sat Prince Gortschakoff, Prince Bismarck, Count Andrassy, and Count von Berg. Towards the close of the banquet the Emperor Wilhelm rose and proposed the first toast, the entire company rising with him. "Animated," he said, "by feelings of the sincerest gratitude, I drink to the health of my imperial guests." Scarcely had the cheers, accompanied by the melodious sounds of the Austrian national hymn, subsided, when the Emperor Franz Josef returned thanks—"From the bottom of my heart," said he, "I thank his majesty for the words he has pronounced. May God protect and preserve his Majesty the Emperor-King Wilhelm of Prussia, the Empress Augusta, and the whole Royal House of Prussia!" The Czar followed suit, saying, laconically, "I drink to the welfare of the gallant Prussian army!"

The banquet concluded, the imperial party proceeded to the opera-house, but simply to witness the performance of some new ballet. Few ladies were present, and these solely in the boxes on the grand tier, all the remaining boxes and the stalls being occupied by officers of various ranks and nationalities. While the Emperors and the princes, the grand dukes and the generals, the diplomatists and the dignitaries, were absorbed in the saltatory gyrations of the faded figurantes of the Berlin Opera-house, there were assembling in the broad Opern-platz in front—kept clear by the troops for the occasion—the two-and-twenty military bands which were to take part in the monster musical performance of the Zapfenstreich. They formed themselves into three columns in front of the statue of the Great Friedrich, who from his lofty pedestal seemed to gaze curiously down upon the gathering beneath. At their head were 350 guardsmen bearing tall lighted flambeaux, who, in the lurid glare, with their glittering helmets and waving plumes, seemed like soldiers of the middle ages carrying fire and sword within some doomed city.

Soon after the Cathedral clock had chimed the hour of nine, and just as the last carriages from the opera were setting down their

occupants in the court-yard of the old Schloss, the report of a cannon was heard, and the procession moved forward midst the deafening sounds from more than a thousand musical instruments. The drums beat the parade march, then the bands played the triumphal march of the entry of the allies into Paris, after which the drums beat again, and as the procession passed over the handsome Schloss-brücke, the bands struck up the march of General York. Just over the bridge on the right hand, the thoroughfare known as the Schloss-freiheit communicates between the Lust-garten and the Schloss-platz, and as the procession passed this point, there suddenly arose above the exulting clang of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, loud frantic shrieks and piercing cries of distress, startling the illustrious guests who thronged the windows of the Schloss, and others who, like myself, were assembled on the terrace beneath, watching the arrival of the musical host. No one, however, could divine the reason of these heart-rending cries.

The procession defiled in the Lust-garten, the brilliant aspect of which on this famous gala night is difficult to describe. Let, however, the reader picture a vast open space with the façade of

a noble palace extending along one side, and having in front of it flower-beds and fountains, with a colossal central sculptured group, and beyond the long open colonnade of the Museum approached up wide flights of steps, and decorated with frescoes and statues. One of the remaining sides is bounded by the Cathedral, and the other by the Arsenal and the Schlossbrücke, with its finely-executed groups in marble. Erect around this space hundreds of ornamental bronze braziers sending forth myriad tongues of flame; suspend to them festoons of coloured lamps, and mass beneath them several thousand men belonging to different corps in diverse and occasionally singularly picturesque uniforms; place in front of them the military bands of the Berlin garrison numbering more than 1,100 musicians, around whom group several hundred torch-bearers. At a given signal the bandmasters mount the wooden stages erected for them, and the leader of this monster concert ascends the lofty crimson-draped platform immediately in front of the Palace balcony. Suddenly a deafening "boom, boom," from several score of big drums startles everyone and commands attention; and a few moments afterwards the two-and-twenty military bands strike up the Austrian national anthem in concert, leader and bandmasters marking time with long lighted tapers, and the military torch-bearers waving their blazing flambeaux excitedly over their heads at all the more spirit-stirring passages. When the music ceased, the crowd on the outskirts of the Place, set up a loud and frantic hurrah, in response to which the torch-bearers again waved their blazing flambeaux wildly in the air. After a brief interval of silence, the 350 fifers and drummers commenced drumming and piping the Alexander March in compliment to the Czar; then the bands performed the "Entrée des Invités," from Tannhäuser, after which the Radetzki March was played by the bands of the cavalry and the artillery. The "Boshe Czarya Chrani" of holy Russia followed, and then commenced the terrific Zapfenstreich, or Tattoo, in which certain critics, gifted with the faculty of seeing further into millstones than ordinary individuals, pretend to find "a perfect musical interpretation of the military spirit of Prussia. Monotonous and sharp, sober, yet inspiriting, it translates," say they, "the special characteristics of the service into articulate, if not over-artistic sound." The louder the drums beat, the shriller the fifes rent the air, the more boisterous grew the crowd, until the steady beat of the tambour was drowned by deafening hurrahs. Suddenly all became silent again, as the bands passed over to the low diminishing roll which precedes the evening prayer when the piece is performed in camp. Then ensued a loud rushing sound, resembling the fall of some immense volume of water, but which was produced, I fancy, by the simultaneous roll of a couple of hundred drums, and this singular performance came to a close.

While these thousand instruments were playing in concert, from the roof of the Schloss flashes of electric light were thrown upon the scene, and the buildings surrounding the open space were illuminated with Bengal fire, imparting a marked melodramatic effect to a spectacle the weird phantasy of which it is impossible to define—what with the clang of innumerable musical instruments, sending forth now a shrill, now a sonorous volume of sound, the lurid light and rolling clouds of smoke from hundreds of waving flambeaux, the glittering of several thousand helmets, and the waving of as many white and scarlet plumes, the surging and clamorous crowds beyond the line of soldiers, the bronze braziers with their darting tongues of flame, the periodical illumination of the adjacent buildings, first with the pale electric light, and then with brilliant coloured fires, the stealthy love-making under the orange trees of the terrace, between beardless lieutenants and Berlin belles, and finally, in the balcony over one's head, the powerful potentates in whose honour all this *diablerie* had been produced.

The illuminations of the city were nothing remarkable; a coat of arms in gas above the porticoes of several of the palaces, a fringe of gas jets around certain of the windows, or along the more important mouldings, coloured lamps over the entire façade of the new Rathhaus, some isolated gas laurel branches, and similar puerile devices at a few of the hotels, and Chinese lanterns at several of the beer gardens, and that is all. Evidently the authorities relied upon the liberal combustion of Bengal fire, which was being continually kindled under the porticoes and on the roofs and balconies of the public buildings, to compensate for any shortcomings which Berlin may have presented in the way of illuminations proper. After a morning spent on the sandy plain of Tempelhof, and an evening devoted to being jammed among the perspiring crowd Unter den Linden, while listening to the distant music of the Zapfenstreich, the Berlinese naturally felt thirstier than usual, so that no sooner was the Tattoo over than there was a general rush to the bier-gärten on the Linden, which soon became completely crammed. Individuals of regular habits after roaming the streets to look at the few illuminations turned contentedly in-doors, while those of more expansive principles still lingered in the bier-gärten, and the positively abandoned dived down into the less respectable bier-locale, or prowled in parties through the principal thoroughfares, coming naturally enough into occasional collisions with the police. As there are no regulations at Berlin exacting early closing on the part of the proprietors of drinking establishments, a brisk trade was carried on until the small hours chimed on Sunday morning, and it was time for people to think of their accustomed devotions, Prussia being, as everybody knows, a highly Protestant nation.

Next morning one learnt the origin of the piercing cries and shrieks which had so startled everybody as the procession of torch-bearers and bandsmen pressed forward towards the Lustgarten. The police it seems had permitted the crowd to become so densely packed in the Schloss-freiheit that every paving-stone bore its man. To secure free passage past here for the procession orders were given to drive back this solid mass of humanity—an impossibility, as the hindmost row was already jammed against the iron shutters of the shops, and there was no kind of outlet for those who might desire to escape. Still, orders in Prussia must be obeyed, and the mounted police gallantly spurred their horses forward, causing them to rear and plunge in the midst of screaming women and terrified men, while the soldiers attempted to drive the helpless people back with brutal blows from the butt-ends of their rifles. It was even said that the torch-bearers thrust their blazing flambeaux into the faces of those who were in the foremost rank. As the crowd swayed backwards and forwards in its desperate struggle with the military and the police, some of its weaker members were thrown down and trampled under foot, the result being eight individuals killed and ten dangerously wounded, after which soldiers and police desisted from their futile efforts. The Berlin newspapers loudly censured the police as being directly responsible for this tragic interlude, and the satirical journals assailed them, and especially the President, for the blundering arrangements which led to such a direful result. In one caricature he was depicted as energetically squeezing the people to

death under a heavy screw-press, and in another as recklessly galloping over the dead and dying victims of his criminal negligence.

With the Imperial guests the Sunday morning's devotions were supplemented by a promenade through the Berlin Zoological Gardens, and an excursion in the afternoon to Potsdam, where most of the lions of the place were visited. The Emperors afterwards dined at Schloss Babelsberg, the Emperor Wilhelm's modern Gothic toy palace among the Havel woods, and were present later in the evening at a tea and garden party given by the Prince and Princess Imperial at the Neue Palace,

—a resplendent entertainment which seemed like some chapter out of the *Arabian Nights*. Palace, gardens, and grounds were equally illuminated. The moment twilight set in, the flower-beds and clusters of shrubs disposed in stars, circles, and other geometric patterns over the extensive lawn were lighted up with thousands of brilliant coloured lamps, recalling to mind the famous jewelled garden of Aladdin. The orange-trees at the same time covered themselves with variegated orbs while the lindens beyond shone with a soft mellow radiance, pleasantly framing in the gorgeous picture. Piercing the wooded background with a flood of brilliancy, the great avenue of the park was seen stretching away for miles—a galaxy of candelabra and Venetian lanterns. Right and left were firs, which by the aid of candles and a rich appendage of ornamental festoons were converted into so many living Christmas trees; forming a perfect paradise of light and colour.

Towards half-past eight the Emperors alighted in the inner court of the Palace. After dinner they had taken a drive through the Potsdam parks, and past the verdant glades, the broad lakes, and a continuous string of palaces and villas, had made their way from the father's pseudo Gothic castle to the rococo mansion of the son. At the moment of their arrival the Neue Palace became enveloped in a flood of red light, surmounted by sheaves of yellow flame on the roof.

It was not yet dark. The lingering rays of the sun subdued the power of the artificial light and caused every blade of grass to be distinctly seen amid the thousand flamelets playing on the ground. Every polished leaf of the orange trees had its light and shade, while on the limes you might have counted the branches. As night began to assert herself the splendour of the illuminations became too dazzling to permit the eye to discern the less conspicuous details. You then saw nothing but light; but it was light of every imaginable tint and hue.

While the company were promenading on the terrace, and sauntering down among the flowers, the Palace at intervals glowed in the effulgence of Bengal fires. The gigantic crown on the cupola had its special illumination, and later in the evening a new surprise presented itself in the central avenue. A fountain of rose-coloured water rose upwards to the sky, surrounded by sea-green marble statues, backed by a high hedge, over which hung an opaque white light resembling molten silver. Presently the colours changed, the statues turning red and the fountain green; then the water subsided and a jet of fiery flame took its place. The bands greeted this volcanic pyramid by playing the Austrian national hymn. At ten o'clock the guests left the palace and were conveyed to the capital by special trains.

XII.

THE AUTUMN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—FLIGHT OF THE EAGLES.

NO kind of respite was allowed the Imperial guests. Early on Monday morning the autumn manœuvres of the Prussian guard corps commenced in earnest, and the Emperors had to rise betimes to be present at the opening operations in front of Spandau, some dozen miles from Berlin. General and special ideas of the proposed manœuvres had been promulgated by the military authorities to the following effect:—

"General Idea.—The guard corps is moving from the line of the Oder to relieve the fortress of Spandau, which is besieged. On its approach the enemy raises the siege, quits the left bank of the river, and crosses to the right bank which it occupies in considerable force, so as to cover the retreat of the siege train and artillery."

"The Special Idea" is as follows:—"The general in command of the guard corps, having approached near to Spandau with the principal portion of his force on the 8th of September, and having sent his advance guard through the fortress to the right bank of the river, on the 9th determines to attack the enemy, who have taken up a position on the heights of Staaken and Amalienhof; and to carry out this attack on the enemy's right wing, so as to prevent him withdrawing his siege train and artillery."

On the Sunday the troops were marched out of Berlin, and one division bivouacked between Charlottenburg and Spandau, whilst the other passed through Spandau and bivouacked to the

westward of that fortress. The Emperors came down by the eight o'clock train on the Monday morning, accompanied by innumerable military notabilities, and immediately after their arrival, the advanced guard having already penetrated through the fortress of Spandau, the troops commenced their attack. As is always the case in the Prussian manœuvres the great object was to turn the enemy's flank—in this instance his left flank. The advance guard, therefore, as it came into action deployed, and the artillery, which occupied a commanding position in the rear, opened fire. The cavalry of the advance guard, composed of one uhlan regiment, took up a position in *échelon* on the flank, and the infantry were thrown forward according to the principles of the new drill. The great object being to hold the enemy in check on the extreme right while the main attack was developed on his left, every precaution was taken to strengthen the position of the attacking force on that side; skirmishers advanced to the front, lay down and fired; about 120 paces in the rear their supports dug shelter trenches in irregular order offering gaps and enabling them to support each other. In easy soil the trenches were dug and shelter was obtained in about ten minutes. The supports in the rear remained in a concealed position, while the remainder of the army gradually developed its force, and gradually brought fresh and fresh troops up in *échelon* on the enemy's left, driving him back with irresistible force and turning his entire position.

I had left Berlin by an early train and eight o'clock found me toiling along a sandy road towards the broad swift river Havel. At the time the action commenced I was sailing across to the opposite shore in one of those small, flat-bottomed boats, dangerous for sailing trips should the slightest squall chance to get up. While I was seated in the bottom of this punt—speculating whether it would capsize as its side dipped from time to time deeper into the water, and calculating the chances of my being able to swim in my boots, I heard the report of the signal cannon. We fortunately crossed without accident, and soon afterwards the cavalry were marching over the pontoon bridge which had been constructed overnight. It was a fine sight to watch the tall uhlans with their long lances, and the burly-looking cuirassiers, in their dusty-white uniforms and shining helmets and breastplates, leading their horses down from the wooded heights on the opposite bank of the river, where they had been hidden among the foliage. Once across, they vaulted into their saddles and dashed swiftly along the steep sandy road till lost to sight under the hill overlooking the river. In the meanwhile the artillery opened fire on the left, and I followed the left wing of the infantry as it advanced up the high ground bordering the lake. Here a battery was directing its fire upon some houses where the enemy's advanced

guard were supposed to be posted; and while their attention was engrossed by the artillery, our infantry advanced towards the left under cover of the lofty bushes and the apple trees disposed in avenues across the fields. From here one had a very good view of the field of battle. To the north-east was Spandau, to the east the river Havel, and to the west, distant some three miles from Spandau, with the village lying at its feet, was the hill of Staaken, where the Emperors with their respective suites and the ladies of the Imperial family had stationed themselves. This was the point of attack. Our army consisted of nine regiments of infantry, comprising the four first regiments of the guard with the regiments of the Czar, the Emperor Franz Josef, the Empress Augusta, and the Dowager Queen Elisabeth, together with a regiment of light infantry. There were also nine regiments of cavalry, including three of cuirassiers, one of hussars, two of dragoons, and three of uhlans. We had in addition a regiment of artillery and a battalion of pioneers. With this army, which numbered something like 25,000 men, we were to storm the hill of Staaken, capture the village, and put the enemy to flight. The enemy being imaginary, the affair was very simple, still one could not help admiring the way in which the whole of the troops, both infantry, cavalry, and artillery got over the ground in spite of the clouds of dust and the sandy soil—without a scrap of hard earth or even a stone—which was everywhere encountered, whether upon high ground or low. One was, moreover, impressed by the care with which everything was done, not even the merest trifle being omitted which would be worth attending to if the ragged lead were actually flying about. The men took cover as if they were saving their lives instead of only going through a drill, and were duly anxious never to let drive when a comrade might thereby be endangered.

The jägers advanced with their knapsacks raised on high by way of defence. The sharpshooters came out in swarms as the reserve forces marched forward, the first rank kneeling down and firing three rounds. Then the bugle sounded the advance, which was accomplished with wonderful swiftness by the troops in line, while behind came the columns covered on the left flank by the advancing ordnance. The hussar guards having marched up in squadrons, rattled off for an attack in the direction of the Karolinenhöhe, the infantry advancing towards Amalienhof, surrounded by its belt of brushwood, to the sound of drums and fifes, the crowd of spectators invariably hovering between the firing ranks. The guards having taken Amalienhof, the finishing blow was given by the cavalry executing a grand charge. This spectacle of a whole division of horse rushing forward at once, was a most imposing one. As the four thousand swords flashed in the air, and the four thousand horses galloped

along, maintaining order and regularity even in the heat of the onslaught, the earth shook, and the spectator could not help admiring the effective result of military discipline and practice, even while remembering and applying Marshal St. Arnaud's pithy observation on the Balaclava charge—"*C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre.*" When the drums beat the final charge, the troops responded with loud hurrahs; the artillery and the reserves advanced, and the cannon opened a raking fire, under cover of which the infantry pushed forward. The Emperor rode out to meet the advancing troops and lead them against the heights. The long line, flanked right and left by the batteries, steadily advanced; the fusillade became general; and, while clouds of smoke enveloped the entire field of battle, the central position of the imaginary enemy, the hill of Staaken where the two Emperors and the ladies of the Imperial family and of the Court were posted, was carried. By about one o'clock the bugles sounded the halt. The battle over, the great train of waggons with straw for bivouacking made its appearance, and

the troops encamped on the ground, while the Emperors and their satellites, the numerous foreign officers, and the crowds of ordinary spectators hurried in the direction of the railway station. All along the dusty road rickety tables spread under the trees attracted droughty crowds clamorous for beer. Thirsty souls, too, thronged every room in the village bierhaus, and fought for mugs of beer under the huge projecting porch, decorated for the occasion with autumn flowers and wreaths of evergreen.

There was evidently no rest at Berlin for the Imperial guests, for early the next morning they were conveyed by special train to Wustermark, and at once mounted their horses, there awaiting them in charge of army grooms and orderlies. Another battle

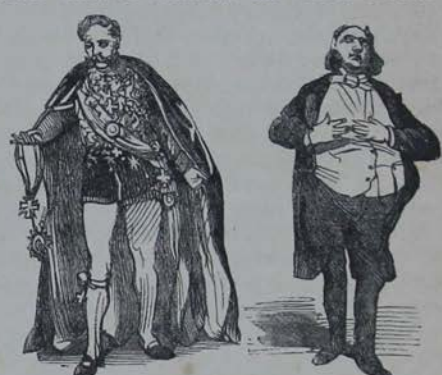
was to be fought in their presence, but this time, instead of the attacking party having a mere phantom enemy to contend with, they were to be opposed by a solid force of formidable troops. On account of the presence of the three Emperors and the desire to have certain results attained within a given time, less discretion than usual was left to the commanding generals in the way of tactical chess play. The strategy of this so-called battle of Buchow Carpzow was of course entirely settled beforehand, and all the commanders had to do was to see that the engagement was smartly carried out, and that no blunder in detail was allowed to pass unpunished. The West Division, commanded by General von Pape, was supposed to be an enemy who had advanced against Spandau for a certain distance, and, being opposed by a strong force, had halted to give battle. Von Pape occupied a line stretching from Beestow, a little way north of the Wustermark station, to Falkenrede, some miles to the south of it. His centre rested on the strong position of Buchow meadows and a small lake impassable for troops. The weak point was on the extreme right, where there was much open ground favourable for the employment of his opponent's numerous cavalry. The East Division attacking force was under General von Budritzki, and had bivouacked in the wood near Doeberitz, south-west of Dallgow railway station. It was a superb little army composed of the four grenadier regiments of the guard, a couple of cavalry brigades, and a large share of guard artillery, with the schützen battalion to counterbalance the guard jäger on von Pape's side, and the combined regiment of line and instruction battalions. The West Division, though inferior in artillery, and with but one cavalry brigade, had a force of infantry equal to that of its opponent, comprising as it did the four infantry regiments of the guard, the fusilier regiment, and the jäger battalion. Each side had a baggage and ammunition train in perfect order.

Von Budritzki commenced his attack with determined vigour, the Prussian tactics of hammering with artillery, flanking with cavalry, and finally storming with infantry, being carried out to perfection. Gradually the attacking line pressed home upon their opponents, turning their right flank, and driving them from the field. There was a tremendous fire of infantry and artillery in the centre about eleven o'clock, whilst the cavalry of von Budritzki moved steadily towards Falkenrede. At one moment the clouds of dust were so thick that nothing could be seen. When these had cleared off, the 2nd grenadier regiment Kaiser Franz, was on the edge of the wide ditch that hindered the attack upon Buchow Carpzow. They were evidently not expected to cross the ditch, and the defending force calmly peppered them; but the grenadiers, constructing a slight bridge of boughs of trees, c' e over one by one, and, forming on the other bank, captured

a battery of guns, and might have captured some of the Imperial staff had not these been neutral.

There was a great cavalry charge on the extreme left, near Falkenrede, and the flank of the West Division was turned. Sharper grew the fire of musketry, and through the dust glimpses of cuirass and helmet were obtained as the waving mass of cavalry swept on. Von Pape by slow degrees was forced off his proper line of communications, and thrown towards the north-west upon the Berlin and Hamburg railway at Nauen. The bugles now sounded to cease firing. The dusty but undismayed defending force tramped away gaily to the cantonments, and the Imperial party with their suites returned to the Wustermark station. Here, close to the railway, was a great tent, wherein a sumptuous luncheon was served before the special train conveyed the Emperors and their suites back to Berlin. This was the finale of these displays, and the subsequent manœuvres of the troops between September 12 and September 18, on which latter day they returned to their respective garrisons, were carried on independent of the presence of the three Emperors.

The round of festivities complete, there simply remained the doling out of the imperial *pour-boires*, in the shape of a certain number of grand crosses, ere the Czar and the Kaiser quitted Berlin. The latter showed himself the most liberal in this way, conferring orders alike upon Bismarck and Gortschakoff, Manteuffel and Redfern, Jomini and Hamburger, Thile and Delbruck, Baekers and Baelow, besides individuals of inferior note. In reference to this shower of decorations one of the satirical journals published the subjoined caricature, the inscription beneath which ran—



SO MANY ORDERS AND NO ROOM. SO MUCH ROOM AND NO ORDERS.

The Emperor Wilhelm with singular taste had appointed the Emperor Franz Josef colonel of the Schleswig-Holstein regiment of hussars, and more singular still, the latter condescended to make his farewell visit to the German Emperor on the afternoon of September 11th, attired in the uniform of the regiment in question. At eight o'clock that evening the Austrian Kaiser left Berlin in company with the Crown Prince of Saxony,

by the Görlitz line of railway. There is nothing particularly picturesque about a departure by train, especially at night, and that a rainy night. The carriages rattled over the stones; here and there the passers-by raised their hats where the lamplight showed them whom those carriages contained; some mounted police rode along the street to see that all was clear in front, and the first of the Imperial guests had gone. The one thing which Franz Josef and his prime minister, Count Andrassy, did not obtain in Berlin—and for which, indeed, they scarcely cared—was the last word of the conference. It was not until the following morning that the Czar took his departure, and even then his Imperial host, being also bound eastward, though only to Marienburg, accompanied him for a part of the journey. The two Emperors, who caught the seven o'clock special train with military punctuality, were loudly cheered by the crowd, which was not—as may be supposed—very large at that hour, and with a distinguished company of princes and generals set forth towards the Russian frontier.

The Emperors gone, the Berlinese returned to the sober realities of life. The propitious weather had suddenly changed. Rain commenced to fall in torrents, pattering upon the pavements and the house-tops, flushing the yawning gutters, and carrying their accumulated filth into the almost stagnant Spree; soaking the flags and banners which still floated from the roofs of the palaces, public buildings, hotels and private residences; driving the people from Unter den Linden and the Thiergarten, and obliging them to take refuge either at home or within the overcrowded beer-rooms and cafés. Then came an easterly wind, slamming open doors and windows, bending the tall black and white flagstaffs, and sending the yellow autumn leaves from the waning limes scudding along the Linden promenade. Spite of their constrained attendance at fêtes and banquets, spectacles and military displays, the triad of Emperors had nevertheless managed to snatch opportunities for serious converse among themselves, besides which, Bismarck, Gortschakoff, and Andrassy had many long interviews with each other. In the comic papers eaves-dropping journalists were satirized with an undue development of the acoustic organs listening at the doors of the conference chamber. Speculation was rife as to the object of these deliberations of the Emperors and their ministers, and it was agreed it could be neither the bugbear of the International nor the Jesuits. It was commonly thought there had been an interchange of ideas with regard to the Pope and to the possible future attitude of France, and above all that an understanding had been attempted and perhaps arrived at in respect to Eastern affairs, so as to ensure united action when the serious illness of the sick man next came

AT THE MILITARY PARADE. AT THE DOOR OF THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER. AT THE ZAPFENSTREICH.

round again. A caricature of the moment represented the Pope and the three Emperors, the former exclaiming, "By the sacred anathema, if I only knew what those three were planning against me!" and the latter remarking, "Ah! did we only know what to do with this troublesome old man."

There was a general flitting when the eagles took to flight, and Berlin seemed transformed as with the touch of Prospero's

wand. It lost its holiday aspect on a sudden. For days past Emperors had been constantly driving about the city, attracting crowds wherever they went. Princelets and dukelings, and foreign officers in the most brilliant uniforms had thronged the Linden at all hours of the day. Aides-de-camp and orderlies had been kept incessantly on the trot, just as sentries had been kept perpetually saluting. Gala carriages had been running continual rounds from one palace to another, and flunkeys in elaborately laced coats—the full value of which was only known to the tailor who made them—had condescended to stretch their laggard legs on the common footways. Now the Linden was comparatively silent and deserted; the elegant equipages, the high-stepping horses, the plumed chasseurs, the powdered coachmen, and the liveried lacqueys were alike missing. The brilliant uniforms had also disappeared. Gone too were the grand dukes and princes of royal and noble German houses, the field marshals, generals, and dashing aides-de-camp. The army being cantoned in the environs, completing its autumnal manœuvres, there was not even the habitual liberal sprinkling of military uniforms to enliven the pavement. The detachments, too, no longer called at the Emperor's palace for their banners before proceeding to morning exercise. The extra sentries were all removed, the sentry boxes laid up in ordinary, the flags, including blazoned Imperial banners, were every one struck, the gas jets of the illuminations all taken down, and the Linden was altogether slow. The hotels being empty and the better-class shops deserted, hotel and shop keepers had nothing to do but count their gains, the waiters were reduced to lounging at the hotel doors, and the "dienstmann" to dozing on the hotel steps. The droschken, save an occasional vehicle with luggage on the box making for some railway station, remained unattended on the stands, for the drivers, no longer in request, dived down into the nearest bier-local. The gaping crowds that had hourly found delight in loitering opposite one or the other of the palaces returned to their ordinary work, the bängel too retired to the Dönhofs-platz and the Königs-mauer, and the police found their occupation gone.

The castles in the air which a fortnight ago had been erected with all the lavish extravagance of a lively imagination by hotel, shop, lodging-house, and livery-stable keepers, waiters, chamber-maids, droschke drivers and commissionaires, had finally faded away. Gone, too, were the fond hopes of the aristocratic beauties of Berlin, based upon a mere passionate glance across the Imperial table in the Weisse-saal of the old Schloss, a simple pressure of the hand, or a whispered *tête-à-tête* in a silent avenue in the illuminated gardens of the Neue Palace at Potsdam. It was a shame, protested the injured fair ones, pouting their pretty lips—the tears glistening in their big blue eyes, as they

thought of some dashing young aide-de-camp in his beautiful shiny-leather boots and spurs—and so it was. Had they not most faithfully danced attendance upon the Imperial visitors and their suites since the days of their arrival? Had I not seen them from the railway platform peering through the windows of the first-class waiting room, eager to welcome that brilliantly-attired crowd of princes, nobles, and officers? Had they not also made the most costly sacrifices at the altar of the Goddess of Fashion? And did they not, the very evening of the Czar's arrival, enthroned in their satin-lined carriages, drive time after time down Unter den Linden, in front of the Russian Embassy? Moreover were they not at the review at Tempelhof, braving alike sun and sand? Also at the opera and the Zapfenstreich? And if they did not all go to the Imperial banquet in the Weisse-saal every one knows that it was because they were not invited. But wherever they could go they did. They were at the Zoological Gardens during their Imperial Majesties' visit; they secured admissions to the grounds of Babelsberg; were present at the tea and garden party in the Neue Palace at Potsdam, and at the military manœuvres at Staaken and Wustermark. Now, however, all was over. The costly toilets which poor, ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-remunerated work-girls toiled at night and day to get finished were cast aside, the jewels were locked up, the elegant barouche had returned to the coach-house and the horses to the stable, the Baron vowing that his wife and daughters had ruined that pair of flea-bitten greys, which cost him a sack full of thaler. Cupid must have been sadly inattentive to the whispers of his mother, Venus, to have allowed such visions of orange blossoms and bridesmaids, and dashing young officers, as troubled the slumbers of Berlin belles during the Imperial meeting to fade away, leaving only the recollection of a pair of high boots and spurs, a cavalry sword, and a flaxen moustache to console them.

THE EMPEROR WILHELM.

XIII.

WILHELM I., KÖNIG AND KAISER.

THE visitor to Berlin passing down Unter den Linden, and pausing before the statue of the Great Friedrich may often notice drawn up beneath the portico of the small stuccoed palace facing him, a pair-horse victoria, with a cocked-hatted and plumed chasseur seated on the box beside the Russian coachman. The sole occupant is a tall elderly officer in the undress uniform of the Prussian foot guards—a blue tunic with silver buttons and epaulettes and red facings, half hidden beneath the ample folds of a military cloak—who touches his spiked helmet in reply to the salute of the sentries as he is driven rapidly off. This officer is the German Emperor.

Wilhelm, King of Prussia by Divine right and hereditary succession, and Emperor of Germany by the astuteness of the able men with whom he has known how to surround himself, the power of the army which he has made it his life-long business to foster and discipline, and the welding together of diverging national interests by the flame of patriotism enkindled by the

war with France, was born at the palace Unter den Linden, now occupied by the Imperial Crown Prince, on the 22nd March, 1797; the year that witnessed the death of Friedrich Wilhelm II., the cession of the left bank of the Rhine to France by the treaty of Campo Formio, and the surrender of Mayence. His father was that half-hearted martinet, Friedrich Wilhelm III., then Crown Prince of Prussia, and his mother, the Queen Luisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, commonly known as the beautiful Queen Luisa, who it is pretended died of a broken heart at witnessing the havoc wrought upon her country by the troops of the first Napoleon. This royal couple had formed the resolution of putting to shame the prevalent French fashions by having "a domestic German household," and passed much of their time at their country seat of Paretz in the Mark of Brandenburg, living in rustic simplicity, and feasting on the national East Prussian dish, grey peas and salted meat. At Paretz the future Emperor, who had been baptized Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig, spent much of his early childhood in company with his brothers Friedrich Wilhelm and Friedrich Carl and his sister Charlotte, afterwards the wife of Nicholas of Russia. As a child the stalwart warrior of later years was of a weakly constitution and had such delicate health as to cause the Queen great anxiety for his life. In an address to his generals on his accession to the throne, dated the 8th January, 1861, he says: "I never expected to survive my dear brother. In my youth I was so much the weaker that according to the laws of Nature there was no prospect of my succeeding to the ancestral throne, hence I looked for the work of my life in the service of the Prussian army, and devoted myself to it with perfect love and constancy, thinking that I should thus best fulfil the duties of a Prussian Prince to his King and country."

The military spirit here indicated was inborn, and in his case the child was truly father to the man. His royal sire aspired to be an educational reformer, and his mother was an ardent admirer of Pestalozzi, so a scheme of instruction was quickly drawn up for the children, and the Prince commenced his studies under the direction of Privy-Councillor Delbruck and Professor Reimann. But the seeds that took firmest root were those sown by Corporals Bennstein and Kleri, assisted perhaps by "Corporal Schlague," in 1803 when, as a Christmas gift, he donned the red dolman of the Ziethen hussars, and was presented to the Queen with his elder brother and his cousin Friedrich, as one of the three youngest recruits in the Prussian army. We are told that at a subsequent period the Prince studied the art of war under Scharnhorst and Knesbeck, law under Savigny, philosophy under Ritter and Ancillon, and the fine arts under Schenkel and Rauch. The first two might justly feel proud of their pupil, though his aspirations have not been

confined to shining in arms alone. Emulous probably of the Great Friedrich, who wrote verses and played on the flute, Prince Wilhelm, at the mature age of forty-three, produced a poem. It is called "Der Ober-Rhein," and in it the royal author after expressing the anxiety of Germany to regain her lost possessions on the further bank of the river, says, prophetically enough, to the people of Alsace and Lorraine, "Should you be so lost to honour as not to feel the bondage you suffer, then we will force you to do your duty. If you will not be Germans, at least your children shall be, and they will rejoice that they have overcome their own fathers!"

The idyllic tranquillity of Paretz was disturbed by the war with France. After the battle of Jena the young princes were hurried from place to place to escape capture. On New Year's Day, 1807, the King joined them at Königsberg, and there Prince Wilhelm at the age of ten received from his father his first commission, as ensign, in the foot guards. The return of tranquillity which followed the Peace of Tilsit was marked on his part by study and constant practice in regimental duty with the garrison at Königsberg. At the close of the year he received his lieutenancy, and the following spring the Queen, writing to her father, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, says: "Our son Wilhelm will turn out, if I am not much mistaken, like his father—simple, honest, and intelligent. He also resembles him most of all, but will not, I fancy, be so handsome." The royal family returned to Berlin in December, 1809, and on the 19th July following, the Queen died at Hohenzieritz. During the period of preparation which preceded the resumption of hostilities against Napoleon, Prince Wilhelm was actively engaged in field manœuvres and various military duties. In 1813 he left Berlin, a captain on his first campaign, and underwent his baptism of fire at Mannheim, when the allies crossed the Rhine in the teeth of the French batteries, on the 1st of January, 1814. At Bar-sur-Aube he gained the cross of St. George of Russia and the Iron Cross of Prussia by personal gallantry. After entering Paris with the allies, he crossed over to London in company with his father and brother. In 1818, a week after the celebration of his twenty-first birthday, he became a major-general, and from that hour his whole energies, time and ambition were given to the improvement of the army. Organization, drill, arms and uniforms all came under his notice, and from the most elaborate scheme of mobilisation to the right number of buttons for a soldier's tunic, nothing was beyond his solicitude.

On the 11th June, 1829, Prince Wilhelm married Princess Maria Luisa Augusta Catherina of Saxe-Weimar, the future recipient of countless pious telegrams. In 1840 the King, his father, died, and his brother ascended the throne as Friedrich

Wilhelm IV., a title for which many of his contemporaries, from his royal habit of fuddling himself with champagne, substituted that of "King Clicquot." The new monarch, who had been married seventeen years, was childless, and Prince Wilhelm, recognized as heir-presumptive, was created Prince of Prussia, and made Governor of Pomerania. The "Gamasch Soldat," imbued with the principles of military absolutism, was looked upon with fear and suspicion by the advanced party, and when the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848 set all Europe in a blaze, he found it expedient to effect a retreat to England. Writing of him at this period, Varnhagen says: "It is not merely in these days of riot that he has revealed his military haughtiness, his thirst for retaliation, his wish to crush the people by means of the soldiery, his contempt for all civic rights, his ambition to consolidate the principles of authority by the shedding of blood. This language has been continually in his mouth for months past." The Sturm and Drang paroxysm that convulsed the Prussian capital during those memorable March days, when the stones of the Friedrichstadt were reddened with the blood of slaughtered burghers, and when the King from his palace windows bowed reluctant homage to the corpses of the victims, passed over, and, by the influence of the minister Camphausen, the Prince returned in June, and took his seat in the Diet as member for Wirsitz. His military duties prevented his appearing more than once in that very heterogeneous assembly, and he soon found more congenial work in quelling the insurrection that broke out the following year in the Grand Duchy of Baden, under Mieroslawski and Sigel, afterwards an American general.

Baden and the Palatinate tranquillized in approved military fashion, and short shrift given to such of the insurgent leaders as fell into his hands, the Prince hastened back to Berlin to receive his reward in the shape of the Government of Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces. He entered upon his duties with ardour, "going about everywhere, making speeches, teaching everybody his business, and laying down rules and regulations for all. Each has his dose, Catholic and Protestant clergy, public functionaries, burgomasters, merchants, manufacturers, members of the Landtag, *savants*, and especially general officers and soldiers,. but he is quite different in style to the King; no point, no warmth, no emotion in his addresses. They are all dry, pedantic, and invariably disagreeable." The solution of the Hesse-Cassel difficulty at Olmutz in 1850, prevented the war between Austria and Prussia that King William was destined "under Providence" to bring to such a fortunate conclusion sixteen years later. In 1857 the malady of the reigning monarch, whose drunken habits had shattered his mind, and who at state dinners was sometimes guilty of such breaches of etiquette as washing

his face in his soup, became too pronounced for further concealment, and Prince Wilhelm was appointed Regent. His first step was to place Manteuffel at the head of the War Office, and shortly afterwards he made Moltke Chief of the Great General Staff. On the 6th November of the following year he took the constitutional oath, and pronounced peace and money to be the prime necessities of the country, but after the Italian war he grew anxious, made von Roon War Minister, and harped upon the need of reorganizing the army, declaring in presence of the French ambassador that "he would never consent to lose one square foot of German soil," and thereby to a certain extent anticipating the historic utterance of M. Jules Favre.

On the 2nd January, 1861, King Clicquot died, and the present sovereign became ruler *de jure* as well as *de facto*. By the month of July the cabinet was able to declare the new army organisation complete, the popular answer to which was the pistol shot fired against the King by the student Oscar Becker at Baden-Baden. On the occasion of his coronation at Königsberg, on the 18th October, shortly after his return from the Compiègne fêtes, he assembled the representatives of both Houses of the Landtag, and said to them authoritatively, "The rulers of Prussia receive their crowns from God. I will then to-morrow take the crown from the Lord's table and set it on my head. This signifies the kingdom by God's grace, and therein lies the sacredness of the crown which is inviolable. I know that you so understand the ceremony which I have summoned you to witness. The crown is now surrounded by new institutions, and you are by them appointed to advise. You will give me your counsel and I will hear it." To hear did not mean to obey, for with the aid of Otto von Bismarck, whom he summoned from Paris to take the portfolio of foreign affairs and the presidency of the council, he at once began that struggle with the chambers on the subject of supplies which might have terminated in the same manner as that of Charles the First with his parliament, had Prussia but produced its Hampden. The fortunate outcome of the Schleswig-Holstein war in 1864 prevented a crisis, though the duchies once dismembered the old work of money-squeezing and drilling was pushed on, the object of the minister being the supreme command of Germany. It was a difficult task to persuade King Wilhelm to follow a new and audacious external policy. Brought up in the severest and most exclusive notions of legitimacy, prepared by his education and his position as a younger brother to wield the sabre rather than the sceptre, and to command an army rather than to rule a kingdom, a patriot in a certain sense, but a Prussian before a German, full of superstitious respect for his royal dignity and for that of his brothers and cousins, it was no easy task to win him over to the bold policy of his Prime Minister. In 1866, however, all being in

readiness, war was declared against Austria, and the King left Berlin at the end of June, joined the army under Prince Friedrich Carl, shared in the advance of the Prussian troops, and witnessed Benedek's last stand at Königgrätz, from the heights of Dub. Peace was signed at the end of September, the King re-entered Berlin at the head of the victorious army, the Landtag after granting a bill of indemnity, adopted the annexation of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfurt, whereby the kingdom of Prussia was redeemed from the opprobrium of resembling "a pair of braces," and the task of military organisation and absorption was reserved. In 1867 King Wilhelm was present at the Paris Exhibition and was lodged in the Tuileries, for the subsequent destruction of which by the Communards he may be said to have been indirectly responsible. On this occasion he was entertained by the Paris municipality, and when Baron Hausmann received him on the *perron* of the Hôtel de Ville, he naively remarked, in reply to the official address, that he had not been to Paris since 1815 (when he entered it with the allied armies), and found it very much changed.

A lull preceded the great storm ushered in by the candidature of Prince Leopold for the Spanish crown and the real or pretended insult offered by Count Benedetti at Ems in 1870. Arrangements for war were made by the King during his journey back to Berlin, where his son, von Roon, and Moltke were awaiting him, though so little was the long-looked-for contest with France anticipated at that particular juncture that the heads of sections of the Great General Staff were mostly on leave. "I was in Switzerland with my wife," says one of them, "when a telegraphic command—'Return at once.—Moltke,' reached me. I set off instantly, and drove direct from the Berlin station with my luggage to the Chief of the General Staff. My colleagues also arrived at the same hour. We sat down to the maps at about half-past seven that evening, by nine the war was planned, and we could go home comfortably." Unter den Linden was black with surging crowds, and the King was obliged again and again to appear and speak from the palace window. The people would have carried Bismarck on their shoulders from the palace to his house if he would only have allowed it. The "Wacht am Rhein" was sung for the first time, and the exhausted King might possibly have had no peace that night had not a voice exclaimed, "Gentlemen, his Majesty has still work to do, let us go home." "Home," was the answer, and the tide of humanity rolled away, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" resounding above their heads.

On the anniversary of Queen Luisa's death the King opened the North German Reichstag, and the day the French crossed the frontier at Saarbruck found him reinstituting the order of the Iron Cross. A million of men were soon under their helmets, and he proceeded to Mayence and thence to Foulquemont,

commanding the First Army in person at the battle of Vionville. He was present at Gravelotte, and before lying down to rest dictated to Bismarck his famous despatch to Queen Augusta. Sedan and its memorable interview followed, and the King then pushed on to Paris, installing himself at Versailles on the 15th October. December brought the deputation from the Fatherland requesting him to assume the title of Emperor as a Christmas gift; and the bombardment of Paris. On the 18th January, 1871, he was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Grande Galerie des Glaces in the château of Louis XIV., an atonement, it may be, for the architectural blemish which led to the ravage of the Palatinate. The sortie towards Buzenval, the armistice to allow of the general elections, the entry of the German troops into Paris, the signature of a peace involving the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, the Emperor's reception at Frankfurt, and the triumphal entry into Berlin, are fresh in the recollection of all. Since that time the Emperor Wilhelm has been actively, if quietly, advancing the doctrine of absolutism, of which he is the apostle and pontiff. He would seem, too, to be imbued with a belief in the infallibility of his Imperial attributes if the injunction imputed to him in the following anecdote was uttered in a serious and not in a playful sense. A summer or two ago, a young married couple sojourning somewhere on the banks of the Lake of Constance, visited the island of Mainau, where the Emperor was residing with his son-in-law the Grand Duke of Baden. On their departure, so furious a storm came on that their boatman found it impossible to proceed, and they were forced, after much buffeting from the waves, to return to the island. The Emperor seeing their plight, met them on the beach and ordering steam to be got up on his little iron steamer, placed it at their service. The lady, alarmed at her first encounter with the waves, demurred somewhat at intrusting herself again to their mercies. "Do not be alarmed," said the Emperor, "you can embark without any fear, the steamer will carry you safely across. She bears my name, the Emperor Wilhelm, and that ought to reassure you."

The Emperor is above the average height, few men in his army overtop him, though the Mark and Pomerania are known as "the land of tall men," and his stature lends him an aspect of dignity which is lacking to features with which all are more or less familiar. His head is large and rests on shoulders proportionately broad. His grey eyes tinged with yellow gleam beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and with his bristling moustache and long wiry whiskers give to him at the first glance somewhat of a cat-like aspect. The chin rounds off abruptly, the moustache hides the smile, the lips are thin and slightly compressed, and the protuberances above the temples indicate a man of sudden resolutions. The eye small, steel-grey, and

bright, twinkles coldly from behind the thick lashes that at times almost entirely veil it. As a French writer has observed, "One fails to trace in this strange physiognomy either the intrepidity of the warrior, the masterly glance of the general, the far-sightedness of the statesman, the shrewdness of the diplomatist, or the kindliness of the sovereign. For my part, all I could see in this old man of seventy-five was a colonel grown grey under harness, whose vigour and activity had caused his retirement to be postponed." If he has the appearance he has also the habits and the *brusquerie* of an old soldier. When General von Voights Rhetz was the military representative of the government before the parliamentary committee, the Emperor, displeased at his management, summoned him to the palace, and demanded in that snuffling intonation fashionable amongst Cromwell's puritans, which distinguishes him, and in which his flatterers find a resemblance to the tones of Friedrich the Great, "See here, general. Why do you allow those pettifoggers and screech-owls (schreier) of the Reichstag to meddle with my Army Bill?" He is sorely ruffled by what he regards as civilian presumption and impertinence. Before all things he is pre-eminently a soldier; from his earliest youth he has devoted himself to his profession, and has spent his life in uniform. It was he who when on a visit to Weimar made the acquaintance of Dreyse, afterwards privy commissioner, and was the first Prussian commander to recognize the importance of securing such a man. To him, too, the introduction of the needle-gun into the army and the development of the North German reserve forces is mainly due. His habits smack of the camp and the barrack-room, whilst the tradition of economy that has obtained in the house of Hohenzollern since the days of Kurfürst Friedrich the First, and the greatest usurer of his epoch, finds especial favour in his eyes. He lives in the same style as he did twenty years ago, sleeping upon a camp-bedstead in a plainly furnished room, and finding his chief relaxation in the pleasures of the table, driving out continually, and until quite recently, aiding his impaired digestion by horse exercise. This does not hinder him from working several hours a day under the direction of his prime minister. Not only is he able to sit at his desk day and night, but he can still look on court ceremonies, state dinners, balls, concerts, and especially field days, reviews and hunting parties as relaxations.

The Emperor's study is on the ground floor at the corner of the palace looking on the Opern-platz, and whenever he is in Berlin, almost at the first flush of morn he may be seen standing in the recess of one of its windows. Here he transacts most of his business, and gives audience to ministers and generals. In front of this window rises Rauch's noble statue of Friedrich the Great astride his bronze charger, towering above his worthy

companions in arms, and seeming, as a French writer suggests, to be showing his successors the road to victory. Beyond are the Academy of Arts and the University; to the right the classic guard-house, and the trophy-overlaid façade of the Arsenal. This window, says M. Victor Tissot, is historical. In 1848 bands of insurgents halted in front of it shouting, "Death to the Prince. Royal!" From here the King heard the flourish of trumpets which celebrated his accession, witnessed the grand defile of the standards of the regiments formed in accordance with the military law of 1861, and announced with pride to the assembled crowds the first victory gained by his son the Crown Prince, namely that near Skalitz over the Austrians. It was in this apartment moreover that the decisions were arrived at which led to the conflict with Austria and paved the way for the foundation of the German Empire.

On entering his study in the morning the Emperor proceeds first of all to the side window which opens on to a veranda in front of the Opera-house and consults a calendar hung up here for his especial use. Each leaf is headed with a text from the Bible, or a proverb or quotation from the works of some German poet or philosopher, while underneath the date the more notable events of König Wilhelm's reign of which it happens to be the anniversary are inscribed. The first visitor the Emperor receives is his doctor, who prescribes the regimen he is to observe during the day. His work table stands close to the window on the side of the palace facing the Linden, and arranged on a shelf above are miniatures and photographs of his children and grandchildren, together with a few personal *souvenirs*, principally warlike in character. On the walls of the apartment hang full-length portraits of the Empress and the Russian Czar, and at one end of it is the bronze statue of the sergeant-major who planted the Prussian standard in the Düppel redoubt. Ranged round the room on pedestals are the marble busts of Friedrich the Great, Friedrich Wilhelm III., the Emperor's sister, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorowna, and the Princess Charlotte of Prussia. In the recesses of the windows are the statuettes of the Emperors Nicholas and Alexander II., in Cossack and hussar uniforms, with medallions of the Emperors Ferdinand and Franz Josef of Austria. The sofa is covered with maps, papers, drawings, and books, still the ordinary library of the Emperor occupies merely a single shelf, being composed simply of a Bible, a book of psalms, a state and court almanack, a history of the different regiments of the Prussian army, the military regulations and orders, and Prince Bismarck's speeches. A couple of tables occupy the centre of the apartment on one of which are laid out reports, telegrams, plans, petitions, and newspapers —in a word the working materials of the Emperor; while on the other all the more highly-prized Christmas and birthday

THE EMPEROR WILHELM I. IN HIS STUDY.

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gifts from the members of his own family are placed. There, also, are albums bound by the Crown Prince—who learnt the crafts both of printer and bookbinder—weapons of ebony carved by Prince Friedrich Carl, and a cigar case embroidered by the hands of the Empress. One little round table, the carved pedestal of which is composed of a group of grenadiers, was presented to the Emperor by Prince Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. It was formed out of the lime-tree beneath which Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia fell mortally wounded at Saalfeld in 1806. Summoned to surrender by some French cavalry soldiers who were pursuing him, he replied whilst defending himself, "A Prussian prince never surrenders," and the next moment fell covered with wounds.[1]

About two o'clock in the afternoon, if his health admits of it, the Emperor takes his accustomed hourly drive in the Thiergarten, if not in his favourite Russian vehicle, in a small open carriage. He is invariably in military uniform and wearing the conventional spiked helmet, and is nearly always unaccompanied. A few years ago his commanding figure might often be seen among the foot-passengers in the Linden promenade, but now his walks are exceedingly rare, and he scarcely ever stirs out excepting for a ride or a drive.

On the Emperor's birthday the city blossoms with banners waving not only from the public buildings, but above numerous private houses as well. At daybreak a corps of trumpeters mount to the roof of the palace and blow a prolonged choral in the Emperor's honour, conveying the idea, as a cynical Frenchman suggests, that the music comes from the clouds like that of the angels at the birth of our Saviour. The churches are filled with political and municipal functionaries, and the Academies of Science and Art, the University and the Schools celebrate the day with speeches and congratulatory addresses. In the morning a procession of state carriages with eagles blazoned on their panels, hammer-cloths, and footboards rattles up to the palace—in front of which a large crowd is certain to be assembled—conveying the members of the Imperial family with their presents and their congratulations. This is the only day in the year on which the Emperor indulges in the freedom of an undress coat up to the hour of nine o'clock. After he has opened his despatches and letters and laid them aside to be replied to, he repairs to the colour-room of the palace to receive the congratulations of the various court officials. Then with closed doors he receives those of his family, after which he belongs to the outside world and the grand reception commences. The generals arrive in a body headed by old Field Marshal von Wrangel, who by virtue of seniority is the recognised mouthpiece of the army on these occasions. Here is the courtier-like

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards*, par M. Victor Tissot.

little speech of which the nonogenarian warrior delivered himself on the Emperor Wilhelm's seventy-ninth birthday :—

" Your Imperial Majesty is the intrepid leader in battle, the never-vanquished commander in Europe. We all pray that God, in His mercy, may spare your Imperial Majesty through long years yet to come in full vigour of life, a blessing to Germany and the promoter of her welfare."

The Emperor has his display of birthday presents like any other German *haus-vater*, the gifts which come from all parts of the country being laid out in what is termed the blue report-room of the palace, which on this day is certain to be balmy with the scent of countless flowers, however inclement the season may chance to be. Tables, chairs, and window-sills are crowded in fact with flowers in baskets and pots, with bouquets and wreaths, including such floral triumphs as nosegays a couple of yards in diameter, arranged in the form of a stool with a seat of violets and a long hanging fringe of roses, or resembling a vast star-shaped cushion composed entirely of violets, and having an imperial crown in white camellias reposing thereon. All the available room in the spacious apartment becomes occupied, still these floral offerings continue to arrive with the cards of the donors attached, and the weary attendants receive them in mute despair. The gardens of Sans Souci and Babelsberg send their choice "firstlings of the year," and many private gentlemen despatch fine specimens of their horticultural successes, including early fruit, and such homely matters as young green peas and new potatoes. Berlin *haus-frauen* likewise send tarts and cakes, and Easter eggs of vast dimensions, not even forgetting the national sausage. It is impossible to enumerate all the Berlin wool-work, the cushions, pillows, blotting-pads, paper baskets, screens, clocks, inkstands, paper weights, military caps and slippers, that cause the tables on which they are laid out to resemble a stall at some fancy fair. Congratulations, moreover, come by telegraph in such numbers from all parts of the world that the telegraph office has to arrange them in packets, only telegrams from crowned heads and princely personages being handed separately to the Emperor.

A second display is arranged in the Empress's apartments, the red audience chamber being set apart for gifts from children, grand-children, and other members of the Imperial family. Here, in addition to choice bronzes, elaborately-carved brackets and statuettes, Gothic triptychs, renaissance candelabra, portraits, and the like, are more interesting, if less costly, trifles wrought by the hands of the givers, such as Berlin wool-work embroidered with gold by the Crown Princess, and a screen painted with flowers by the Empress, whilst the drawings and birthday letters of the grandchildren have a side table to themselves.

The seventieth anniversary of the Emperor's military career came round on New Year's day, 1877, when a deputation composed of all the commanding officers of the army, with the Crown Prince at their head, presented him with a golden sword of antique shape having the names of all the battles in which the Emperor had taken part engraved on the blade. The Crown Prince congratulated his father in the name of the army, addressing him in high-flown language as—"Most powerful Emperor, most gracious Emperor, King, and Lord of War," and characterising him as the type of all soldierly virtues, and the creator of that military organization which had raised Germany to its former greatness. He then wound up by saying that—"To-day the German nation, strong in arms, hopeful and united, looks up to the Emperor and Lord of War with grateful love and loyalty, and prays God to preserve your Majesty for many years—the protector of peace, the guardian of the Fatherland!"

In his reply the Emperor said, truly enough, that Prussia had become what she was principally through the army, whose deeds, he remarked, were enrolled imperishably in the annals of the world's history.

The Emperor's consort, the "dear Augusta" of his pious telegrams, was born on the 30th September, 1811, and on the 11th June, 1829, she accompanied Prince Wilhelm of Prussia to Berlin as his bride. Young, witty, and beautiful, her praise was sung by poets, and all Berlin admired her. Grand-daughter of Carl August of Weimar, her proudest boast is that she is a pupil of Goethe. Brought up at the feet of Herder in the traditions of that intellectual court, she has ever shown herself a conscientious patroness of art, science, and literature, even to the extent of surrounding herself with their professors. Humboldt, Dieffenbach, and Rauch were her friends, and when she became Queen she drew to the court Berthold Auerbach, Werder, and Gustav zu Putlitz, whilst no important literary or artistic work is brought out without some expression of her interest. French literature with which she became familiar during her early life, still retains a certain hold upon her. She was able to exercise but little influence over Friedrich Wilhelm III., but on the accession of her husband's elder brother, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who highly appreciated her intellectual qualities, she became the mainspring of the Prussian court. Her ultra-aristocratic spirit could not understand that the royal will should submit to that of the people, and to her is usually attributed the most obstinate resistance to the withdrawal of the troops from Berlin in 1848. Her desire for pompous display at the coronation ceremony in 1861 is well known, and on that occasion every gesture bespoke satisfied ambition. Nevertheless she does not sympathise with the warlike aspirations of her husband, and set herself against the contests with Denmark and Austria. Opposed to Bismarck,

who is credited with having bestowed upon her the nickname of "the muse of Weimar," she is suspected of favouring the Ultramontanes. This opposition to the Chancellor places her at the head of the "Court" party, just as the Crown Princess is at the head of what is known as the "English" party. In this position the Empress played an important part in the Arnim affair, and the *Vossische Zeitung* went so far as to announce that she was the mysterious personage spoken of in a letter from

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

Arnim to von Bülow. It has, moreover, been asserted that she holds some of the famous abstracted despatches. On the other hand, Count Arnim has emphatically denied that there had been any intercourse whatever between the Empress and himself on political or religious subjects.

The Empress showed to advantage during the late war, although at the outset she is said to have been strongly opposed to it. A story is told that when the King announced to her in the garden at Coblentz, that the struggle was imminent, she

fell upon her knees and besought him to turn a deaf ear to Bismarck's suggestions. A month afterwards she re-entered Berlin, then swarming with troops and cannon, and penned her patriotic appeal to the women of Germany to send succours to the Rhine. She herself did much to relieve the vanquished, supplying the French prisoners with wine, tobacco, warm clothing, and other comforts, and in this good cause contracting debts, for her budget is a very limited one, and the Emperor is not above saving the cost of a cannon or two out of her allowance. Her benevolence during the war re-instated her in the half-averted affection of the people, whilst the ambition she has been reproached with can hardly soar beyond the Imperial Crown she now wears.

Tall and imposing in appearance, she has the same upright carriage as her husband, and though in reality delicate, manages to undergo much exertion. Her habits are simple. The first thing in the morning she listens to scientific works read to her by Alwina Frommann, her reader, a relic of the intellectual epoch of Weimar. Audiences are then given from twelve till one in an apartment where a marble angel stands by what are known as the petition windows, so called because people come and hold up petitions in front of them in order that the Empress may see them. Close by is the balcony from which she communicated the stirring war despatches to the crowd. The audiences over, she daily visits some benevolent institution, hospitals constantly, and also schools, and notably the peoples' schools of cookery. She then allows herself a short drive in the Thiergarten, where as already noted, she also takes several turns on foot, attended by a lady-in-waiting and one or two footmen. After dinner comes more reading, or perhaps, if a classic piece is performed, a visit to the theatre. Otherwise the windows of the tea-room glowing with light show that she is presiding over one of those small gatherings of intellectual men and women in which she delights, and in which she is well able to hold her own, being no mean speaker, as she has often shown on public occasions.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

XIV.

SCIONS OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

TALL and stalwart, with fair complexion, kindly blue eyes, and flowing beard of yellowish brown, "Unser Fritz," whose familiar nickname was taken from a song much in vogue amongst the soldiers, is a splendid specimen of the typical Teuton. The mildness of his aspect, which even the spiked helmet fails to disguise, is borne out by his character. Those who know him best look upon him as a pacific prince, incapable of enmity, and opposed to all ideas of conquest. He was born on the 18th October, 1831, and christened in full Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolas Carl. Like all Prussian princes of the second branch, he was at once destined for a military life, though his mother's influence has always been exerted to interest him in more pacific matters. At eight years of age he began to drill with two companions of like tender years, and courtly scribes relate with pride how, once when it came on to rain as he was practising the goose-step at

Babelsberg, a too zealous footman brought him an umbrella and had to retire abashed at the withering rebuke, "Did you ever see a Prussian helmet under an umbrella?" He entered the 1st regiment of foot guards when he was twelve years old, still he was trained in the arts of peace as well as those of war, being crammed with all the "ologies" as only a German can be crammed, by Colonel von Unruh and Dr. Curtius. In accordance, too, with the custom that every scion of the Hohenzollerns should have a trade at his fingers' ends he was instructed in the art and mystery of type-setting in the Royal Berlin Printing-office, where, flatterers say, he was quicker at case than anyone else of his age and standing.

In 1850 the Prince went to the University of Bonn, after which Moltke became his adjutant and instructor. His visit to Balmoral in 1856 and its result in the shape of his marriage with the Princess Royal of England in the Chapel Royal of Saint James's on the 25th January, 1858, found favour in the eyes of the Berlinese, for there was an old tradition current that good luck was to come to the country with an English princess, who should share the Prussian crown. Though his wedding gift from his father was a pair of general's epaulettes, from this time forward he evinced a decided interest in the arts of peace, and although present during the operations of the allied forces in Schleswig-Holstein he simply played the part of a spectator.

The Hohenzollerns are, however, in their own belief at any rate, heaven-born generals, and in 1866 the Prince was called upon to show his skill under the mentorship of that grim old bulldog, Steinmetz. He had to take the command of the Second Army at Breslau, and protect Silesia. On the 23rd June he began his advance into Bohemia, and after some hard fighting, reached the position prescribed by Moltke, on the banks of the Elbe, by the 1st July, and on the following afternoon effected the junction with the First Army on the field of Königgrätz which decided the fate of the day. The King, advancing to meet him, clasped him in his arms, and taking from his own breast the order "pour le Mérite," gave it to his son, saying, "Take it, you have earned it." The legacy of Carl Emil, the dead Germanicus of the Brandenburg Mark, the highest and proudest of Prussian military decorations, lay in the Crown Prince's hands. The King afterwards held a review of the troops at Austerlitz, and when the march past took place, rode with drawn sword at their head. As he conducted them past the Prince, their commander-in-chief, and General von Steinmetz, he lowered his sword by way of salute, saying at the same time—"The King to his commanding generals."[1]

The Prince made a trip to Paris in 1867 to be present at e

[1] *Die Männer der neuen deutschen Zeit*, von A. E. Brachvogel.

distribution of prizes at the International Exhibition, and again in 1869, after the opening of the Suez Canal by the Empress Eugenie. His next and latest visit to the "capital of civilization" was destined to be less favourably appreciated. In the war of 1870 he took command of the South German Army, composed of Prussians, Bavarians, Wurtemburgers, and Badeners at Munich, on the 27th July, and on the 4th August had gained the battle of Weissemberg. Woerth followed within two days, and it was whilst praising the troops for their gallant behaviour in this conflict that an enthusiastic but oblivious Bavarian observed, "Ah! if we had only had you with us in '66 we would soon have thrashed those confounded Prussians!" The advance towards Chalons, the bombardment of Toul, the junction with the Crown Prince of Saxony's Army and the surrender of Sedan followed, after which the Third Army marched on to Paris, the Prince making Versailles his head-quarters. Here on the 27th September he distributed the first iron crosses, here, too, he was created by the King a general field-marshal, and on the 18th January he bent his knee in the Galerie des Glaces as the first subject of the new German Empire. After taking part in the negotiations for peace and entering Paris once more, this time helmet on head, and sword by side, he returned with the army to Berlin.

The Prince has a genuine appreciation of literature and art, and though he makes no pretence to rival Mæcenas, he does not despise the company of philosophers, artists, and poets. He takes, moreover, a warm interest in all new publications, and if a book strikes him will send for the author to ask him for further information. The platonic solicitude which he cherishes for painting, literature, and fire-engines, he extends, in a more practical fashion, to the corn sprouting in the furrow, and the asparagus shooting up from the earth like the spike of a pickelhaube at his model farm of Bornstadt near Potsdam. From here he sent different specimens of his crops to the Agricultural Exhibition at Bremen in 1874, gaining a first prize for turnips, and on that occasion made a speech, of which the following is one of the most striking passages:—"Who would deny that agricultural prosperity benefits all classes, that its extension is indispensable to the progress of civilization, and that in time of war or troubles it is often agriculture alone that bids us hope for a better future? I trust that the foreign exhibitors will return to their homes with the conviction that the desire to increase the development of civilization in favour of a permanent peace is nowhere greater and more serious than in the new German Empire."

If the Prince who utters such sentiments as these had that ascendency in the political affairs of the Empire, to which he is entitled, the Fatherland would doubtless flow with milk and honey and Herr Krupp have to turn his attention to forging ploughshares instead of cannon. But the *duo* of von Moltke and von

Bismarck has always drowned the *solo* of the heir to the crown, and therein lies the cause of the rivalry existing between Queen Augusta's son and the terrible Chancellor, a rivalry known to every gossip in Berlin, and though at present smothered, destined to break out in face of all at some future period. By his political and religious ideas the Prince belongs to what is called the liberal school. He is grand master of the Prussian freemasons, and president of the Protestant Verein, and recently staggered an orthodox clergyman by asking him if he did not think the national church needed a little fresh air. It is anticipated, therefore, that his reign will inaugurate the liberal and constitutional empire, still his father once inspired similar hopes, and Pope's remarks on the claws of young lions may be borne in mind.

As a general, "our Fritz" is far from enjoying the reputation of his cousin the Red Prince, although he has been fortunate in all his campaigns. He takes the field rather from a sense of duty than from military predilection. It is told of him that when he gained the heights of Chlum, during his Bohemian campaign, and saw victory everywhere around him, he turned with ill-suppressed emotion to one of his staff, and pointing to the ghastly battle-field below, exclaimed, "What a responsibility is incurred by those who are the cause of war." The Prince is popular with all who have ever served under him, whether high or low, by reason of his kindness and affability, the great interest he takes in the well-being of his troops, and his solicitude for the wounded. There has never been much sympathy between the two princes, and whilst Friedrich Carl is inspecting regiments, Fritz devotes his time to visiting schools and hospitals. The sole attempt at wit with which he is credited occurred when he was visiting one of the latter. A keen wind was blowing, and when the head-surgeon who was as bald as a coot, received him bare-headed in the court-yard, the Prince, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said in that pure Berlin slang, which he speaks so fluently, "Put on your tile, or those two grey hairs of yours will catch cold."

Victoria has been a name of good omen to the Crown Prince, in peace as well as in war. By his union with Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of Great Britain, he has become the father of six children, the youngest of whom, however, Prince Sigismund, died in 1866, just as the Crown Prince was about to advance with his army into Bohemia. The eldest son, named Friedrich Wilhelm, after his father, and born in 1859, early had the order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, conferred on him like all the princes of this house in virtue of his rank; and on attaining his majority in January 1877, he was invested at Berlin with the English Order of the Garter. When the German troops made their triumphal entry into Berlin, the young Prince accompanied them, riding on a dapple-grey pony beside his grand-

father's high-stepping charger. The other offspring of this union are the Princess Charlotte, Prince Heinrich, and the Princesses Victoria and Sophia.

The Crown Princess takes great interest, not only in her own children but in those of her future subjects, having introduced our English system of rearing them into Berlin, and founded training schools for nurses, at which the fact that washing is beneficial and not injurious to a child, is strongly inculcated. She has also endowed the city with an Art Museum, on the South Kensington model. Her artistic abilities and general culture are well known, but English readers are not generally aware that she has become an adept in rationalism and free-thought, perhaps from continual contact with the pseudo-piety of the Emperor. David Strauss, the theist philosopher, was in constant correspondence with her, and at his death her portrait was hung over his bed like the image of a patron saint. *Das Leben Jesus*, *Das Leben Voltaire*, *Der alte und der neue Glaube*, and works of a like character occupy a prominent position on her bookshelves.

The literary and artistic tastes of the Princess and her husband are altogether in common. If the sympathies of the Crown Prince were not originally in this direction, he, like a faithful husband, has adopted those of his wife. Whenever a new picture is on exhibition they are among the first visitors; whenever a sale of paintings occurs they are liberal purchasers, and whenever an unfortunate artist or author is to be helped their contribution is always one of the earliest. While the Crown Princess shares her husband's aversion to state ceremonies and pageants, her literary and artistic soirées form a characteristic feature of Berlin court life. They are frequented by the greatest savants, the ablest artists, and the most popular authors of Germany. At her musical soirées, too, the guests are not limited to officers in uniform. Civilians of less imposing appearance, but of more real service to the best interests of the national life, are among the most welcome, and most appreciative guests. The Crown Princess, indeed, has done more than anyone else to elevate and refine the tone of Berlin court society, and is firm in her endeavours to subdue the predominant military element. Amongst the reasons alleged for the coolness existing between her and Prince Bismarck is one to the effect that the Chancellor would persist in appearing in her drawing-room in full cuirassier uniform, although she professed not to understand such a proceeding on the part of a civil functionary. This difference of tastes has, however, been so far compromised that the bellicose Chancellor now condescends to appear in a black coat whenever he attends the Princess's receptions. Opposed as the Princess may be to the pomp and circumstance of war, there have yet been occasions when she herself has donned the military uniform, notably at the parade at Haynau during the Silesian manœuvres in 1875, when, in fur cap and embroidered

jacket, she put herself at the head of the hussar regiment of which she is the honorary colonel, and presented it to the Emperor.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT THE SILESIAN MANŒUVRES.

The Crown Prince's only sister, Maria Luisa Elisabeth, is the wife of Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig, Grand Duke of Baden, She is handsome in appearance, and has a great influence over her father, who is extremely attached to her, as well as over her husband, a somewhat ungracious-looking princeling who sees only with her eyes, and seems fully to realize the fact that his duchy is at the disposition of his papa-in-law at any moment the latter may feel inclined to attach it.

Prince Carl, the Emperor's brother and Grand Master of the Brandenburg Knights of St. John, whose palace stands in the Wilhelms-strasse, closely resembles the Emperor in features, though stronger and younger looking. He is not remarkable for anything but his love for art; and his palace at Glienicke near Potsdam resembles a museum. His wife, born Princess Maria Luisa Alexandrina of Saxe-Weimar, and sister to the Empress Augusta, shares to a certain extent his artistic proclivities, painting roses and lilies on marble with skill and taste; still she is chiefly interested in the brute creation, presiding over several societies for the protection of animals, and devoting a vast amount of time and trouble to the improvement of the

breeds of pigeons which swarm at Glienicke. Their eldest daughter, Princess Luisa of Prussia, the divorced wife of the Landgrave of Hesse Phillipsthal, has the same tastes for art and literature, and is a well known patroness of female authors. She ordinarily resides at Schloss Monbijou, a neglected oasis in the heart of Berlin.

Shorter in stature than his uncle or his cousin, but broad-shouldered, deep-chested, muscular, and active, Prince Carl's only son General Field-Marshal Prince Friedrich Carl, christened by his soldiers, "Prince Always-in-front," but better known to the world at large as the Red Prince, from his affection for the uniform of the Ziethen Hussars, looks the model of a cavalry officer. His proclivities are purely military, and his whole heart and soul are wrapt up in the profession of arms. Like the first Napoleon

PRINCE FRIEDRICH CARL.

he has an almost fabulous memory for names and faces, and has only to inspect a garrison twice to remember every man comprised in it. Grave and serious he prefers sarcasm to mirth. His least estimable quality is the exaggerated notion which he entertains of his princely rank and position, and which induces him to insist upon the most blind and abject submission to his will from all who approach him. His officers readily acknowledge his military skill, and speak of him with unfeigned respect, but he is one of those who secure admirers rather than friends, and with the outside world his military exploits are his sole claims to popularity.

Born on the 20th March, 1828, Friedrich Carl showed himself in early youth obstinate and unmanageable. Count Bethusy was his first military instructor, and Heym, now a court preacher, his tutor, though little opportunity, it is said, was afforded to the latter to carry out his duties. When he attained the age of sixteen he passed under the charge of Captain von Roon, afterwards War Minister, and with him spent a couple of years at the University of Bonn. He failed to get on well with his fellow-students, owing to those exaggerated ideas of his self-importance already noted—ideas von Roon, who was a thoroughgoing conservative Junker, did his best to foster. A true Hohenzollern, the Prince's devotions were entirely centred in the career of arms, and all connected with this he learnt rapidly and well. Wrangel, for whom he had at an early age conceived a great reverence, was counted the first cavalry authority of his day, and under his guidance the Prince, who devoted himself more particularly to this arm of the service, first smelt powder in 1848 on that Schleswig-Holstein territory where he was to reap a future crop of laurels.

The first engagement in which he took part was fought near the town of Schleswig, and here his natural independence of spirit showed itself, though to a good purpose. As captain on the staff he was sent by Wrangel with orders to the Royal Pomeranian regiment. On reaching it he found the orders no longer applicable, altered them on his own responsibility, turned the regiment against the enemy's left flank and so helped to gain the day. The following year he assisted his uncle to disperse the free companies in Baden and the Palatinate, and when charging the so-called Polish legion at the head of some forty hussars received two wounds, from one of which he is still unable to lift his left arm higher than his breast. In 1854 he married Princess Maria Anna of Anhalt Dessin, by whom he has had three daughters and a son, Prince Friedrich Leopold.

In 1855 Friedrich Carl visited Paris, where he studied the composition and tactics of the French army, and afterwards wrote his famous pamphlet to show how it was to be beaten. Printed at first for private circulation only this pamphlet was brought out in 1860 by a Frankfurt publisher, with a preface of his own and the Prince's initials on the title-page, whereupon the latter brought an action against the bibliophile for daring to take such a liberty, and, to his amazement, lost it. Created a general of cavalry at the King's coronation in 1861, he took part under Wrangel in the opening of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and on the retirement of that veteran leader became general-in-chief of the allied troops. In the war of 1866 he commanded the First Army, and though displaying great skill, laid himself open to the accusation of having attacked before the appointed hour at Königgratz, and thereby endangered the

success of the day, through a feeling of jealousy towards his cousin the Crown Prince, whose forces, then approaching, he wished to deprive of all share in the victory. In the recent war with France his military talents were again called into play. The part he took at Vionville and Saint Privat, the fall of Metz which earned for him his marshal's baton, the battle of Orleans, when his troops encamped around the statue of La Pucelle yet decorated with votive garlands offered in hope of her aid, and the campaign on the Loire against Aurelles de Paladine and Chanzy, terminating in the final victory of Le Mans, need no recapitulation.

Since then, Cincinnatus-like, Prince Friedrich Carl has mainly occupied himself in the cultivation of his cabbages, passing part of every season on the little estate of Drei Linden, an offshoot from his father's property at Glienicke, which he purchased to gratify his agricultural tastes. Here, surrounded by his family, he abandons his rôle of prince and soldier, and prunes his trees and looks after his farm labourers. At Berlin he occupies one of the upper stories of the old Schloss, and here his pleasures are purely military, reviews and inspections supplying the place of the great game of war in which he delights. This uneventful life since the war has only been broken by his journey to St. Petersburg in December, 1871, at the head of the German deputation of the Knights of St. George to attend the festival of that order.

Prince Albrecht, the Emperor's orphan nephew, and the youngest of the grown princes, is tall and slender, with delicate and intellectual features. His tastes are musical and he is himself a composer. For a long time he bore the reputation of a misogynist, and among the ladies speculation ran high as to whether he would ever marry. The much-discussed event, however, came off in April, 1873, together with the attendant ceremony peculiar to the court of Berlin, namely the whimsical torchlight dance of the cabinet ministers.

The state banquet over, lighted torches were handed to the twelve ministers by pages, and the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by the members of the royal house and the guests of princely rank, having taken their position in front of the throne, the orchestra struck up a solemn march. The Grand Marshal holding his wand of office, then advanced, followed by the ministers torch in hand, walking two by two, the juniors in front, in the following order, Falk and Kamecke, Delbrück and von Stosch, Camphausen and Leonardt, Eulenberg and von Itzenplitz, von Schleinitz and von Uhden, and lastly von Roon and von Bismarck. The bride and bridegroom brought up the rear, and with measured steps and slow the procession described a large ellipse around the hall. The bride then stepped from the ranks and making a deep curtsey to the Emperor invited

him to dance. He gave her his right hand and both described a similar curve, marching behind the last couple of ministers. On arriving opposite to the throne the Emperor resumed his place, and the Princess invited the Crown Prince in the same way to be her partner, and so with all the other princes, the ministers, torches still in hand, continuing to describe the same ellipse without halt or check, like stars revolving round the sun.

The sight might have been a useful one to ambitious individuals, who however much convinced of their mental fitness for ministerial posts might yet hesitate at accepting them from the conviction that their physical organization would never enable them to support the fatigues of such a dance. On this occasion, however, the chief performers bore up bravely, and even the white-headed Minister of Commerce did not seem to find it necessary to borrow support from the robust arm of his companion Count Eulenberg. When the bride had danced with her last partner, the young Prince Friedrich von Hohenzollern, and had resumed her place, the bridegroom in his turn made a low bow to the Empress to invite her to join him, and the solemn dance recommenced behind the indefatigable ministry, till the last lady had been called out. The ceremony had lasted about half an hour, but the members of the cabinet had not yet arrived at the end of their task. The Grand Marshal passed from the hall into the picture gallery, and the entire procession, the bride and bridegroom marching behind the last ministers, followed him to the Queen's apartments. Here at length the wearied statesmen were suffered to return their torches to the pages who proceeded to light the young couple to their chamber.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, describing the affair, remarked that the performance is not properly a dance but a solemn procession, a kind of polonaise executed in very slow time, consecrated by the traditions of the House of Brandenburg. As on the occasion just narrated it was danced on the 20th November, 1731, at the wedding of Wilhelmina, Friedrich the Great's elder sister to the Margrave of Baireuth. "In fact the wedding went beautifully off," writes Mr. Carlyle, "with dances and sublimities, slow solemn torch dance to conclude within those unparalleled upper rooms. Such variegated splendour, such a dancing of the constellations, sublunary Berlin and all the world on tiptoe round it. Slow torch-dance winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight, for this time, and there was silence in Berlin."

Prince Albrecht, the father of this happy bridegroom, and the Emperor's youngest brother, who died recently at the age of sixty-three, was born in 1809. In 1848 he aimed at political notoriety and went so far as to sport the revolutionary black, red, and gold in the streets of Berlin. He was then nicknamed "the mock Duke of Orleans," and credited with views similar to

those entertained by Philippe Égalité during the first French revolution. Slighted by both court and populace he spent most of his time in retirement on his estate of Albrechtsburg, near Dresden, with his morganatic wife, Rosa von Rauch, Countess von Hohenau—whom he married on obtaining a divorce from the Princess Maria of Holland in 1849—and her two sons. He quitted this retreat, however, to command the cavalry in the late war. A romantic and possibly baseless story is current as to the origin of the private fortune that enabled him alone of all the Hohenzollern princes to live a life independent of his family. His mother, the beautiful Queen Luisa, during her stay at Stettin was seen, it is said, by an invalid Englishman who fell desperately in love with her. He dared not tell his love, but dying shortly afterwards left all his fortune with characteristic national eccentricity to the child to which she was expecting to give birth. This was Prince Albrecht.

The charitable disposition of Prince Alexander of Prussia, the Emperor's cousin, and the eldest son of Prince Friedrich, Stadtholder of the Rhenish provinces, who held his court during Dusseldorf's palmy days, is so well known and so often appealed to in Berlin, that his secretary must have acquired great experience in answering begging applications. He passes the greater part of the year in Switzerland and at Schloss Rheinstein, his castle on the Rhine. Prince George, his youngest brother, dabbles in poetry, though his efforts are better appreciated in the circle of the court, where some of his pieces have been represented, than by the outer world.

Prince Adalbert, the Admiral Prince, who is a cousin of the King, and was born in 1811, besides fulfilling the duties of his office as commander-in-chief of the Prussian navy, devotes much time to science and takes an interest in literature. He owns a palace on the Leipziger Platz and lives there in seclusion with his morganatic wife, a sister of Fanny Elsler. Their only son, Baron Barium, died some years ago while on a scientific expedition to Egypt.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT THE REICHSTAG.

XV.

REICHS-KANZLER VON BISMARCK.

TWO individuals share the Emperor's popularity at Berlin, Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke. On all public occasions whenever the full, bilious, and resolute-looking countenance of the one, or the shrewd, placid features of the other is caught sight of, it is the signal for a popular ovation. Their effigies are encountered everywhere, in private houses and in places of public resort. There is scarcely a restaurant or a beer saloon where their portraits or their busts do not flank those of the Emperor, just as their photographs figure beside his in every album and every printseller's window. Artists too delight in depicting the burly figure and the puffed face of the famous Chancellor under the graceful guise of Perseus, or as the chivalrous patron saint of England, trampling upon some winged and scaly monster, in whom of course everybody recognizes the "hereditary enemy" France; whilst unquestionably amongst the most popular of brochures, the *Kleine Anekdote-buch* of Fürst von Bismarck is to be classed. "He the greatest, comes home to the smallest, to men's business and bosoms in a special manner; the likeness of him hangs in the humblest hut; but for him Hans and Michel had not laid down their lives in French mire and clay; but for him, food were not so dear, nor widows so many, nor wives so few; but for him taxes had not been so rigorous, nor money so scarce. Yet he is the idol of the populace—of that populace which erewhile stoned, lampooned, caricatured,

and reviled him."[1] His career has indeed exemplified the proverb that nothing succeeds like success. Each material adversary he has encountered, he has successively demolished, and all former errors have been atoned for by triumphs that have benefited his country. But since he has sought to grapple with and stifle an intangible foe, since he has vainly striven to meet on equal ground the invisible power of the Papacy, there are signs of a rift within the lute. The hymn of universal praise is mingled with curses and execrations, the venom of the Ultramontane press has penetrated to thousands of hearts, and the Chancellor of the Empire has had to yield to the warnings of the police and to confine himself within his dwelling.

For the stranger who seeks in Berlin the things most impressed with the personality of the man who has made the Prussian capital that of a New Empire—the first street is not the Linden, but the Wilhelms-strasse, in which are situate half-a-dozen so-called palaces and many of the chief administrative departments of the State. Its most interesting edifice, however, is No. 76, a list of whose inhabitants, *pace* the Berlin Directory, is as follows:

Bade—coachman.
von Bismarck-Schönhausen, Prince, Chancellor of the Empire.
Engel—valet.
Grams—house-servant.
Lindstedt—porter.
Niedergesäss—servant.
Spitzenberg—house-servant.
Zimmermann—gardener.

These few individuals form the Prince Chancellor's entire establishment. The house which he has inhabited since 1862 is a stuccoed building of decidedly seedy aspect, completely thrown into the shade by the neighbouring, though by no means magnificent, palaces of Prince Radzivill and Prince Carl, and the stately residences of Herren Pringheim and Krause. It dates from the commencement of the last century and was purchased by the government some forty years ago. The façade, pierced by twelve windows and decorated with pilasters and a commonplace classic frieze relieved by a few masks, consists of a centre and two small wings, the stuccoed surface of which, through the want of a fresh coat of paint, is rapidly going to decay. The ground floor is devoted to the offices, and the story above, containing the principal rooms, is surmounted by a high pitched red tiled roof with projecting mansard windows. The chief recommendation lies in an extensive and park-like garden stretching to the Königgrätzer-strasse.

The Chancellor's door-porter is in thorough keeping with this unpretending residence; he wears no livery, no badge of office, and carries no pompous gold-headed staff. His lodge is on the

[1] "German Home Life," *Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1875.

right of a covered passage leading to the vestibule whence a flight of steps, guarded by two stone sphynxes—fit emblems of Prussian policy—conducts to the reception and living rooms. The interior fittings of the Chancellor's residence correspond with its exterior aspect, for when the government purchased the house the furniture was taken with it and has never been renewed. A few absolutely necessary adjuncts, some presents from the King, and a score or so of family portraits from Schönhausen, are all that have been added by the present tenant. Three halls, one of which serves for the official reunions, a couple of *salons* and a moderate suite of living rooms comprise the whole of the dwelling. Once when the Chancellor gave a party, he jocularly said, "I have invited the Minister of Finance to-night, that he may see for himself that my house is too small."

The first apartment entered is known as the Chinese room from its upholstery of figured silk representing fair celestials on the banks of some river, and groups of fabulous birds. It serves for the dining-room, and is of an extreme simplicity. Save its table and chairs it is completely bare, not containing even a sideboard. The adjoining apartment is the billiard-room, now transformed into a museum of souvenirs. The billiard-table is hidden under its green cover, and encumbered with knick-knacks of all kinds, presents from every source, and diplomas of the freedom of various cities richly illuminated and framed. It might be taken for the back room of a dealer in *bric-à-brac*. Three objects alone are worth mentioning, a bronze model of Rauch's monument of Friedrich the Great, the diploma of the freedom of the city of Hamburg, in the form of a bronze *plaque*, and an inkstand of black marble, surmounted by a dying lion, worth about ten thaler. The latter was a present from the Emperor during the Chancellor's illness. "He thought I was like the lion," said Bismarck, showing it before his departure for Kissingen, "but, thanks to God, I am restored to health and his Majesty is not yet quits with regard to some other little presents he owes me."

The third and the most interesting apartment is the Chancellor's study. It has only two windows, and the large mahogany writing table is a very simple piece of furniture. The Prince occupies a carved armchair and his secretary sits facing him. An *étagère* packed with official papers and reports is within reach on either side of him, and a bell-pull hangs from the ceiling. In front of the table, over a *bonheur du jour*, is a portrait of his wife when young, a superb brunette, with luxuriant hair, large black eyes, and rather square shoulders. "Madame de Bismarck," wrote Merimée, "has the longest foot in the Empire, and her daughter walks in her steps." The study contains no library. It has by way of compensation a complete collection of meerschaum pipes and military caps with red bands. Between the door and the

bonheur du jour is an assortment of swords and sabres that would do honour to an arsenal, and buckskin gloves lie about on all the articles of furniture. An iron couch of inordinate dimensions occupies one end of the study and on this the Reichs-Kanzler is in the habit of reposing to read the papers after dinner. The Chancellor's huge dog usually crouches under this piece of furniture when his master is engaged with visitors.

Contiguous to the Prince's study is his bedroom, where a screen of blue silk surrounds an immense bed. A little table serves as a washstand. One is struck by the many combs and brushes, outnumbering the hairs on the Chancellor's head. One re-enters the study to pass into the salon of the Princess which is simply a gallery ornamented with family portraits and furnished with couches and armchairs of red damask. The private apartments of the Princess and her daughter which overlook the garden open into this salon. The last and largest room serves as a reception-room. The furniture is in the middle-class style, without character or distinction; one fails to discover among it a single object of art, or in fact anything that appeals to the eye. The hangings and chair coverings are faded and almost threadbare. The only object that excites curiosity, thanks to the large brass plate on it, is the table upon which peace was signed at Versailles. The French say that the owner of the house in which Bismarck resided refused to give it up, and pretend that the Chancellor, not to be baulked of the coveted spoil, had one made exactly like it and substituted it for the real one, on his departure. On leaving the reception-room my guide opened a door to the right. "*Der Tanzsaal*," said he. This ballroom was once a chapel, but the Chancellor has put so many bishops in prison that he can have no scruple about putting dancers in a church.[1]

The Prince's style of living corresponds with the simplicity of his surroundings. When in good health he rises early and works, joining the family circle at breakfast towards ten, when he glances through his letters and newspapers. He then receives his councillors in his study, goes to report to the Emperor, rides for an hour or so if he is not required by the Parliament, and dines about five o'clock. After dinner he generally allows himself an hour's rest on the sofa in his study, or else in the Princess's drawing-room, where coffee is served, and then confers again with councillors and ministers. Subsequently he works alone and receives visitors up to a late hour, often till midnight, or he closes the day with conversation in the Princess's apartments, where a few guests usually assemble. Before retiring to rest he drinks a bottle of champagne as a sleeping draught, for he suffers terribly from insomnia, unless, indeed, he intends, as is sometimes the case, to rise in the night and work. Latterly his sleeplessness has arrived at such a pitch, that strong doses

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards*, par Victor Tissot.

of morphia have failed to procure him the necessary repose, and his nervous system has been terribly affected in consequence. This sleeplessness and nervousness are not owing to the irregular hours enforced on him in a measure by his position, but are due to old habits. "When I was a captain," says he, "at Schönhausen I could never sleep, and used to go out walking or riding by night. I am always anxious to know when it will be dawn."

He gives neither balls nor dinners, but during the parliamentary session he is in the habit of throwing open his rooms on certain evenings to the representatives of every party, who after a hot contest meet here on neutral ground, just as the opposing armies taking part in the military manœuvres, fraternize after a battle and discuss their strategetic performances. Hither come Moltke and Dr. Loewe, Prince William of Baden and Lasker, Braun and Fordenbeck, Bennigsen, Völk, Prince Hohenlohe, the Duke of Ujest, and the rest. Ministers greet their bitterest opponents in the Reichstag with a polite smile, and shake their friends by the hand. The most important topics of the day are discussed and commented upon with an absence of the acrimony which sometimes makes its appearance in a debate, and political adversaries learn to appreciate each other's social as well as mental qualities.

Bismarck was the first to organise these gatherings, at which the promotion of cheerful social intercourse is aimed at, and which agreeably replace the stiff ceremonial dinners of his predecessors and colleagues. A simple cold supper is accompanied —another innovation in a Berlin *salon*—by genuine Bavarian beer, served in small casks and drawn from the tap on the spot. This beverage is held in high esteem by the Chancellor, who drinks it all day long, and who further consumes large quantities of wine at his meals, to which he brings an appetite proportioned to his stature. The cigars that he used to smoke from morning till night have been prohibited by his doctors, but he consoles himself with pipes of colossal dimensions, of which he has an ample collection. Amongst them is one presented by a pipemaker of Oberhausen, who received in reply half a dozen lines to the effect that the Prince had never had such a good one since he left the university.

The Chancellor seldom goes to balls or parties, and almost the only theatre he honours with his presence is the Wallner, where local farces are commonly given. In his rides out, attired in the eternal white cuirassier uniform, which he never seems to lay aside, he used freely to return the salutations of the Berlin *gamins* with evident gratification, and it was noticed that during the French campaign he strolled alone about the streets of the various towns occupied by the French troops, with the same indifference to danger that, but for the entreaties of the police, he would continue to show at Berlin.

His daughter is entrusted with the task of collecting in an album all the caricatures published about him, and over these

we are told he good-humouredly laughs. German pictorial satire is, however, so devoid of point that if the Chancellor is able to derive amusement from the efforts of the Berlin caricaturists' pencils, he must be a happily constituted individual indeed. That the reader may judge for himself, some specimens of them from the *Kladderadatsch*, the *Berliner Wespen*, the *Ulk*, and the *Berliner Figaro* are here subjoined. In the first we have Bismarck under the guise of a nutcracker which is stated to be of cast iron and able to crack the very hardest nuts. The next, in which the German Chancellor and Count Arnim are depicted *dos-à-dos*, has

an inscription beneath it to the effect that if Count Arnim would but get the missing letters together, or Prince Bismarck would consent to write them over again, there might then be peace between the two. In the third we have the doughty Chancellor depicted as a corpulent crusader prodigal of good advice but indisposed to draw the sword against the Turk. Next he figures as an

archer, who having disposed of one adversary, Count Arnim, is directing his shafts against the Ultramontanes, the Socialists, the annexed Alsatians, and the rest of his recognised enemies. Then we have him as the sea serpent rising out of the ocean to the great terror of the poor old Pope as he passes by in his bark. The lines beneath, evidently quoted from some German classic, are to the effect that "An old man sits in the boat, and knows not how to save himself," no very brilliant application of apparently some familiar quotation. Finally the Chancellor is presented under a classic aspect in the dubious guise of a Roman charioteer who appeals to his

master the Emperor, not to order him to set off again on the plea that his horse is so fearfully jaded and requires both rest and fodder before starting on any new journey.

If the Chancellor is disposed to smile over such puerile attempts at wit as the foregoing, he certainly does not regard the bitter attacks of Majunke in the *Germania*, or of Hasselmann in the *Social Democrat*, with the same equanimity. Journalists are, indeed, no favourites of his; it was he who invented the term *Reptilien*, and when Jules Favre requested troops to secure order in Paris during the armistice, he suggested that "the journalists should be given up to him, and then order would maintain itself." A yet more serious cause of annoyance, and one which succeeded in shaking even his iron nerve, and producing with the sleeplessness referred to a morbid irritability, was the scores of threatening letters which he was in the habit of receiving every week. They were addressed to him by both Frenchmen and Germans, the latter forming an immense majority since his attacks upon the Ultramontanes. The object of the writers was in most cases merely to terrify him into retirement, but the police themselves profess that there are genuine plots for his destruction, and not only watch over him and his house with tenfold precautions, but have persuaded him to go out only in a close carriage, and instead of riding in the Thiergarten to confine his horse exercise to the large garden of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Strange irony of fate that the man who can scarcely show himself without being made the object of a popular ovation, should shrink from crossing his threshold lest the knife or bullet of a fellow-countryman should be buried in his heart!

As seven cities of Greece disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer, so the Sclaves and Teutons both lay claim to Bismarck, whose bare head indeed reveals the characteristics of both these races. The former derive his name from the Wendish *bü smarkou*, "beware of the thorns," and in confirmation allege that the golden trefoil of the family arms is a blackberry leaf. The others maintain it comes from the little town of Bismarck on the Biese, in the circle of Stendhal, formerly inhabited

by his ancestors. It is quite certain that some five hundred years ago Rule von Bismarck was excommunicated by the Bishop of Haberstadt, for founding a school in the town of Stendhal and refusing to place it under the direction of the Church, so history has repeated itself in the Chancellor's passage of the School Inspection Bill, and his enmity to the Ultramontanes. This ancestor was one of the guild of tailors of the same town, which has led to the Prince's enemies sneering at the claim of the family to Junkerdom, though the burghers of Stendhal proudly alluded to it on presenting the Chancellor with the freedom of their place. A yet more damaging assertion in patriotic eyes, namely, that his was one of the families that supported the French between 1806 and 1813, was contradicted by himself by the publication of the list of half a dozen Bismarcks, who perished for Germany during the War of Liberation. Friedrich the Great's Minister of Justice was a Bismarck, and it was from him that Voltaire procured the warrant to arrest the Jew Hirsch, with whom he had entangled himself in some scandalous financial transactions during his residence at Berlin.

Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck was born on the 1st April, 1815, at Schönhausen in the Altmark, in an old-fashioned manor-house, built at the end of the seventeenth century, on the foundation of an older mansion destroyed during the Thirty Years' War. It is a plain, square, rather heavy-looking building of two stories with a high-pitched roof, standing on a hill overlooking the town of Schönhausen, and near to a church and cemetery, through which latter, somewhat strangely, the courtyard of the house is reached. To the right is a fine park studded with centenarian chestnut and lime-trees, and to the left lie the farm-buildings of the estate. Above the principal entrance to the house are a couple of shields, upon which are sculptured the armorial bearings of the builders—Augustus von Bismarck and his wife Dorothea Sophia von Katte. "The arms of the latter," observes a zealous Frenchman, who since the war has had the curiosity to visit the birthplace of the man who imposed so hard a sacrifice and so vast a burthen upon France, "are composed of a cat playing with a mouse. Think of all the mice with which Bismarck has tragically played for ten years past before choking them. Recall to mind the chiefs of the parliamentary opposition at Berlin, the noble Diet of Frankfurt, the Prince of Augustenburg, the Marquis de Lavallette, Count von Beust, Napoleon III., the Duke de Gramont, M. Jules Favre, and M. Thiers,"—to whom, moreover, may now be added a score of Catholic dignitaries, and Count Henry von Arnim—"and say if ever allusive arms spoke more prophetically than those of Sophia Dorothea of the house of Katte, great-great-grandmother of Otto Eduard Leopold, Prince von Bismarck."

Bismarck's father was a retired officer, and his mother, a tall

blonde, was daughter of Privy-Councillor Menken. Besides the future Chancellor two others of their six children have survived, namely, his elder brother Bernhard, now a royal chamberlain, and a younger sister, Malvina, married to the chamberlain von Arnim-Kröchlendorf. His early childhood was spent on his father's estate of Kniephoff in Pomerania, and after studying at Dr. Plamann's school and at the Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasium at Berlin, he entered the University of Göttingen in 1831. The maddest of mad students at a time when the majority of these were reckless and violent, he soon earned the name of "the wild Bismarck," distinguished himself by his avoidance of lectures and prowess with both *bier-glas* and *schläger*, and was able to notch upon his student's stick, the registry of three dozen encounters, the marks of one of which he carries prominently on his face to this day. Nevertheless he managed to pass his examination as Referenderer, and coming to Berlin began to practise in the municipal court. On one occasion he was examining a genuine Berliner who so exasperated him by his impertinence that he jumped up and exclaimed, "Mind what you are about, sir, or I will kick you out." The magistrate, tapping him upon the shoulder said quietly, but with a due regard to the traditions of Prussian hierarchy, "Mr. Examiner, the kicking out is my business." The examination proceeded, but ere long Bismarck was up again thundering, "Take care, sir, or I will have you kicked out by the magistrate." It was about this time that he was presented at Court and was asked by the present Emperor in allusion to his athletic appearance, "Whether the Law required her sons to be of the same stature as the Guards." Those were the days when in company with numerous young officers he was accustomed to hear the chimes at midnight, and to distinguish himself at drinking bouts and with the dice-box.

After a short sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle as Referenderer, Bismarck served his year as a volunteer at Potsdam, in the jägers of the guard, and was then recalled home to aid in relieving the family estates, having succeeded in which he gave himself up to a career of reckless dissipation. Respectable people shuddered at the doings of the "wild Bismarck of Kniephoff," who with boon companions, selected from the officers of adjoining garrisons and the neighbouring Junkers, was wont to pass the night in draining beakers of mingled champagne and porter. Yet his father, keener sighted than the elder Mirabeau, detected the germs of better things amidst all this exuberant flow of animal spirits characterizing the *Sturm und Drang* period of his life, and said "We must not snuff this candle, for fear of extinguishing it." His brother Bernhard, too, kept urging him to go to Berlin, maintaining, as France and Austria have since learnt to their cost, that he was cut out for public life and diplomacy.

Yet even as Cromwell was once on the point of starting for America, Otto von Bismarck, before he entered Parliament, had serious thought of going to India to make his fortune.

It was during this period, which was marked, moreover, by visits to England and France, that he received his first decoration, a medal, for saving, at great personal risk, the life of his groom Hildebrand, whose horse had become unmanageable and had dashed with him into the Lippener lake. This medal he always wears amongst his grandest decorations and when a foreign diplomatist once asked him what it meant, answered, with his usual insolence towards his equals: "I have a habit of sometimes saving a man's life."

On the death of his father, he began to interest himself in politics, made the acquaintance of von Roon, and betrothed himself to his first love, Johanna von Puttkammer, whose parents' consent he obtained in spite of themselves, by going straight to their house and embracing their daughter before the whole household. The decree of the 3rd February, 1847, brought him to Berlin as a member of the first Prussian Landtag, and a red-hot Junker. He boasted of his mediæval ideas, opposed the emancipation of the Jews, and cried out against civil marriage, which he has since so strenuously insisted on, as a degrading institution that "made the Church the train-bearer of a subaltern bureaucracy." In national matters too he opposed the unity of Germany and the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, though the speeches he made on these subjects have been carefully omitted from the collection published at Berlin, together with the one he pronounced in 1850 in defence of the ministry which had brought about the Olmutz humiliation, wherein he maintained that Prussia should give way to Austria in order to combat with her the threatening democracy.

At the close of the session he married, made a wedding tour through Switzerland and Italy—falling in at Vienna with the late King of Prussia, much of whose confidence he gained—and then settled down at Schönhausen. His union was blessed with three children, Maria Elisabeth Johanna, Nicolas Heinrich Ferdinand Herbert, a lieutenant in the 1st dragoon guards, and Wilhelm Otto Albrecht—named after the German Emperor who was his godfather—holding a similar rank. All of them were born at short intervals from 1848 to 1852.

After fighting the Radicals in the Landtag with his tongue and in the columns of the *Kreuz Zeitung* with his pen throughout the stormy period of 1848, he entered upon his diplomatic career in 1851 as First Secretary of the Embassy at Frankfurt. Here he had a difficult part to play, for Prince Schwartzenberg had uttered the memorable phrase, "Prussia must first be humbled in order that we may destroy her," and as the representative of that power he was not looked upon with favourable eyes. Count von Thun

Holstein, the Austrian ambassador, sought to establish their respective positions by receiving him in his shirt sleeves. "You are right," said Bismarck as he entered, "it *is* awfully hot in here," and pulled off his own coat at once. Thun apologised, and the two became better friends. Bismarck succeeded Rochow as ambassador and for the eight years during which he was connected with the Bundestag worked energetically against the influence of Austria, though he found time to pay flying visits to different parts of Europe, notably to Paris during the International Exhibition of 1855, and again in 1857, when he had his first interview with the French Emperor. Towards the close of his Frankfurt mission, he was present at a review, wearing on the breast of his Landwehr uniform the numerous decorations he had already received. The Austrian Archduke, in whose honour the review was held, asked him, with a tinge of irony, whether these had been won in presence of the enemy. "Certainly, your Highness, all in presence of the enemy—at Frankfurt," was his reply.

During this period the reins of Government passed into the hands of the present Emperor who changed the ministry and began to plan the reorganization of the army. Bismarck supported him in this, but his Italian sympathies led to his being transferred to the court of St. Petersburg. "I am like champagne, they put me in ice before serving me up," was his comment. This pseudo-banishment and a severe illness, due to an injury to the leg bone received whilst hunting, rendered him a passive spectator of the Italian campaign, though it did not hinder him from putting forth his views in that letter on "Prussia and the Italian question," in which he developed the programme of 1866 and declared that Prussia must become Germany.

In the spring of 1862, having previously declined a portfolio, he was transferred from St. Petersburg to Paris, whence, however, he was recalled in the month of September to assume the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Presidency of the Council and to attain the acme of unpopularity. He accepted the heavy inheritance of the old Liberal administration, the conflict between which and the Lower House had already lasted a couple of years "without conditions or reservations" saying that "the rest would be shown by the future." Then began that long and bitter struggle with the Prussian parliament upon the questions of army reform and the supplies. So inflamed were men's minds at his appointment, though he simply accepted the situation created by others, that the sittings were suspended for five days. At the outset he endeavoured to gain the confidence of the liberal leaders by exposing his plan of a bold foreign policy, but in vain.

The conflict about reorganization grew into a constitutional question. Bismarck withdrew the budget and went on governing without it. The following year the House threw it out, and censured him for making a secret treaty with Russia, and he in

return closed the House, declaring that he would carry on his plans without supplies till the country was ready to furnish them. "*Voilà mon médecin*," said the King, well pleased with the boldness with which the minister contested even the president's disciplinary authority, and when a deputy asked why, if the Government was dissatisfied with the House it did not dissolve it and appeal to the country, "Gentlemen," was Bismarck's reply, "before doing so, we should like to give the country an opportunity of learning what its representatives are, that future elections may be based on a more thorough personal knowledge."

The cavalier fashion in which the minister acted *vis-à-vis* with the Prussian parliament was looked upon at the time as the haughtiness of the noble in presence of a gathering of vassals, whereas it was simply the impatience of a practical and sceptical statesman in face of an assembly of honest ideologists, inflexible slaves of principle. One can realize his scornful irritation, when he had to listen to a long report on the reorganization of the army, learnedly drawn up by the illustrious historian of the "trichinose," whose competence in military matters, considering the bent of his previous studies, might fairly be called into question. And one can excuse his impatience at seeing a great assembly, which took upon itself the historical *rôle* of the Long Parliament, fighting pitched battles over such miserable questions as striking off a thousand or a couple of thousand thaler from the secret service fund or the salary of some ambassador. The somewhat violent sallies of the members of the opposition might however have been allowed to pass unheeded, and not have been made the subject of ill-advised judicial proceedings.[1] It is said however that the minister was not responsible for these repressive measures, and in proof of his real sentiments a story is told of his taking a little sprig of olive from his cigar-case and saying to some of the members of the extreme opposition in a half-jesting manner, "I gathered this in the South of France and shall perhaps offer it one of these days to the Democrats as a token of reconciliation, but as yet it is too soon." Nevertheless neither the country, the legislature, nor Germany would believe him in spite of the remarkable acts which followed his accession to the premiership.

Three months after attaining power, he proposed the convocation of that German parliament which had been petitioned for so long, and received for answer "*timeo Danaos*." He intervened in Hesse-Cassel to re-establish law, but people laughed at the minister who acted in defiance of his own parliament whilst defending the prerogatives of another. He espoused the cause of the Holsteiners, especially dear to the German people, but the reply was, "It is to deliver them up to Denmark as in 1850." He signed commercial treaties with Italy and France, and

[1] *La Prusse Contemporaine*, par Carl Hillebrand.

imposed them on the recalcitrant petty princes; he renewed the Zollverein in accordance with public opinion; he prevented the King from taking part in the congress of princes at Frankfurt, so unpopular throughout Germany; he again proposed the convocation of a German parliament; he threatened to dissolve the Frankfurt Diet, the object of the hatred and the scorn of all; he announced that his policy would be at once German and in favour of union, seemingly a sure means of attracting the sympathy of the whole of Germany. But all was of no avail.[1]

The passions that had been aroused, the antecedents, and the frequently provoking language of the minister, notably his expression, "not through speeches and votes of the majority are the great questions of the day to be decided, that was the blunder of 1848 and 1849, but by iron and blood," blinded them completely to the fact that even at this period the "*coup d'état* minister" as he had been styled, on account of his intimacy with Napoleon III., was founding German unity. The hatred he inspired, passed the ordinary bounds of ministerial unpopularity, and strange to say he positively took a pleasure in provoking it. A member of a deputation introduced to him was so struck by his bearing as to remark that in presence of such a man it was impossible to say anything foolish. "One can see very well that you have never been in the Chamber," was Bismarck's grim comment. In proof of this hatred it is said that once when the Crown Prince was looking on somewhat dejectedly at the departure of a number of German emigrants for America, a man stepped out from the crowd and said, "Will your Royal Highness give me a thaler if I tell you how to prevent this?" "Speak," said the Prince. "Send Bismarck to America, and you may be sure no one will follow him!" At that time he had, to all appearances, more detraction at his heels than fortune before him.

His foreign policy was based on his observation "that the gravitating centre of Austrian policy must be sought at Buda-Pest" and at the commencement of 1863 he issued that bold circular despatch, in which he stated that the relations between Prussia and Austria "must at once become either better or worse." This did not prevent the two powers from uniting for a time in the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein, "the bone on which the Germans are sharpening their teeth," as Metternich observed. In July, 1864, he was in Vienna negotiating the peace, and as he observes was "stared at by the people as if I were a new hippopotamus for the zoological gardens. . . This existence on the stage is very uncomfortable if one wants to enjoy his beer in peace." The Emperor Franz Josef fully recognised his value, and on one occasion when a disparaging remark was made about him exclaimed, "Ah! if I but only had him!" But he did not have him, and two years later came Königgrätz.

[1] *La Prusse Contemporaine*, par Carl Hillebrand.

Meanwhile the relations between the two countries failed to improve and the condition of home affairs was equally trying. The successful results of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign had not overcome the mistrust of the Prussian Lower House. Hot and bitter debates, a personal challenge to a duel, averted by a compromise, and the declaration that the use made of the State funds without the authority of the national representatives was unconstitutional, marked the session. The next year the Cologne and Minden railway was sold by the State to meet the expenses of the army reorganization and Bismarck received the title of Count.

On the afternoon of the 7th May, 1866, as he was passing along the Linden on his way home from a conference with the King two shots were fired at him. Turning round he perceived a young man with a revolver taking aim for the third time. Rushing in, he seized his assailant, the third shot grazing his right shoulder. Two more shots were fired as they struggled, one of which glanced from the Count's ribs and then Bismarck handed over his captive to the police. Politically speaking this was a lucky incident for him, it aroused universal sympathy, congratulations poured in on all sides, the King himself hastened to his house and the people of Berlin flocked in thousands beneath his windows. His courage in grappling with and securing his opponent was highly eulogised though it is commonly believed that he owed his safety to a cuirass, and a cuirass, moreover, composed of folds of satin, the invulnerability of which some Hungarian had pointed out to him. The author of this attempt, Cohen Blind, son of Carl Blind, the Republican leader, committed suicide some days afterwards in his cell.

This incident helped to precipitate the war with Austria towards which the King had been urged with such difficulty and against which public opinion was so strong. On the 27th June the news of the first victory reached Berlin and crowds again assembled in

front of 76, Wilhelms-strasse to thank and applaud the man whom they had so detested. The following day he left for the seat of war, sure of success, and prepared for all the difficulties success would bring. At Königgrätz where, as he wrote home, he "rode the big chestnut and was thirteen hours in the saddle without food," and where in the evening "his first couch for the night was the pavement of Horitz without straw or anything but a carriage cushion," he was the first to discern through his glass the arrival of the Crown Prince's army. Whilst the King and his generals were almost confounded at the triumphant result of Königgrätz he steadily pursued his task of re-establishing peace, passing eight days without taking his clothes off and sleeping one night on the bare stones under a piazza in a Bohemian village, and another, as he expressed it, "doubled up like a jack-knife" in a child's crib, till all had been settled according to his plans.

On the return of the King to Berlin, the farce of begging indemnity from the Landtag was gone through and helped to strengthen Bismarck's new popularity. He had now attained that height of fame by which tailors and bootmakers hasten to profit. The names of Blücher and Wellington have been immortalized by the followers of St. Crispin. Bismarck was fated to give his to a shirt-collar and to a colour, which latter a bright brown, was all the rage in Paris for a full year, and even branched out into a paler variation known as *Bismarck malade*. People too began calling their children after him, a compliment with which he expressed himself disgusted. The following year however witnessed the greatest triumph of his policy, the formation of the North German Confederation, in spite of foreign foes, South German antipathies, and the opposition of some of the States composing it. "Let us put Germany into the saddle. She is already able to ride," he exclaimed when he laid the sketch of the new confederation before the Reichstag, whilst he consoled a somewhat dolorous deputation from a newly-annexed State by the homely remark that "Prussia was like a flannel waistcoat, rather uncomfortable when you put it on for the first time, but a great comfort when you are used to it." To another deputation that complained of the heavy taxation and general liability to military service, he replied, with feigned astonishment, "Well, gentlemen, did you expect to become Prussian for nothing?" He had naught to say however in reply to the telling reproof of the wife of a foreign diplomatist, whose beauty was supposed to have produced a great impression upon him, when at a Court ball in Berlin, he, with that audacity which is his especial characteristic, extended his hand to pluck without permission a flower from her bouquet. "Pardon, Monsieur le Comte," she remarked, smartly rapping his knuckles with her fan, "that flower is not a German State, and must be asked for."

His policy had been that of Horatius, to combat the enemies of German unity in succession. Two of these Curatii, Denmark and Austria, had fallen, and France alone remained, filled with jealous hatred. He was made Chancellor of the New Confederation; assisted in the pacific settlement of the Luxembourg question, and paid a visit to the Paris Exhibition. Overtaxed in strength by the heavy session of 1868, he retired to Varzin, where, exhausted both bodily and mentally, he broke down completely. His recovery was retarded by a fall from his horse, as he was becoming himself again; and remedies innumerable were suggested by sympathising Germans, one old soldier recommending him to smoke a pound of tobacco daily. Bismarck sent the man a pipe and half-a-hundredweight of tobacco, accompanied by the request that he would be good enough to do the smoking for him. At the close of the year he got back to Berlin, and worked at the consolidation of the Confederation till the outbreak of the inevitable war with France. He followed the army to the field; received the Emperor Napoleon on his surrender after Sedan, and, during the siege of Paris, installed himself in a villa at Versailles. Upon him devolved the adjustment of the terms of peace. Whilst discussing the war indemnity with Jules Favre, he had Bleichroder, the great Jewish banker, beside him, as a kind of financial expert. Jules Favre was taken quite aback at the demand for five milliards of francs, and, to render its excessive nature apparent, observed, "Even if a man had begun to reckon it at the birth of Christ, he would not have finished by the present time." "For that reason," replied Bismarck, pointing to Bleichroder, "I have brought this gentleman, who counts from the Creation." Ernest Picard, who, at the beginning of February, had to arrange the indemnity to be paid by Paris, met with a similar jocular retort when endeavouring to obtain a prolongation of the armistice. The Count expressed his willingness to prolong it to the 25th, or even the 28th of the month. "Then why not to the 30th?" asked Picard. "Absolutely impossible," was the dry reply. "Would your excellency at least mind giving me the reasons of this impossibility." "Oh! certainly. It is because there are only twenty-eight days in the month."

Crueller sayings are attributed to him; and during the outbreak of the Communist struggle he was credited with the remark, "We may not burn Paris, but we can let it be burnt;" whilst his recommendation that the Parisians should be left to cook in their own gravy has almost passed into a proverb. With all this, he could still spare a shaft for his own countrymen. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in conversation with him, complained of the too liberal distribution of the Iron Cross. "I am not of your opinion," replied Bismarck; "the

Iron Cross has been given for two reasons. Either those who are decorated with it have deserved it, and in that case there is nothing to be said, or it has been bestowed as a pure matter of courtesy upon people like your Highness or myself, and in that case the less said about it the better."

On his return to Berlin, with the title of Prince, the lordship of Schwartzenbeck, which was valued at some £230,000, and the dignity of Chancellor of the Empire, he turned his attention against internal foes. The Ultramontanes were assailed by the law for the Inspection of Schools; and the following session the measures against the Jesuits were promulgated, the *contre coup* of which was the pistol-shot fired two years later by Kuhlmann at Kissingen. At the close of 1872, he resigned the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet in favour of Count von Roon, to whom he entrusted the task of passing the Church Laws, in order to devote himself exclusively to the administration of the German Empire, but resumed it within a twelvemonth. There is no need to recapitulate the circumstance attendant upon his prosecution of Count Arnim; and his prolonged struggle with Church and Press is elsewhere narrated at length. In his great task of constructing a United Germany, the Austrian war served to bring the scattered fragments into contact; and the patriotic fire, enkindled by the contest with France, to weld them together. It yet remains to be seen whether the spirit of resistance, engendered by continued persecution, will die out, or whether it may not explode with a shock that will endanger the edifice.

The two greatest qualities of a statesman, and the two rarest amongst public men in Germany, namely, clearness of views, and determination of purpose, belong to Prince Bismarck in the highest degree. He knows what he wants, and makes up his mind to secure it. At no period of his career has he sought to conceal his views, and his almost brutal frankness has been a hard puzzle to diplomatists, unable to comprehend such a want of reticence. This may be due to the fact that whenever he has dissimulated he has exaggerated to such an extent as to miss his aim, and has more often deceived his adversary by telling him the truth than in trying to disguise it. With an antagonist, too, although he may be spiteful, and even unjust, there will be nothing spurious about him. He may openly disregard justice and morality, but he will not aggravate this by any affectation of the pathetic. He has always sought to strike a decisive blow, when he had any object to attain, without wasting his time in preliminary skirmishes. He has been characterized, accurately enough, as not being one of those "patient plodders who are content with slow and laborious progress, with small victories, each won by painful strategy and diffident venture. His forward strides are made with seven-

league boots; his political plans of campaign are grand schemes, culminating in general actions of a decisive character, not studded with harassing skirmishes and insignificant encounters. Moreover, he is the only public man in Europe who dares to speak out his mind *utterly*, regardless of consequences. He is indomitable, wholly unsusceptible of fear, resolute to have his own way, thoroughly convinced that he knows better what is for the good of his country than any other man, and not to be deterred by any consideration whatever from saying exactly what he thinks."[1] For these reasons he is scarcely the same favourite with his equals and superiors in rank, or with his colleagues—all of whom he subjugates unhesitatingly to his indomitable will—as with the middle classes. It has been said that there is no man in Prussia strong enough to stand up against him.

Even with the Emperor, over whom he seems to exercise some of that strange fascination which chained Louis XIII. to Richelieu, Bismarck can afford to be resolute and unbending. Whenever his absence from Berlin is not to be satisfactorily accounted for—and the rumours of his retirement on the score of ill-health are not so readily accepted now as they once were—people say, "*Er grollt* (he is *sulking*); he has had a difference with a certain person, and has gone off in a passion." Every time that personage and he have fallen out, he has retreated to Varzin, and shut himself up there until an *amende honorable* has been made him. Concerning these retirements, the author of the *Pro Nihilo* pamphlet, published in defence of Count Arnim, has remarked:—"In his own country Prince Bismarck is believed to be indispensable; and he is so, as long as this belief continues. But suddenly a man made his appearance who threatened to deprive him of the charm of indispensableness—who was indicated by public opinion as one who could replace him. The fear of the instability of all human fortune then stole over the Chancellor's mind. People see with astonishment how an elephant can with the same instrument raise hundredweights and pick up needles from the ground. Prince Bismarck acts in a similar way; only to the stolid, unimaginative elephant a needle is but a needle, while to the Chancellor it appears a poisonous and fatal weapon. We have seen many such needles irritate the Chancellor's morbid nerves, and exercise more influence on politics than many a cannon shot—the Duchesne affair, articles in the press, speeches by Windthorst, Lasker, Virchow, and so on. Those who will take the trouble to follow up the chain of ideas of which we have only given the first links, will understand why Prince Bismarck remains more and more isolated in Varzin—whence he rules the world like Tiberius from Capri—why he avoids more and more

[1] Berlin correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*.

the intercourse of other men, and why an unimportant incident assumes in his eyes the proportions of an historical event."

It is well known that Bismarck at times expresses himself slightingly enough of the Emperor, who, according to him, has too much and too little of the Hohenzollern in him. Once he was in the habit of regretting that he could not do what he liked with him, because he was not a king of his own making. Possibly a change has come over the Chancellor in this respect, since he has made of the King an Emperor, for he has added to Goethe's dictum, that "Every German has his own individuality, which he does not like to lose," the rider, "and if he only had money enough each man would have a king of his own." He, however, still compares the Emperor to a hunter that needs to be well spurred before he will take a fence; which is only repeating in other words his phrase about its being necessary to wind the King up every day like a watch, when the quarrel with Austria over the Schleswig-Holstein spoils was coming to a crisis.

His differences with the Crown Prince date back to 1862, when the latter, whose liberal tendencies are well known, felt bound to protest publicly against the President of the Council's arbitrary proceedings, and even to express to the King his condemnation of them as tending to endanger his own succession to the throne—a step that had no further result than obliging him to retire from Court for a time. Prince Bismarck, who, in spite of the past, claims to be in no respect an enemy of parliamentary government, has since maintained that in these proceedings he had but a single object in view, namely, the consolidation of Northern Germany under the ægis of Prussia. To attain this he was prepared, he said, to brave exile, and even the scaffold, and had observed to the Crown Prince, "What matter if they hang me, provided only that the cord firmly bind your throne to this new Germany." And the view he entertains of his own importance and position, is well shown in a recent speech on the new Penal Code, wherein he said that, whilst the House was quite right to reject the Bill if it thought it incompatible with the interests of the Empire, he, for his part, could not retain the position of Foreign Minister unless his hands were strengthened by its passage. He said:—"In my double quality of President of the Council of Ministers in Prussia, and Chancellor of the Empire, I am the point on which all discontent concentrates itself. In the railway-carriage, and in the drawing-room, in every society, the impression is the same. They complain of me as the farmer complains of the bad weather. People treat me as if I could, by the effects of my sole personal will, remove all the faults which are to be found in the new legislation."

And yet, with all this arrogance, Prince Bismarck can be

reasonable enough in ordinary life. Credit is given him for possessing a certain personal charm, such as many people manifest in a *tête-à-tête*, but which entirely forsakes them in the presence of numbers. Haughty, provoking, and unconciliatory in the Reichstag, he more or less succeeds in gaining over those of his opponents who approach him in his drawing-room or his study; and a well-known diplomatist, comparing him with the famous Italian minister, considered his brusque frankness and cavalier *abandon* more winning than the seductive *bonhomie* and airy grace of Cavour. He has also been described as amiable in society, talkative to excess, communicative to indiscretion, full of wit and originality, not too impatient of contradiction, and, when in good temper, quite open to argument. Whatever prejudices he may have, he knows how to conceal and even to laugh at; but as the boundary between prejudice and conviction, fancy and belief is hard to define, he too often ridicules what is looked upon by the mass of mankind as most noble and sacred.

In illustration of Prince Bismarck's affability, one may refer to a little incident that transpired during one's first sojourn in Berlin, and which for the moment shared with the coming of the Czar and the Kaiser the talk of the city. This was the Chancellor's entertaining Herr Helmerding the popular Berlin comedian—noted for the lively and pointed style in which he sings—at dinner on the very day the Emperor Franz Josef arrived, and probably accounted for by his preferring the company of comedians who sing good songs to that of mere diplomatists and ambassadors. The actor has given his own version of the incident which is sufficiently amusing to be quoted *in extenso*.

"My connection with Prince Bismarck," says Herr Helmerding, "dates from the epoch of the constitutional conflict in 1863. At a stormy sitting of the Lower House, he was severely dealt with, and whilst some orator was shouting his loudest against the unpopular minister, Bismarck opened the door of the little room reserved for members of the Government, and which communicates with the chamber, and said in a disdainful way: 'The honourable gentleman need not shout so loud, we can hear him very well here.'

"The incident was reported in all the newspapers, and the following evening Bismarck came to the theatre where I was performing and shook with laughter whilst I was singing a verse in which he was sharply criticised. The curtain fell, and plaudits resounded from all parts of the house. A sudden thought seized me, I stepped before the curtain, and said to the audience: 'Not quite so much noise gentlemen, one can hear you very well here.' The hit had a tremendous success. Bismarck complimented me in person, and it is from then that our relations date. Every first of January he sends me his card, to show me the interest he takes in my feeble artistic talent.

"His favourite piece is a short act by David Kalisch, the most popular author of Berlin; this little sketch is entitled: 'Musical and declamatory evenings.' In it I play the part of a German *concierge* who, during the absence of his master, has invited his brethren of the neighbourhood. Each *concierge* belonging to the foreign embassies of Berlin, is received by me with political allusions more or less comical. The part which amuses Bismarck most is,

when I address the English *concierge*, whom I salute profoundly, saying to him 'My dear friend, I am enchanted to see you, I hope you will do me the pleasure of passing the evening at my house very often.' And at the same time I overwhelm him with kicks and blows, and knocks with the broom.

"Recently while at the sea-side, on the shores of the Baltic, close to the Prince's country-house, I learnt that he was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, called by us the silver wedding. I sent him by telegraph, a little song of felicitation, for which he thanked me very graciously. But to speak of our famous dinner. I was thus honoured when I least expected it, for at the time the political world was greatly agitated by the approaching meeting of the three Emperors. One afternoon the Baron von Rosenberg called upon me and said with an almost official air: 'I am commissioned by Prince and Princess Bismarck to invite you to dine with them on Friday next, the 6th of September, at two o'clock.'

"The day happened to be the same as that on which the Emperor of Austria was expected. When it arrived I put on evening dress, hired a first-class open vehicle, and said to the coachman in a grand off-hand way: 'To Prince Bismarck's.' Though vehicles were not allowed by the police along the principal thoroughfares, my carriage was never once stopped. I was, no doubt, recognised. When one has played for twenty years the principal parts at the same theatre, every one knows you in Berlin, and I heard some urchins cry: 'Hallo! there's Helmerding!' At this moment I caught sight of the Prince himself, in an open carriage, going in a perfectly opposite direction. He saluted me as he passed and I saluted him in return; but without laughing, I assure you. I looked at my watch. It wanted only a few minutes to the dinner hour, and yet my host was evidently going away! I thought I was the victim of some hoax of Rosenberg's, and hesitated what to do. Finally, with royal exactitude, I entered Prince Bismarck's house, where I expected to find all possible luxury, instead of which there was nothing of the kind. One of the shabbiest-looking porters came to me, and laughing stupidly in my face, said: 'Ah! there you are, Mr. Helmerding; I knew you were coming.' And with this he commenced laughing all the more. Well, its my business to make people laugh, and I like to hear them, when I'm on the stage; but that laugh at that particular moment was remarkably disagreeable, I assure you. I passed him hurriedly by and was shown into a small room, where I found several gentlemen who expressed their delight at meeting me. A young lady more agreeable than handsome, with charming manners, came up to me and said: 'Mr. Helmerding, my father has gone to see the Emperor, but it will not be long before he returns.' Amongst those present I remarked the Baron von Holstein, the same who appeared as a witness in the Arnim trial; also Baron Rosenberg, and the son of Prince Bismarck, the Count Herbert, an officer in the dragoons. I noticed on the table a decoration which the Prince had received from some petty potentate or other. It was a very handsome cross, ornamented with diamonds, and I was still admiring the richness of it when the Chancellor entered, saluted everyone with his accustomed high spirits, offered me his hand, and excused himself for being late.

"We talked of different things, but not of politics, as you will readily believe. Whilst we were conversing the Princess entered, and as soon as dinner was announced, she begged I would offer her my arm. I certify to you that I did so with infinite grace. The repast was excellent, but very simple. I noticed that the Prince did not use glasses, but goblets. He had two before him, of different sizes: the one, very large, was for his port, of which he is very proud. He has several pipes of this wine in his cellar, and pretends his collection of ports has no rival in the world. The second goblet, he uses for his champagne. The Princess did me the honour to propose my health. We clinked glasses and I was asked to relate the particulars of my life, my studies, my theatrical career. I was so absorbed in my narrative that when we rose from table, I forgot to reconduct the princess, who called my attention to the

circumstance, laughing heartily all the while at my distraction. She brought her husband the long porcelain pipe he smokes every day, for the Prince cannot smoke cigars, being forbidden by the doctors, because he so chews the tobacco that poisoning by nicotine is feared. After a time the Prince rose and said graciously: 'My dear Herr Helmerding, you must forgive my running off, but I am obliged to go to the station to await the arrival of the Emperor of Austria.' Whereupon he withdrew to put on his cuirassier's helmet, which is a good deal too large for him, whilst I drove to the Wallner Theatre to paint my face preparatory to performing my part in 'Berlin that cries and Berlin that laughs.' The Prince and I continue good friends, and it is not without reason that I am made to say in a piece called 'Helmerding in Olympus:'—'When I go to see my friend Otto, meaning the Prince, we are so familiar that he sleeps on the sofa, whilst I get into his bed.'"

The German Chancellor has no pretensions to oratory. The substance of what he says is of more moment to him than the manner of delivery. His voice, though clear, is dry and unsympathetic, monotonous in tone and far from powerful; indeed the contrast it offers with his massy physique is one of the things that strikes all who hear him for the first time. He frequently interrupts himself and pauses, sometimes commences to stutter, as though he had a difficulty in finding words to express his ideas. Watching his face closely it is almost possible to trace the workings of his brain. He will mentally attack a sentence two or three times humming and hawing till he finds the exact expression of his thoughts and by this method he never says anything excepting what he precisely means to say. His uneasy lolling attitude and careless movements in no way aid the effect of his delivery. He cannot, it appears, speak without something in his hand, and in the Reichstag twirls between his fingers a grey goose-quill or one of those immense lead pencils which he especially affects, or seizing on a sheet of paper rolls it up and brandishes it like a marshal's baton.

All this awkwardness of delivery does not hinder both the substance of his speeches and the language in which they are couched from being excellent. The strong solid common sense that forms their basis is relieved by a series of sallies, the biting energy of which has rendered many of them almost proverbial. His speeches have indeed been most aptly compared to his once favourite drink, stout mixed with champagne. When he comes to a climax in a speech, he collects all he has to say in his heart

into one powerful sentence, as if he were striking the last blow to drive home the nail, and such sentences often re-echo throughout Europe. As he warms up, too, he surmounts all the apparent difficulties noted above, attains a greater facility of expression, presents his propositions in sharp happy touches, pressing into his service similes from real life, with wonderful audacity, and in a cool unprejudiced kind of way, recklessly overthowing revered traditions. His boldness of speech rivals his boldness in action, and whilst he will jest and even pun on all manner of subjects, no one can better assume a tone of scornful disdain. "He speaks, and it is as though the king of beasts sent his leonine roar before him through the forests of which he is lord. That orator erst so eloquent, seems now but froth and fribble; the attempted epigram of the penultimate patriot dwindles into mere spite; prudence becomes pedantry; warnings the mumblings of blind senile leaders of the blind; threat the mere futile squeak of peevish impotence."[1] Such cutting sallies as that in which he declared that Kuhlmann belonged to the right centre faction, and that thrust him away as they would he still clung to their coat tails, are common enough, and his perorations, as a rule, are only too vigorous.

Little need be said of his personal appearance with which all the world may be said to be familiar. He stands over six feet in height, is broad shouldered, and strongly built. His movements are bold and dignified, and there is something of military stiffness in his bearing. His countenance now generally wears an anxious expression, and his complexion which used to be of peculiar paleness has of late years become florid and bloated looking. His forehead is large, high, and full, and a few grey hairs, three, according to the popular *sobriquet* bestowed on him in Berlin, are scattered over the top of his head, the rest falling behind his immense projecting ears. His eyes, shaded by thick black eyebrows, are large, and still clear, bright and lively, but their orbits are puffed and swollen by lymph. A thick moustache gives to the otherwise cleanly-shaven face a military character, and veils the irony of his mouth, the lower lip of which now droops instead of closing firmly with the upper one.

The collection of Bismarck's letters, chiefly addressed to his wife and his sister, and published at Berlin by Herr Hezekiel, after a careful revision by the author, are interesting enough from a certain point of view, though, as a matter of course, anyone who expects to find diplomatic or political revelations in them will be grievously disappointed. They show, however, that the Chancellor is possessed of a descriptive faculty of no mean order, a dash of the sentimental, and a turn for the facetious extremely creditable in a German, that family and domestic affairs have ever occupied a great share of his attention, that shooting is one of his favourite recreations, and that a happy retirement amidst

[1] "German Home Life." *Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1875.

green woods and fields presents itself to him as the height of earthly felicity. Thus writing to his wife from Frankfurt in 1851, he says, "I feel as one does on a beautiful day in September, when leaves are turning yellow, a little sad, a little home-sick, and longing for woods, sea, desert, you and the children, sunset and Beethoven," and to his sister in 1854, from the same place: "I regret the country, the woods, and idleness, with the indispensable accessories of loving women and nice children." In 1863 he wrote to his wife, "I wish some intrigue would bring a change of ministry, so that I could honourably turn my back on this uninterrupted flow of ink and live quietly in the country."

Domestic details are plentiful. A family group at Schönhausen in 1851 is sketched by him as follows: "Johanna, at this moment asleep in the arms of Lieutenant Morpheus, will have told you of my present fate. The boy roaring in a major key, the girl in a minor one, two nursery maids singing, whilst I, a devoted paterfamilias, sit by in the midst of wet clothes and feeding bottles. I resisted for a long time, but as all the mothers and aunts were unanimous that nothing but sea water and sea air could benefit poor little Marie, if I had not given in, every cold which the child caught up to her seventeenth year would have been laid upon my paternal cruelty and stinginess, with a 'There, now, don't you see if the poor child had gone to the seaside.'" He also notes that at the Hotel de Douvres at Paris, in 1857, he had "five fireplaces, and yet I freeze, five clocks that go, and yet I never know the time, eleven large looking-glasses, and yet my cravat is never well tied." Another family picture from St Petersburg, in 1862, runs as follows: "Johanna has a cough which quite exhausts her, and dares not go out, Bill is in bed feverish with pains in the stomach and throat, and the doctors do not yet know what it is. Our new governess has scarcely any hopes of seeing Germany again, she has been in bed for weeks past and grows worse every day. I for my part am only well when out hunting; as soon as I go to balls or theatres here I catch cold and cannot eat or sleep."

Success or bad luck in sport are continually being noted in these letters. Thus in 1872 he sends his wife a wild boar, killed at Blankenburg by the King, whom he had accompanied there, and writing from Königsberg, in 1857, says: "Without counting several deer I have killed five elands, one of them a magnificent stag, measuring six feet eight inches from the foot to the throat, with an immense head above this. He was dropped like a hare, but as he still breathed I gave him the *coup de grâce* with the other barrel. Scarcely had I done so when I saw another yet larger, which passed quite close to me, and which I could only look at not having another shot to fire. I am not yet consoled for this ill luck." In his letters from Russia too, he continually mentions sport as his only relaxation.

When political topics are touched upon they are mainly in reference to his personal aspirations. The views respecting himself early in 1862 are thus expressed in a letter from St. Petersburg to his sister. "I would go to Paris or to London without regret or pleasure, or remain here as it pleases God and his Majesty; neither our policy nor my prospects will be much affected whichever may happen. I should be ungrateful to God and man if I said I was doing badly here and wished for change. I dread a ministerial portfolio as a cold bath." Three years before he had found his position "very agreeable," though he had "a great deal to do, with 40,000 Prussians for whom I act as policeman, lawyer, judge, recruiting officer, and country magistrate, besides writing from twenty to fifty signatures a day, without counting passports."

In many of his letters a due observance of the Prussian principle of economy is noticeable. Thus in one from St Petersburg to his sister, dated December, 1860, he says: "I do not receive, my means will not allow it; an ambassador who only receives 30,000 thaler must restrict himself. . . . I receive at noon, and people take pot luck with me, but I do not give *soirées*. . . . The approach of Christmas renders me anxious; I can find nothing here for Johanna except at exorbitant prices. Be pleased therefore to buy from twelve to twenty pearls, to match those in her necklace, at Friedberg's. I will consecrate about 300 thaler for this. . . . Join to these some boxes of bonbons, but not too much, since the children have no need of these to help them to digest quickly." In an earlier letter from Frankfurt in 1857, he gives a full catalogue of Christmas purchases to be made for his wife, which include an article of jewellery that must not exceed 200 thaler, a white dress at about 100 thaler, a pretty gilt fan, if one is to be picked up for 10 thaler, not more, since he cannot "stand these inutilities," and a large warm travelling rug with a tiger, or a hippopotamus, or a fox on it, that ought to cost the same sum.

A few days after assuming his ministerial position in 1862, he sends his wife news of his health written "at the table in the House with an orator in the tribune in front talking nonsense to me." He complains of "much work, no little fatigue, and not enough sleep," but hopes after a time to become reconciled to "this life in a glass-house," in which he says, "but for Roon and my chestnut mare I should feel a little lonely, though I am never alone." Three days later he thanks his sister for a gift of sausages and liver, the best he had ever eaten.

In many instances he shows descriptive powers for which one would hardly be prepared. Describing a swim down the Rhine in 1851, he becomes strongly poetical. "There is something wonderfully dreamy in lying on the water like that on a warm still night, slowly carried along by the stream, gazing up at the

sky, and moon, and stars above one, and on either side moonlit castle towers, and wooded mountain tops, and hearing nothing but the gentle splashing of one's own motion." When he is travelling through Hungary in 1852, he notes the "thousands of whitey-brown oxen with horns as long as one's arm, and timid as deer; innumerable shaggy-coated horses, tended by mounted herdsmen half naked, and with goads like lances; endless droves of swine, with each of which is an ass to carry the sheepskin coat of the swineherd; then great flocks of bustards, and sometimes on a pond of brackish water wild geese, ducks, and grey plover," that stud the face of the country.

A Swedish landscape is sketched as follows in 1857: "No towns, no villages, as far the eye can reach; only a few solitary wooden huts with a little patch of barley and potatoes; little cultivated spots lost in the midst of stunted trees, rocks, and bushes. A hundred square miles of tall heather, alternating with tracts of short grass and marshes, and with birches, junipers, pines, beeches, oaks, and alders, here clustered together, here scattered apart, the whole intermixed with innumerable rocks often as big as a house, and with here and there lakes with fantastic outlines, bordered with heath-covered hills, and with forests."

A Spanish frontier town is thus noticed in 1862: "At Fonterabia the street is very steep and only twelve feet wide; to every window there is a curtain and a balcony; at every balcony black eyes and mantillas, beauty and dirt; in the market-place one hears tambourines and fifes, and sees a hundred women, young and old, dancing with each other, whilst the men look on, draped in their cloaks and smoking their cigars."

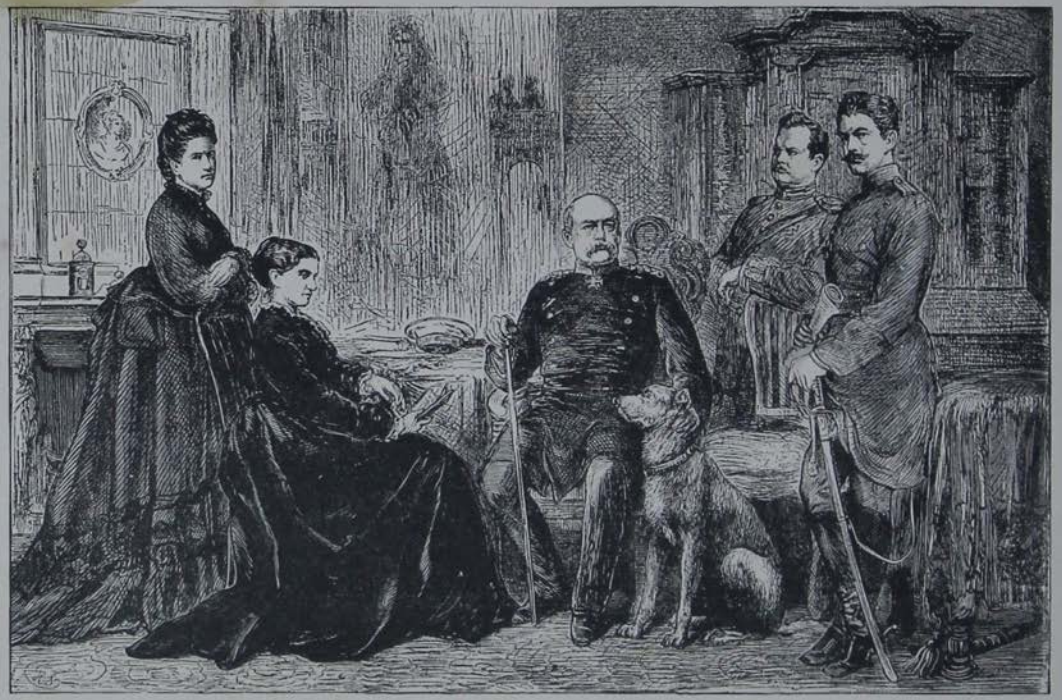
Especially good is the description of the *table d'hôte* at Norderney which "changes its hours between one o'clock and five; its component parts varying between cod fish, beans, and mutton on the odd days, and soles, peas, and veal on the even days, accompanied in the former case by porridge with sweet sauce, and in the latter by plum pudding. Opposite to me sits the old minister, one of those figures that appear to us in dreams when we are not sleeping well; a fat frog without legs, who at every morsel opens his mouth like a carpet bag as far as his shoulders, so that I hold fast to the table for fear of falling into it from giddiness. My other neighbour is a Russian officer, a good fellow, but when I look at his long thin body and short legs turned like a Turkish sabre, he invariably puts me in mind of a boot-jack."

Prince Bismarck has his Sans Souci—though, as befits these railway days, it is further from the capital than the Great Friedrich's. This is Varzin, an estate lying in a remote corner of Pomerania, three German miles south-west of the Schlawe station, on the Stettin and Dantzig Railway, in the midst of an undulating tract of well-cultivated country, pleasantly diversified

by wood and water, with here and there a stretch of Baltic sand, and studded with little villages of low houses, the walls of red brick or earth, and the roofs of tiles or thatch. The Schloss is an unpretending two-storied building capable of accommodating

from twenty to thirty guests, resembling the dwellings of the bulk of the landed gentry of the district, and displaying in the centre of its somewhat bald façade the escutcheon of the von Blumenthals its former owners. In the rear of the house is a tastefully-arranged garden with ornamental water, fountains, and statues, beyond which the ground slopes upwards into a magnificent park thickly studded with beech trees—the haunt of a colony of herons—and gradually merging into the ocean of rolling woods which surround it. It was this park and the woods of oak, pine, fir, birch, and beech, abounding in wild boars and other game, that led the Chancellor to purchase the estate, which it takes about six hours to drive round, and the remainder of which consists of tolerably fertile soil, producing rye, potatoes, and the like. The Wipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. The Prince, however, only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods.

When at Varzin the Chancellor avoids business as much as he can, seeking absolute quiet and repose, and hibernating as it were by lying in bed till 11 o'clock in the day. He once retorted to certain editors who had commented on his prolonged



PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS FAMILY AT VARZIN.

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retirements to this retreat, and admonished him to live in Berlin, since his salary had been augmented with a view of enabling him to do so, by the information that he always spent all his official emoluments and more during the months he was in town. Breakfast over, and the business that is absolutely necessary despatched with the aid of Lothar Bucher (the only official who accompanies him) beneath the shadow of the beech trees beside the ornamental water in the rear of the house, the Chancellor sallies forth on his rounds on foot or on horseback, but always with his huge Bavarian dog at his heels, and his head covered with a battered hat of soft felt which the peasants have nicknamed the "three master." His declaration "I should like to be an ambassador ten years, and a minister ten years, in order to end my life as a country gentleman," is characteristic of his temperament and tastes.

The Pomeranian Squire, as he sometimes styles himself, or the Hermit of Varzin, as he is dubbed by the Berlin papers, passes the greater part of his time in the open air; interests himself in his stock and his crops, entertains his relatives, and neighbours, hunts or shoots at times in the surrounding forests, keeps all intruders attracted by mere curiosity at a distance, and avoids all discussion of political topics. He chats with all the peasants he meets, pats the little children on the head as they go to school, and bids them be good, and sends alms to the sick and distressed. But the malicious assert that he is without honour in his own country, and that the peasants draw invidious comparisons between the powerful Chancellor and his predecessor Herr von Blumenthal. The harvest home and the anniversary of Sedan are celebrated every year at Varzin with great rejoicing, the festivities winding up with a ball, at which the Prince and Princess do not disdain to foot it with their tenants. On a recent occasion the Prince's first partner was a stalwart Pomeranian lass, who dashed into a waltz with an ardour and vigour that almost twisted him off his legs, which are not so supple as they used to be. He had to beg her to moderate her pace, and thus a North German *mädchen* proved more successful than the Ultramontanes in shaking and almost upsetting the Prince Chancellor.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.

XVI.

PRUSSIAN GENERALS—MOLTKE, WRANGEL, AND ROON.

IT is afternoon, and the Linden is thronged with promenaders. Amongst them there passes suddenly an elderly gentleman in a flat undress cap, and the plainest of military frocks, whose sole decoration is the funereal-looking Iron Cross. There is nothing striking about his spare and somewhat bent figure—which is sinewy rather than muscular, and spite of the stoop, elastic as a good sword blade—or his pale clean-shaven face, cross-hatched by innumerable little wrinkles and furrowed with the traces of intellectual labour; with its thin compressed lips, suggestive of their being able to keep a secret close, its prominent nose as transparent as horn, its quick eyes peering from a nest of crows'-feet, and its arched forehead fringed at the sides with scanty tufts of hair once fair and now grizzled. Nevertheless, he is instantly recognized and saluted on all sides with respect and admiration. The pert apprentice bawling at the top of his voice the last street ballad, stops as suddenly as though he felt the hand of the policeman upon his collar, the dandy ceases to ogle the passing beauty, and the nursemaid for the moment loses sight of her infant charges. The student, so slow to recognize any authority, bows before the presence of genius, the hypochondriac forgets his fancied ailments, the socialistic workman his hatred for the military, and the invalid officer the wounds received in the last war. The physiognomist scrutinizes the impassive features before him, seeking to divine the character hidden beneath them,

the artist strives to impress them upon his memory, and the portly citizen turning to his brood of little ones gives them a short lesson on modern history.

Almost surprised at so much attention, the object of it hastens on towards the Brandenburg Gate. Here, however, the sentry calls out the guard, and the men come rushing forward to present arms, although with a kindly gesture the old officer seems to deprecate the mark of honour paid him and passes on towards the Thiergarten, either to the offices of the Great General Staff or to seek some of the more secluded walks in the Berliner's favourite woodland promenade. And should a stranger, struck by so much attention bestowed upon so unpretending a personage, ask his name, the Berliner will bestow upon the questioner a look of wonderment and pity, before replying with proud consciousness:—"Why that is our Moltke!"

This mild-looking individual, whose melancholy and ascetic face and student stoop, might but for his uniform cause him to be taken for a poor professor of theology, is indeed Count Helmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke, General Field-Marshal and Chief of the Great General Staff of the Prussian Army. His career is to be summed up in a few words, for it is one to be judged rather by results than by deeds. Born at Parchim, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, on the 26th October, 1800, he was the third son of Lieutenant-General von Moltke of the Danish Army, by the daughter of Finance Councillor Paschen of Hamburg. When he was six years old, as he tells us in his concise autobiography, he went with his parents to Lübeck, where their house was pillaged by the French, who the year following burnt his father's property of Augustenhoff, with all the produce of that year's harvest. Shortly afterwards his grandfather died, having suffered such considerable losses from the war that Moltke's mother, who was his residuary legatee and had large expectations, found that she had nothing whatever to receive. No wonder, therefore, that the great strategist should harbour no particularly kindly feelings towards the French.

Moltke was educated with his elder brother at the Cadet Academy of Copenhagen, where his existence by his own showing was anything but a happy one, and after serving as a royal page, he entered the Danish army at eighteen. The small chance of making his way which this offered, led to his transferring his services by the aid of the Duke of Holstein to Prussia. He came to Berlin in 1822, and was gazetted to the 8th light grenadier regiment. He attended the military school there, earned by his assiduity the nickname of the "Compendium of Military Science," became an instructor in turn at that of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, and in 1827 assumed the crimson badge of the Great General Staff, which he has never since laid

aside. In 1835, whilst on a visit to Constantinople, he was introduced to Chosref Pacha, Minister of War and the right-hand man of the reforming Sultan Mahmoud. Chosref and his master were both greatly impressed by Moltke's talents, and requested the Prussian Government to allow them to avail themselves of his services. This was granted, and aided by three other Prussian officers, he organised and drilled troops, built and repaired fortresses, palaces, bridges, naval schools, and aqueducts, surveyed frontiers and districts, and designed defences which years afterwards caused the Russian General Luders to exclaim that some one had passed through those places who knew what he was about. His *Letters on the State of Turkey*, 1834–9, first published anonymously, and his *Russo-Turkish Campaign in European Turkey in* 1828-9, stamped him as a scientific military writer. After taking part in an expedition against the Kurds, and in the campaign against Mehemet Ali, he resigned his post consequent upon the battle of Nisib, the loss of which is ascribed to the neglect of his advice by Hafiz Pacha, and returned to Prussia.

Moltke's sister had married an Englishman named Burt, settled in Holstein, and the letters written home by Moltke had produced a profound impression upon her step-daughter, a girl of sixteen. This impression was deepened when the writer himself, then verging on forty, made his appearance, and though up to this period he is said to have displayed all the indifference to the fair sex with which Charles XII. is credited, he on his part succumbed to the charms of Mary Burt to whom he was shortly afterwards united. It was a real love match, and the grave soldier positively idolized his young wife, whose death on Christmas Eve, 1868, cast a sorrow over his whole life.

Attached as adjutant first to Prince Heinrich, with whom he spent some time in Italy almost immediately after his marriage with Mary Burt, and after Prince Heinrich's death to the present Crown Prince, Moltke was made a general in 1857, and shortly afterwards appointed chief of the Great General Staff. In the Schleswig-Holstein war he directed the strategetical movements from Berlin till the end of April, when he joined the allied armies. The war with Austria followed, and it was the crowning point of Moltke's career, when, on the afternoon of the 3rd July, 1866, catching sight of the helmets of the Crown Prince's army glittering in the sunlight as the troops advanced towards the field, he removed the cigar which he had been smoking, with the calm composure of a mathematician, certain beforehand of the result of the problem he was working out and said, "It is actually three o'clock." From that hour he secured in the eyes of Europe that position of first strategist of his day, which he has never relinquished. Two years later he took his seat in the North German Reichstag and though he has the reputation of

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S RECEPTION AT THE BERLIN UNIVERSITY.

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being "eloquently silent in seven languages," proved a frequent and lucid speaker in his native tongue.

In 1868–9 he drew up his plan for a campaign against France so as to be ready in case of necessity, and when the war came he accompanied the King to the field. The part he played in this contest was one peculiarly his own. He directed simultaneously the action of the several armies without himself taking an ostensible command. Just as the strategy of the Danish war of 1864 and the Austrian war of 1866 was all his own, so was that of the war with France, and it was his brain, if not absolutely his arm, which launched the German battalions to victory at Wörth, Vionville, Gravelotte, and Sedan. His strategetical labours closed with the investment of Paris, though he subsequently took part in arranging the details of the treaty of peace, and his reward assumed the shape of the title of Count, bestowed upon him after the surrender of Metz, and a field-marshal's baton on the return home of the victorious troops. His actuating principle may be summed up in the familiar axiom—"That should be well considered which can be decided only once," which is akin in spirit to his heraldic motto, *Erst wägen, dann wagen* (First weigh, then wage). The leading idea of his strategy is the separate advance of each army corps and their union on the field of action.

Every year since the war with France, the students of the Berlin University celebrate their *Kriegs-Commers* in honour of those members of their body who perished during this struggle, and Count von Moltke scarcely ever fails to be present at these assemblies. At the first of them, held on the evening of the 6th March, 1871, the hall of the Urania, which had been decked out with banners and escutcheons in honour of the occasion, was crowded with students, leading professors, and officials, who had been invited to take part in the ceremony. When Moltke entered accompanied by several officers of the General Staff, all those present rose and cheered. The singing of "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles," was the signal for the commencement of the festivities. After the Emperor's health, that of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke was proposed and received with riotous enthusiasm. Loud shouts of "Silence for the Great Taciturn," announced that Moltke was about to break through his wonted reserve. In a short speech he attributed the German success to the patriotism and devotion of the youth of the nation, the representatives of which he saw around him. The Fatherland, he said, still counted on their support whether to sustain fresh conflicts or to enjoy the advantages it had won, and to consolidate them by peaceful industry. At the end of this brief oration, the students crowded round the speaker, every one being eager to clink glasses with the great strategist of the age.

Though upwards of seventy and not very robust in appearance

von Moltke retains his freshness and vigour. He looks better on horseback than on foot, for his stoop is not noticeable in the saddle. Much as has been written and said about him, he talks but little himself. Though a constant attendant at the Reichstag, his voice is now seldom raised there, excepting on some special subject, like the Army Bill. His political convictions include a deep detestation of the socialistic democrats, and a dislike but little less intense for the Catholic party. In 1874, he was present at the meeting held in Berlin to thank the English people for their expressions of sympathy with the religious policy of the German Empire. He expresses his thoughts as briefly as possible, and in supervising the written compositions of the General Staff strikes out all superfluous phrases, and gives the pith of a report in a few terse sentences. Simple and modest in manners as in appearance, he is as sparing of money as of words, and is economical even in trifles. His personal wants are few and his only luxury a good cigar. The house he occupied in the Behrenstrasse before taking up his quarters in the new building of the General Staff, was small and plain-looking, and any well-to-do burgher in Berlin fared better than the great general. In his plainly-furnished study he works for eight or nine hours at a stretch, on a glass of wine and a biscuit. He dines at two, and sups at eight, excepting when the Reichstag is sitting, and his only relaxations are a short walk in the Thiergarten and a rubber in the evening with a few friends, chief amongst whom are von Burt, his brother-in-law and adjutant, and the Finance-Councillor, Schiller. Quiet and silent in general society, in his intimate circle he opens himself and exhibits remarkable conversational powers, tells a good story, and displays a keen but never unkind wit, and indulges in that dry humour which prompted him to reply to the army of English, Russian, and American interviewers, who assailed him before he set out for the Rhine in 1870—"You want to know how things are going on; well, the wheat has suffered a little from the rain, but the potatoes were never looking better." He is credited with an almost feminine tenderness of manner which renders him especially attractive to women. Kind-hearted and considerate, too, as he is known to be towards his subordinates and inferiors, quite a sensation was created among the gossips of Berlin when it was known that he had boxed the ears of a stable lad on his estate for smoking in the stable in spite of repeated admonitions. Modesty itself, he is still astonished at his popularity, and ascribes his victories to the valour of the German troops and the experience of their leaders. "The faults of the enemy," he remarked to an Italian officer, "had much to do with our rapid victories. We were sure that each of our *corps d'armée* could hold on for twenty-four hours, and in twenty-four hours everything can be made good, especially with troops like our own."

We have already mentioned that Count von Moltke resides at the General Staff offices some little distance outside the Brandenburg Gate. There he has a suite of private apartments approached up a handsome marble staircase, to which access is gained through a stately vestibule. The anteroom contains a portrait of the Emperor and marble bust of the great strategist himself. Some folding doors lead into Moltke's study, a lofty apartment lighted by three windows looking on to the Königs-platz, and sufficiently spacious to allow of its occupant promenading up and down, while meditating, according to his wont. Running along the upper portion of the walls is a frieze in fresco symbolizing the development of the science of arms; and including such weapons as the catapult, the cross and long bows, the mace, the battle-axe, the two-handed sword, &c., with the earliest and latest forms of firearms, numerous appropriate figures being introduced into the subject in the costume of their respective epochs. The series, which includes the remoter and the middle ages, the Thirty Years' War, the period of Friedrich the Great, and the War of Liberation, terminates with the recent contest with France and the introduction of the mitrailleuse, which figures in a representation of a conflict between Prussian grenadiers and jägers and French zouaves and turcos. Underneath this frieze hang some engraved portraits of members of the Imperial family.

Each of the three windows in the apartment has a table in front of it, but it is at the one to the left that Moltke commonly sits, in an antique-shaped carved arm-chair. We noticed that all his papers had been discreetly put out of sight, save a few unopened reports beside which his spectacles were lying. Maps and plans were spread over the other tables together with an elevation of the new military railway station in course of construction between the Halle and Anhalt Gates, from which an entire division will be able to be moved simultaneously; also a plan of the old fortifications of Strasburg, kept down at either end by a couple of bronze paper-weights formed of fragments of French and Austrian cannon, the latter inscribed "Königgrätz, 3 Juli, 1866." In one corner of the apartment stood a bookcase with glass doors on the ledge of which was a box of Havannah cigars, sufficient rarities at Berlin to attract special attention. It is in this room that Moltke receives the numerous German and foreign officers who call upon him; that he reads the despatches connected with his manifold occupations; digests his schemes for army organization, and meditates over his plans for possible future campaigns.

In the adjacent bedroom we observed an iron camp bedstead behind a screen, and beside it a small leather bag capable of holding just what was absolutely necessary for a soldier on campaign, together with a tin cylinder containing maps. There were

a couple of portraits of Moltke's deceased wife, one on a small table, the other suspended against the wall. The appointments of the dining-room were both limited and simple, indicating that the Field-Marshal is not in the habit of entertaining guests, whilst as regards the salon, or *musikzimmer*, this has never been used since the lamented death of Moltke's young wife.

Like Bismarck, Moltke has a large estate in Silesia, situate in the midst of a fair and fertile plain, stretching between the towns of Schweidnitz and Reichenbach. An avenue of venerable lime trees leads to the manor house, which lacks the lordly aspect of most of the South German chateaux, being a large rambling building with whitewashed walls and green shutters. The entrance to the courtyard is guarded by the statues of two warriors with lances couched and bucklers thrown forward, and at the foot of the flight of steps leading to the main doorway are two French cannon, a present from the Emperor at the close of the war. Faithful to his old habits, the Field-Marshal is always the first person astir in the house. At five o'clock every morning regularly he turns out of the narrow iron bedstead that constitutes almost the whole of the furniture in his room, warms for himself at a spirit lamp a cup of coffee prepared over-night, and sallies forth to breathe the morning air. As he paces, deep in meditation, up and down the park with his clean shaven face, black cravat, long frock coat, and soft wide-awake, he might be taken for a Lutheran minister thinking over his next Sunday's sermon. At seven o'clock he begins his general inspection, visiting the stables and cowhouses, the barn, the granary, the mill and the distillery He winds up with the orchard and garden, propping up a drooping sapling or cutting off a dead or straggling branch as he walks along, and holding long consultations with his gardener, with whose aid he has carried off prizes at several horticultural shows. At ten o'clock he mounts to his study on the second floor. Here a frugal breakfast, a bowl of soup, or a slice or two of bread and butter and a glass of wine, awaits him. Whilst eating he skims over the newspapers which the post has just brought, opens his letters and then sets to work. At noon he retires to his bedroom and has a nap till dinner, which is served at two o'clock. On rising from table he smokes a cigar and then returns to his study to finish and despatch his correspondence. If there are guests at the manor-house they usually await his leisure beneath the trees of the park, where he joins them. Riding, walking, or a neighbourly visit passes away the hours till supper-time, eight o'clock, after which, if the evening is fine, the great strategist indulges in a solitary stroll to smoke a cigar and plan the work of the morrow. His steps usually lead him towards his wife's tomb, a marble mausoleum on the summit of a hillock at the end of the park, veiled by a screen of cypresses. He himself designed this tomb, the key of which never leaves

him, and which bears the inscription, "Die Liebe ist der Gezetze Erfüllung." Whenever he comes to Creisau his first care before crossing the threshold of the house is to visit this tomb. On Sunday he goes to church at the head of his workmen, in the morning, and passes the rest of the day in reading religious works.

The tall gaunt nonagenarian, attenuated almost to a skeleton, and clad in the white uniform with blue facings of a Prussian cuirassier colonel, who may be sometimes seen, on a fine afternoon, tottering towards the Emperor's palace, with a troop of urchins at his heels, and bowing right and left in reply to the numerous salutations, and occasionally kissing his hand as his eye lights upon a pretty girl, is Field-Marshal, General Count Friedrich von Wrangel, whose years of service in the Prussian army outnumber those of the present century. He smelt powder at Leipsic, ranked as colonel in the year of Waterloo, and has taken part in ten pitched battles and two-and-twenty minor engagements. Though his eye has lost much of its lustre and his limbs at times seem hardly able to set themselves in motion, long years spent under harness have stiffened his spare figure to the rigidity of a ramrod, and he is still as upright as any corporal in the foot guards. Occasionally the old cavalry leader, who is now in his dotage, sallies forth on horseback from his residence on the Pariser-platz, arrayed in the full dress uniform of a Prussian field-marshal, and on these occasions he is followed by his usual escort of Berlin boys, who hail the appearance of "Papa Wrangel," as he is styled by the whole city, with unfeigned delight, it being his habit to scatter specimens of the infinitesimal coinage of United

Germany broadcast amongst them. Papa Wrangel is as much a part and parcel of that Berlin, which once hated him so bitterly, as the statue of the Great Elector, and there is no doubt that within the next fifty years as many popular myths will have grown up around this relic of the War of Liberation, as have gathered around the Great Friedrich, "Old Ziethen," Blücher, and the rest.

Marshal Wrangel was born in Stettin, in 1784, and on the 30th April, 1873, he completed his fiftieth year of service as a general in the Prussian army. The vigour with which in the latter year he rallied from a stroke of paralysis is something remarkable, even in this country of hale old men. It was during this illness that he wrote at the top of the sheet of paper on which his numerous visitors inscribed their names, "I have not yet the least mind to die." In 1796, when but twelve-and-a-half years old, he quitted the benches of the Stettin gymnasium with the slightest store of acquired knowledge, for the saddle of Werther's dragoons, a regiment which now ranks under his immediate command as the 3rd East Prussian cuirassiers, and two years later he was a lieutenant in that corps. In 1806 he fleshed his maiden sword in a skirmish with Ney's cavalry near Gurczno, and the year following received his first wound and the Merit Order, at Heilsberg. In the War of Liberation, when breaking a French infantry square at the head of his squadron at Gross Görschen, his horse was shot, and Wrangel falling under him with a painful wound in his foot, remained all night on the field given up for dead. It was characteristic of the economical principles which have always distinguished him, that on being offered his choice of promotion or the Iron Cross, he at once selected the former, though both were subsequently awarded him. His chief exploit during this struggle was covering the retreat from Etoges in February, 1814. Surrounded and summoned to surrender by the French, who offered honourable terms of capitulation, he answered that as long as he could hold his sabre and sit in his saddle he would never yield, and on the envoy endeavouring to persuade the cuirassiers to lay down their arms, Wrangel had him shot despite the flag of truce he carried, "by virtue of the Prussian articles of war."

The situation was desperate. Wrangel saw that the only chance of his regiment was for it to force its way in the darkness through an adjacent wood occupied by the enemy, and in the event of success to rejoin the main army. Addressing his men he said, "Nothing is left but to cut our way through—Follow me! I will ride first and open the way." And forward they went, first at a walk, then at a trot, and next at a rushing gallop, with ringing hurrahs, right into the wood, where it was crossed by the road by which the enemy's infantry had penetrated. In the darkness the latter could not discern the approach of the

cuirassiers and were terrified at the sabre thrusts which they made at their heads as they rushed wildly by. No sooner, however, were they recognized than the French infantry turned upon them and fired at hazard. Still Wrangel and his men rode on undaunted. They flew as it were on the wings of the wind, past the enemy's columns, their bold commander always leading the way, undeterred by the many obstacles on the road—ditches, trunks of trees, underwood, and the like. Onwards they went over dead bodies and wounded horses, till the French infantry in the wood were left far behind, and they emerged into open country and finally came upon the Prussian head-quarters where they had been given up for lost.

Wrangel was constrained to remain inactive in 1815; still he had been made a colonel, and eight years later, after rather more than a quarter of a century of service he was promoted to the rank of general. On the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. in 1840, he was actively engaged in organizing the Prussian cavalry, which, according to that competent authority Prince Friedrich Carl, is indebted to Wrangel for much of its existing efficiency. In 1848 he successfully commanded the forces employed against Denmark, and after the truce of Malmö was placed at the head of the troops sent to Berlin to restore order to the riotous capital. Before he entered the city he had been threatened with hanging by the infuriated populace, but he drove in unattended in one of the royal carriages, and personally faced the mob, who were daunted by his pluck. When the city was occupied by the troops, crowds used to assemble outside the Schloss where he had taken up his quarters, and threaten him with the fate of Count Latour whom the Viennese had recently strung up to a lamppost. The present idol of the Berlinese was then the most detested man in the city, but, like Wellington, he lived down his unpopularity, and after several narrow escapes his tact and firmness gained him general esteem.

In 1856, on completing his sixtieth year of service, Wrangel was made a field-marshal, and the next year he became Governor of Berlin, a post which he held for eight years. In his eightieth year the old Pomeranian was despatched to the scene of his former triumphs in Schleswig-Holstein, at the head of the allied Prussian and Austrian forces, but the fatigues and exposure of the winter campaign proved too much for him, and he resigned his command to his pupil Prince Friedrich Carl, receiving the title of Count on his retirement which he temporarily emerged from in 1866, when he appeared in the saddle at the head of his cuirassiers. To-day he still takes a part in all the great military parades, although he is as deaf as a post.

On the occasion of the jubilee of Wrangel's eightieth year of military service, the Emperor presented him with a sword, accompanying it with a letter, which, after speaking of the

veteran field-marshal's glorious deeds, of his being specially favoured by Providence, and making constant reference to the mercies of Almighty God, wound up by saying :—

"I wish to manifest to-day that I number you with all my heart among the prominent men who have risen from the Prussian army, by informing you that I have resolved one day to erect to you a monument, so that the most remote passer-by may know of your deserts and my acknowledgment of them. As a reminiscence of to-day, I send you the accompanying sword, a weapon which you have now used for eighty years, with which at Etoges with your present regiment you forced a passage through the enemy, and which has everywhere shown to the troops you led the path of victory. As the monument will show to the world, so will the sword give testimony to your later descendants of the gratitude and special high esteem of your gratefully obedient King, WILHELM."

Somewhat of a martinet in military matters, and most rigidly abstemious in private life, Papa Wrangel is notorious in Berlin for having pushed the virtue of economy to absolute miserliness. It is only of late years that the generosity which takes so strange a form has developed itself. The principles of rigid economy which have distinguished his whole existence and enabled him to amass a handsome fortune, are reported to have cost him the life of a son, who in a moment of despair at the refusal of his father to advance him the sum necessary to pay a debt of honour blew out his brains. Indeed slander goes so far as to assert that the now childless old man is to a certain extent no longer conscious of his actions, and that when scattering pfennige to the rabble of Berlin, he thinks he is supplying the troops with bullets to return the fire of the enemy.

The reorganizer of the Prussian army, Albrecht Theodor Emil von Roon, is the last representative of an old Dutch family settled for some generations in Germany. He was born in April 30, 1803, at the family estate of Pleushagen, near Colberg, lost his father while a child, and witnessed the siege of Stettin a few years afterwards, when he was slightly wounded by a shell. At the age of thirteen he entered the Cadet corps at Culm, went thence to Berlin, and received his first commission in 1821. His mother died about this time and the family property had to be sold, so that he began life very poor. After spending some years in the capacity of teacher at the Berlin Cadetten-haus, where he produced certain manuals of geography which helped to revolutionize instruction in public schools, he joined in 1832 the army of observation formed at Crefeld to watch the Belgian revolution.

This decided Roon's future career, bringing as it did under his notice the defects of the army organization of which he wrote: "By hook and by crook we gathered together some thirty thousand men of Aix-la-Chapelle, but what was their condition? One commander of a battalion presented himself before the governor of Coblenz, but without his battalion. His men did not turn up at their appointed quarters till nightfall, when they

came to receive their billets, and escape punishment for their absence. But as to where they had spent the day the officer knew nothing. Another landwehr commander could only get his men on by having barrels of beer placed at intervals along the road! Insubordination was the order of the day, and the greatest excesses were committed on the march. Wherever the landwehr came it either incurred hate or became an object of contempt." After the siege of Antwerp Roon returned to Berlin, joined the Topographical Office in 1833, and was attached to the General Staff two years later.

He married, worked hard at his duties, and in 1842, being then a major, was present at the grand manœuvres held at Euskirchen in honour of the Queen of England. On this occasion, when the eyes of all the world were turned to the Prussian army, its defects were still more prominently displayed. "The landwehr battalion which had to march in the midst of the dust during the review, when they approached the inspecting general, von Pfuel, in the march past, began to snort, groan, puff, and give such signs of dissatisfaction, that the embarrassed general turned aside to his suite, and commenced to tell them anecdotes." In 1844 von Roon became instructor to Prince Friedrich Carl, whom he accompanied in his travels through Europe, served through the Baden campaign of 1849, receiving the order of the Red Eagle, and a sword for personal bravery, and working his way steadily upwards, became a general of division in 1858.

The question of reorganization which the Prince Regent had had at heart for thirty years was pending under the Bouin ministry, when in 1858 Roon found himself on leave in Berlin, and presented himself as in duty bound before the Prince at Potsdam. The latter was on the point of starting for Berlin, and asked the general to accompany him. During this memorable ride Roon found an opportunity of setting forth the sad state of the army with all the energy of his nature, and of pointing out the importance of the question to the state. On being asked how the system was to be altered he explained his views, which the Regent on hearing asked him to put before him in writing. This was done, and as soon as the demobilization was accomplished, he received orders to discuss the matter with a General War Committee, and the completed plan of reorganization as afterwards carried out was then produced. The leading idea was to create by universal military duty and three years' service, a standing army, and to retain the landwehr as a defence for the country as soon as the line had taken the field.

Bouin resigning at the end of 1859, von Roon succeeded him as Minister of War, well aware of the struggle on which he was entering, but as full of courage to face the thunder of parliamentary eloquence as when as a mere child at the siege of Stettin he was seen flourishing a broom-stick surmounted by a

bayonet wherever the guns were roaring loudest. The country failed to see the necessity of the proposed reform, and the hatred of the nation, and a personal insult in the House from Herr von Vincke, was the first result of his labours. He struggled on nevertheless, and the task of reorganization was accomplished, and the battle ground shifted to the term of service, till in 1862 Bismarck became Premier and came to Roon's aid, enabling him to devote more time to his own department.

The value of Roon's work was proved by the success of the reorganized army in the Schleswig-Holstein war, but the cost of this reorganization was unpaid, and the Lower House continued to refuse the necessary subsidy till the war with Austria, and the rapid mobilization of the troops in the Spring of 1866, established Roon's reputation, and caused his measures to be finally recognized, even by his most stubborn opponents, as highly beneficial to the country. The war of 1870 brought him fresh honour, saddened by the loss of his eldest son who fell at Sedan. On the 9th of January, 1871, he celebrated his fiftieth year of service at Versailles, and on the return of the troops to Berlin, was created a Count, subsequently receiving a marshal's baton, though, like Moltke, he had never commanded an army in the field. His talent and activity were subsequently called into play to fill up the gaps in the army and provide for the protection of United Germany.

Created Premier in succession to Bismarck in 1873, though for some time he had been seeking permission to resign his post as Minister of War, on the grounds of ill-health, Roon found himself unable to discharge the new duties, and obtained leave to retire to his estate of Neuhof, near Coburg. It was noticed that whilst he was playing Premier the vacancies in the cabinet were filled up with Bismarck's men, content to act as mere head clerks. A staunch conservative, Roon cordially disliked the County Reform Bill, but policy forbade him to oppose it, and he made his illness an excuse for keeping away from the House.

In person Roon is tall and broad-shouldered, his manner is determined, and his bearing stiff, though the fatigues of the French campaign, and a chronic asthma from which he suffers, have told heavily upon his constitution. His natural rhetorical gifts, striking in a military man, have been developed by Parliamentary debate, till they have ripened into a rare eloquence. As an author and a man of science he has some reputation, and his philological acquirements rival those of Moltke. The phrase "Might goes before Right," usually attributed to Bismarck, was uttered by Roon in the House in a discussion on home affairs, and is worthy of his Junker sentiments. And if to Bismarck be due the creation of a United Germany, to Roon is certainly due the welding of the implement by which that union was accomplished—the Prussian Army.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S BODY-GUARD.

XVII.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—HOW RECRUITED AND OFFICERED.

BERLIN swarms with soldiers. Perhaps no other capital in Europe presents such a military aspect. Regiments sallying forth in spick and span brightness, or returning to barracks half-smothered in the dust or bespattered by the mud picked up during the morning's manœuvres, orderlies mounted or on foot hurrying to-and-fro between the different ministries and public offices, squads in charge of waggons laden with provisions or munitions for the various barracks, rounds engaged in the sempiternal task of relieving the countless sentries stationed at all public buildings, groups of men lounging at the guard-houses and ready to spring to attention, seize their arms and fall in the moment a general officer is perceived in the distance by their keen-eyed comrade on guard, officers hastening to obey the calls of duty or pleasure, or strolling gravely about in knots of two or three with their sabres clattering on the pavement, and

others engaged in a quiet saunter towards the Thiergarten with their wives and families, are to be seen on all sides. Not only in the streets but at *tables d'hôte*, restaurants, beer-rooms, and gardens, conditoreien, theatres, and other places of public resort, the dark blue uniform of the infantry or the somewhat gayer attire of the mounted troops meets the eye at every turn, and at times it appears as though civilian life were a mere adjunct to the martial element.[1]

The city itself is the home of that immense number of officers attached to the War Office, the General Staff, and the various Military Schools, whilst all round the outskirts rise huge castellated barracks, swarming with horse, foot, and artillery, and justifying the saying that in North Germany there are no cathedrals but barracks and arsenals. The flat plain on which Berlin is built furnishes admirable spaces for drill and parade grounds, some of them of vast extent. Here from morn till eve squadrons of cavalry trot, gallop, and charge, wheeling and swooping amidst clouds of sand, and battalions of infantry march and counter-march, now drawn up in a dark imposing column, and now expanding fanwise in a cloud of scattered skirmishers and detached supports. The blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and the guttural yells of the officers in command resound above

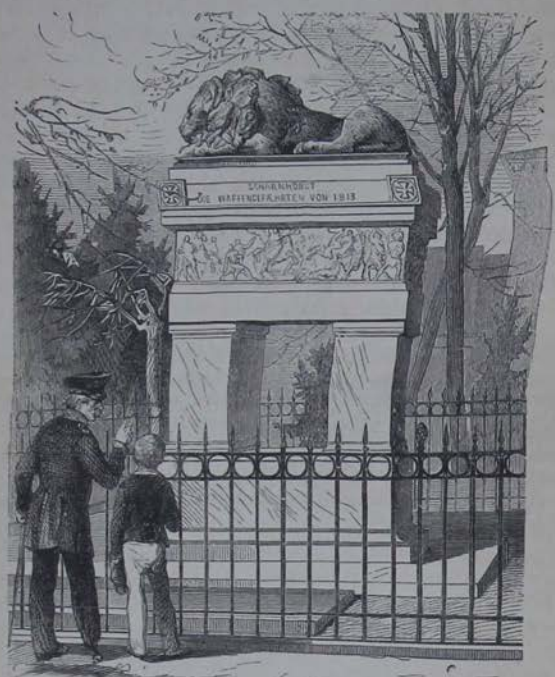
[1] The military population of Berlin in March, 1875, comprised 1,649 officers, 485 military officials, and 18,550 rank and file, quartered within the city limits. They included the Kaiser Alexander regiment of grenadiers of the Guard, the Kaiser Franz regiment of grenadiers of the Guard, the 1st foot Guards, the fusiliers of the Guard, a battalion of riflemen of the Guard, the pioneers of the Guard, the railway battalion, the cuirassiers of the Guard, the 1st and 2nd dragoons of the Guard, the 2nd uhlans of the Guard, the 3rd squadron of the Gardes du Corps, the 1st regiment of field artillery of the Guard, the 1st and 2nd detachments of the 2nd regiment of field artillery of the Guard, and the Guard train battalion, together with the 3rd train battalion, staff of the 35th reserve landwehr battalion.

the thunder of the hoof-beats and the heavy thud of measured footfalls, though they in turn are drowned at times by the cheers to which the infantry are permitted to give utterance when advancing to seize a position. Countless squads of recruits are to be seen under the command of loud-voiced and energetic drill sergeants, some going through their facings, others practising the manual or bayonet exercise, and others again performing the most wonderfully complicated extension movements, varied with the wildest twists and leaps and bounds which seem to threaten instant dislocation of their limbs and cause them to resemble for the time being a row of toy scaramouches under the influence of an electric battery, but which have much to do with transforming the uncouth, hulking, and stiff-jointed peasant into the smart, straight, and supple soldier. Ceaseless activity prevails on all sides and it is evident that nothing is spared to render the Army what it is—the first military machine in Europe. Prussia too has devoted more study to the science of war than any other civilized nation, and her officers have gained more real experience in its practice than those of other European countries. The system of general service and district corps organization has shown itself perfectly adaptable to both rapid mobilization and the steady continuance of a war. "One can scarcely comprehend," says an eminent military writer, "the grandeur and completeness of the German Army. There has been no parallel to it, and no nation, unless favoured by distance, can hope to cope successfully with it." The military element forms so important a constituent of Berlin life, and dominates the various social elements of the capital so completely, that the subject of the Prussian Army may here be sketched with perfect relevancy in a somewhat comprehensive fashion.

If Friedrich Wilhelm, the great Elector of Brandenburg, was the founder of the Prussian nationality, it was his grandson and namesake, the second King of Prussia, who, by parcelling his dominions into cantons and assigning to each the duty of keeping up a regiment to its effective strength from within its own limits, laid the foundation of the existing military system. His method of instructing recruits yet prevails, and the splendid army which he left behind him proved in the hands of his son Friedrich the Great the instrument by which the position of the kingdom was assured in Europe. His successors followed his traditions with the servile fidelity that chooses the letter rather than the spirit, making use of the true formation he had handled so successfully, but neglecting the mobility by which he had attained a larger development of fire than had been previously dreamt of, and had succeeded in marching round and defeating his ponderous antagonists whose inert formations had changed but little since the days of Gustavus Adolphus. The battalion columns preceded by skirmishers of the French Republican Generals broke and routed these immobile lines, and the old Prussian Army,

though animated by the patriotic fire enkindled by the aggression of Napoleon, was finally shattered on the heights of Jena.

During the period of degradation which followed, Stein and Scharnhorst commenced the work of rehabilitation, the latter devising the scheme of short terms of service in the regular army, with a constant supply and discharge of recruits, on which the present organization is based. In 1814 the law obliging



SCHARNHORST'S MONUMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE INVALIDEN-HAUS.

every native of the state to enrol himself in the defensive force on completing his twentieth year, establishing the standing army, landwehr, and landsturm, and providing for the one year volunteers, was passed. Gradually the landwehr, officered by men of wealth and substance, and composed of men of riper years, equal military importance, and greater social influence than the regulars, began to show a jealousy of these latter, and display a dissatisfaction at being called out when the object was not thoroughly supported by national sentiment. In 1858, von Roon seeing the imperfections of the existing system, brought forward his plans, which were carried in spite of the constitu-

tional objections of the Lower House. The new laws lowered the status of the landwehr, and gave importance to the regular troops, by lengthening their term of reserve service a couple of years, and enlarging the number of their battalions. The annual supply of recruits was augmented from 40,000 to 63,000, and on a peace footing the standing army was now as large as it could have been before with the first call of the landwehr. A sop to Cerberus was thrown to the latter in the shape of a reduction of their term of service.

The war of 1866 proved the value of the new measure to the government, the Army itself did all the fighting, and the landwehr in the second line could effect but little by their disapproval of a quasi-fratricidal struggle at the outset, and in case of reverses would have been warmed to work by patriotism. The formation of the North German Confederation whilst increasing the Army did not materially modify the system, but after the war with France the necessity for fresh preparations led to the New Army Bill.

The Prussian Army is an integral portion of the German Army,[1] to which it contributes twelve army corps. These are the corps of the Guard, recruited throughout the Prussian dominions, and eleven others taking their names from the provinces from which

[1] According to the Prussian military calendar the German Army on a war footing consists of 1,324,934 men of all arms and ranks, and 2,740 guns. Out of this number 401,659 men are always on active service, and in eight days 700,000 can be brought into the field. It is divided into eighteen army corps each complete in itself.

In an analysis of the military strength of the various European nations in 1875 by M. Amédée le Faure it is stated that Germany has an army comprising 469 battalions of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 300 campaign batteries, 29 battalions of foot artillery, 18 battalions of pioneers, and 18 battalions of service corps. When are added the reserves, the landwehr, and the navy, a total of 1,700,000 men is arrived at, with annual estimates of 20,000,000*l.* Russia has an army in time of peace of 188 regiments of infantry, 82 battalions of riflemen, 48 battalions for frontier service, 56 regiments of cavalry, 310 batteries of artillery, 14 battalions of engineers, besides irregulars and reserves. With the fleet, the effective strength of the country is 1,550,000 with a budget of 27,200,000*l.* France has 132 regiments of infantry, 30 battalions of chasseurs, 77 cavalry regiments, 40 regiments of artillery, 4 of engineers, and 20 squadrons of service corps. With the reserve and navy the total effective strength of the country is 1,700,000, costing 26,600,000*l.* The English army and navy, including militia and volunteers, comprise 535,000 men, and costs 24,800,000*l.* Austria has 535,000 men, costing 10,800,000*l.*, Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure 9,840,000*l.*, Turkey, 300,000 men, with estimates of 5,680,000*l.* Spain, according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of 6,400,000*l.* The law passed by the Cortes in 1872 has as yet been imperfectly applied. Sweden has 160,000 men, costing 1,120,000*l.* The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only 360,000*l.* Holland, has 100,000 men, estimated at 1,120,000*l.*, Portugal, 73,000 men, costing 180,000*l.*, Denmark, 54,000 men, costing 366,000*l.*, Greece, 51,000 men, with an estimate of 360,000*l.*, and Belgium 43,000, with an expenditure of 1,659,200*l.* On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 9,333,000 men, costing annually 136,804,000*l.*

they are drawn, namely, East Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, Posen, Silesia, Westphalia, Rhineland, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Hesse-Nassau. The official returns at the end of July, 1874, gave the strength of the Prussian Army, officers and men, as follows: infantry, 210,780; jägers, 8,477; cavalry, 53,294; artillery, 36,690; engineers, 7,790; train, 5,120; administrative and other troops, 6,199.[1] On a war footing the Army numbers over 700,000 men, exclusive of 200,000 garrison troops. When we look back we find that the Great Elector who laid the foundation of Prussia's future greatness, by beating 11,000 Swedes with 6,000 Brandenburgers at Fehrbellin, left at his death an army of 26,000 men, raised by his son to 28,000. Under Friedrich Wilhelm I. it rose to 84,000, and Friedrich the Great left it at 172,000. In 1806 Prussia fought France with 212,000 men, and in 1813 had 238,000 in the field, whilst the conclusion of the campaign of 1866 saw her with 640,000 men under arms.

Nominally every Prussian subject is a soldier, and serves twelve years, three in the active army, four in the army of reserve, and five in the landwehr, entering service as soon as he completes his twentieth year. But despite missing conscripts, and those who escape the call to arms by emigrating, not to mention those rejected on account of physical infirmity, the supply exceeds the demand, and the number of able-bodied men who annually escape military service is considerable. In the whole of the Empire the average annual number of recruits is 406,000, but from this number 42,000 refractory emigrants and missing conscripts have to be deducted. There remain 364,000 men who go before the Council of Revision after having drawn lots, for drawing lots exists in Germany, although the contrary has often been asserted. Above 25,000 men are then rejected on account of infirmity, malformation, &c., 250 for immorality (*unwürdigkeit*), 500 as under judiciary examination, and from 500 to 600 for temporary incapacity, while the one year volunteers number some 15,000, in addition to which 10,000 men are provisionally dispensed from serving for family reasons, or to allow of their pursuing some special study, and other causes. Of those remaining the majority are not considered good enough for immediate employment, and have their period of service adjourned, so that, in fact, the number of men annually enrolled in the army and navy amounts to something beyond 160,000. Some of the large proportion of able-bodied men who annually escape military service are subsequently enrolled to form, according to need, what are known as "Ersatz Truppen," supplementary

[1] The British army, according to Mr. Holms, consists of 230,000 men, of whom 100,000 are untrained militia, and of the rest only 73,500 are of the proper age, namely, between 20 and 32. The number of horses is 15,000, and there are 340 guns.

troops, or troops employed for occupying foreign territory. Nevertheless, a considerable number of able-bodied subjects are never called upon to serve, the total number between seventeen and forty years of age being estimated at half-a-million at the least. The new Army Law however spreads its net to catch all these fish, and carefully relegates those it catches to the landsturm, with the men above thirty-two who have successively served in the army, the reserve, and the landwehr. This second category comprises 500,000 men, so that the troops of the future landsturm can be estimated at a million of men. The military authorities are thinking of organizing at present only the first *ban* of these new troops, and this would number about 300,000 men and 6,500 officers. These last will be taken from among the retired officers, or those not on active service. But there is in this project a feature which gives it an almost warlike character. It is provided that the battalions of the future landsturm may be employed to complete the landwehr. Now, the landwehr can and ought to be able to take the field outside the limits of the country. A reinforcement of 300,000 men will, therefore, be brought to the regular army which can make war in a foreign country.[1]

The money penalty in Prussia for non-appearance when called upon for military service is as high as £150, and it is proposed that this shall be levied *in contumaciam* without the defaulter having the opportunity of making any defence. Positive desertions from the active army are not numerous, and amount in proportion to merely a fraction of those which take place from our own army, ranging as these latter do from five to six thousand annually, some of the offenders, as shown by the police reports, having deserted and re-enlisted again and again, as many as seventeen times. In Prussia the desertions are principally from the reserve and the landwehr, and in 1871 these formed one-third of the total number of Prussian emigrants.[2]

Compulsory service in the Army, instead of acting injuriously on the population and physique of the country, is credited with quite a contrary effect. The young men are taken, it is said, out of the way of temptation at the most critical period of their lives, have their morals looked strictly after, are forced to work hard and live soberly, are fed frugally but sufficiently, and have their

[1] Individuals not originally subjects of the German empire, who settle within it, and owe no allegiance to other states, become liable to military service; but this liability ceases after their thirty-first birthday. In Germany the number of men engaged in military service form 3·34 per cent. of the population, in Austria it is 2·99; in France 2·98; in Italy 2·80; in England 1·72; and in Spain 1·30.

[2] In the circle of Imwraelow in the province of Posen 1102 persons were prosecuted for desertion. In the countries annexed in 1866, the introduction of the Prussian military law has certainly had much to do with the emigration that in six years diminished their population by 170,000 souls.

lungs and muscles developed by constant exercise, and at the end of three years return home improved in every way, to follow their old avocations and to marry, and as a rule, beget large families. The medal, however, has its reverse, inasmuch as young men in a respectable position are taken from their homes, or, what is worse, from the posts in which they are already established, and two or three of the best years of their life are as it were robbed from them. During those years they not only have to associate with the lowest classes of men, but are paid so miserably that to live with any comfort they must expend any little savings they have accumulated. Reliable data show that the Prussian levies of to-day are larger and finer men than those who fought at Jena, Leipsic, or Waterloo. The infantry of the entire guards corps average 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and about 11 stone 8 pounds in weight, from six to seven thousand of them being over six feet. In the Pomeranian, Brandenburg, and Westphalian regiments the men as often weigh 12 stone as 10 stone, and even in the Polish and East Prussian regiments, recruited from poor and barren districts, where many of those brought into service have never previously tasted meat, a man under 5 feet 5 in. in his boots is a rarity. The men of the foot artillery, selected both for strength and substance, range between 5 feet 8 inches and 6 feet in height.

Nor is the service without its moral influence on the character of the nation at large. A man in the army learns exactitude, punctuality, and obedience, and has acquired habits of thoroughness and order, which he brings into play in the habits of civil life. The drawback, however, is that with promptness to obey the word of command one finds a corresponding roughness and readiness in giving it, and that the soldier when dismissed from duty carries soldierly forms into private life, becomes brusque and laconic in speech, and looks for a military exactitude of obedience.

The "Einjähriger Freiwilliger," or one-year volunteer, is allowed to serve one year instead of three in the regular army on condition of paying for his own equipment, food, and lodging, and if in the cavalry, an extra sum for the use of his horse; he is, however, still liable to full duty in the reserve and landwehr. The Einjähriger sometimes aims at becoming an officer in the last-named body, and by passing certain examinations succeeds in this, but as a rule, his object is to get off with one year's service in place of three, so as to interfere as little as possible with his professional prospects. He may, for instance, be the son of a rich merchant, banker, or financier, with no taste for a military life, and only desirous of following in his father's footsteps as soon as possible. Such a man would naturally profit by every amelioration of his position that money could procure, and there is a story of one of these *fils de famille* astounding and horrifying

his lieutenant, who had singled him out on account of the smartness of his appearance to be his orderly, by quietly remarking, "I beg your pardon, Herr Lieutenant, I have already two servants of my own." In any case the one-year volunteer has to find his own clothing, food, and lodging, and the total expense of these is about £105. He must, moreover, give proof of a good education either by passing an examination or producing certificates from the schools he has attended. All volunteers are allowed to choose their own branch of the service, whereas ordinary recruits have no choice in the matter, but are posted to the arm for which they are the best physically qualified. They may however, elect to serve from seventeen to twenty years of age instead of from twenty to twenty-three, if they prefer it.

The soldier is early brought into the service. A third of a German regiment is dismissed to their homes every year after the September manœuvres, and the recruits for the next year are draughted into the ranks in October, which may be termed the commencement of the military year. After passing the medical examination the recruit is sent at once to the head-quarters of the landwehr battalion of his district, and thence to his regiment, where he is handed over to the drill-sergeant. For the first six weeks the newly-joined recruit is taught the position of the soldier, facings, the goose-step, and the like; also the honours due to superiors, the distinctions and insignia of rank, and generally the first principles of military duty. "As in the drill the word 'attention' forbids the slightest movement of the body, so the word 'subordination' forbids in the strictest sense all

independence of thought or speech. Subordination means nothing more nor less than 'hold your tongue,' and it is only when a soldier neither grumbles nor reasons even in his thoughts—that is, makes no impatient gestures—when he has learned exactitude, punctuality, and obedience, to hear, not to speak, and to obey," he is regarded as well disciplined. There is only one expression he is permitted to make use of. If his officer says to him, "You are an ass," he may answer, "At your service" (Zu Befehl), and there the matter will end.[1]

The soldier next learns the manual, his former instruction being continued the meanwhile, and finally takes his place in the ranks of his company. For the first year the drills occupy about four hours in the morning, and the same time in the evening, varying somewhat in summer with the weather. During the second year they are a trifle lighter, but their range is more extended, and includes battalion drill, manœuvring, &c. During the third year the cavalry, artillery, and engineers have special instructions in their particular branches, the infantry working hard at tactics. At the end of this year all receive their furlough for the next four years, holding themselves in readiness to be called out for annual exercise, or to join their commands in time of war. During the three years' service barrack schools have to be attended for instruction in swimming, gymnastics, duties in quarters, duties as sentries, in garrisons or on outposts, target practice, the care of arms, the duties of soldiers towards their officers, reading and writing for the few who need it,[2] and such higher studies as the commanding officer may direct. This instruction in barracks is a most important element in the military system. Recruits four times a week, and older soldiers never less than twice, are instructed and catechized in all duties connected with service in the field, so that long before a private has to act as a vedette, he has been thoroughly grounded in the

[1] F. W. Hackländer's *Soldier in Time of Peace.*

[2] The average of illiterate recruits in the Prussian army is 3 per cent., and in France 20 per cent., whereas the number of men in the British army unable to read or write was on the 1st of January, 1873, no less than 12,131.

theory of his various duties, and only wants the opportunity of practice. There are a number of simple text-books, and the officers are held responsible that their men know them thoroughly. In general, all instruction is imparted by the officers, who, not only drill their men themselves, but look after their moral as well as physical training, and deliver evening lectures to them upon military matters and the rudiments of natural science. Questions are put at the close of the lectures to the men, and as many of them take advantage of the occasion to go quietly to sleep, the most extraordinary responses are sometimes obtained, not confined, however, to the sleepers alone.

It was the practice of Friedrich the Great to be much more particular with regard to the selection of the non-commissioned than the upper officers of his army, and he would himself nominate the cadets to fill the vacancies. He usually chose nobles, for said he, "Nobles have honour; a noble that misbehaves or flinches in a moment of crisis can find no refuge in his own class, whereas a man of lower birth can in his." The Prussian nobles of to-day have a soul above the corporal's and sergeant's stripes and the keeping up the supply of non-commissioned officers from men of "lower birth," is attended with some difficulty. The non-commissioned officers are obtained in two ways. The first is from the six schools established for the purpose at Potsdam, Biebrich, Julich, Weissenfels, Ettlingen, and Marienwerder. To join one of these the candidate must be between seventeen and twenty years of age, and must be able to read, write, and cipher. The course of instruction lasts three years, and comprises all that relates to military exercises, gymnastics, and swimming, the first elements of topography and temporary fortifications, history, geography, and the German language. There are also classes to impart to the pupils those branches of knowledge required to qualify them to discharge the duties of posts in the civil service, reserved for

them after twelve years in the Army. On leaving the school the pupils undergo an examination. Those passing first are appointed non-commissioned officers at once, a method which encourages all to work their hardest. The rest are entered as privates in regiments in which vacancies are likely to occur, and are promoted as occasion offers. Those who have failed to pass the examination on leaving the school, have to prepare themselves, after joining the ranks, for a fresh one, and until this is passed they cannot become non-commissioned officers.

All these men, whether they pass or not, are bound to serve two years in the Army for every year they have spent at the school. The total number of sub-officers supplied to the Army by the six schools previously mentioned, averages 990 yearly, or 5,940 in the whole, taking the six years' service into account. It is at present intended to increase the number of these schools, and to form others specially designed for the instruction of sub-officers for the cavalry and artillery, there being as yet only one for these arms, namely the cavalry school at Hanover. The remaining non-commissioned officers are obtained from the "capitulants" that is to say, the men who, having completed their three years' active service, are allowed to re-engage, providing they show the requisite knowledge and aptitude for the position they aspire to.

The candidate is required to undergo an examination by a uperior, officer and the class of men who are sometimes found presenting themselves may be judged of from the following dialogue between a corporal (gefreiter), who does not reckon as an "unteroffizier," and the officer to whom he applies for promotion. "Canst thou read?" "At your service, Herr Oberstwachtmeister." "Canst thou write?" "At your service, Herr Oberstwachtmeister." "Canst thou also cipher?" "At your service, Herr Oberstwachtmeister." "What was your position as a civilian?" "Doctor in Philosophy and Privatdocent at the University!"

With the exception of musicians, and under certain circum-

stances, officers' servants, who however do not receive the capitulants' extra pay, no man is allowed to re-engage unless there is a probability of his becoming a non-commissioned officer.

Every soldier who has served twelve years and held the rank of "unteroffizier" for three quarters of this term is certain of employment under Government on his retirement from the service. The system worked admirably up to the close of the late war, but when the milliard fever sent up the general rate of wages far beyond the salaries accorded by Government to the holders of such posts as the retired non-commissioned officer might aspire to, and the price of the necessities of life rose in an almost corresponding ratio, the men in question amply exercised their annual right of retirement, to accept the comparatively lucrative private employments open to them, and a great dearth of non-commissioned officers has been the result. For these tried and proved men are eagerly sought to fill posts requiring steadiness, integrity, and intelligence. Bank porters and messengers, daily entrusted with large sums of money, cash-takers at theatres, and foremen carriers are almost exclusively recruited from amongst this class. Railway companies too are most eager to secure their services as country stationmasters, ticket clerks, and guards. To this may be ascribed the military sternness and brevity of speech characterizing all Prussian railway officials, who are apt to treat passengers as though they were made for the railway and not the railway for them. These posts all command better pay than is to be found in the Army, and the duties are far less irksome. Sergeants, it is true, are proportionately much better paid than in England, though there seems to be no rigidly fixed rate of pay for the non-commissioned ranks, a bargain being apparently made with each man as with a servant, to induce him to serve on according as his services are valued. Still although recently promulgated regulations lighten the regimental work, do away with arbitrary selection in promotion, and provide that on a non-commissioned officer depositing fifteen pounds as security that he will not

leave his widow in distress, he may be recommended by his commanding officer for leave to marry and may when married live out of barracks, it is not to be wondered at that a man able to discharge all the varied, complicated, and responsible functions of a sergeant-major in the Prussian Army should aspire to a higher salary than thirty-six pounds per annum, when in Berlin a good cook earns more and a good coachman twice as much.

The officers of the Prussian Army are drawn from two sources, first the Cadetten-haus—an institution to be described in detail in a subsequent chapter—and next the "advantageur" class, the system of which is rather peculiar. A young man who is desirous of securing a commission obtains a nomination from the colonel of some regiment admitting him to serve as a private, but with the recognition of his being a candidate for the rank of officer, whence he comes to be known as an advantageur. His position so far resembles that of the volunteer in our own service up to the close of the great French war. In the Prussian Army the advantageur before definitively obtaining his commission is obliged to serve at least six months as a private; he must then pass an examination in the usual subjects of a liberal education known as the "portépée fähnrich" examination, attend a war-school, and go through a course of about ten months' military instruction. After passing a second examination in professional subjects to test his fitness for the rank of officer, he returns to his regiment qualified for a commission if a vacancy occurs. Before being recommended for one, however, he has to pass through a further ordeal, as the officers of the regiment meet to decide whether he is worthy of admission amongst their number. The preliminary examination is dispensed with in the case of young men who, on quitting a civil school, have obtained a certificate qualifying them for admission to a university.

Some explanation may here be given with reference to the rank of portépée-fähnrich or, as it is usually translated, ensign. The gradation of rank in the Prussian service below that of officer is as follows:—Feldwebel, or wachtmeister, equal to our sergeant-major; portépée-fähnrich, sergeant; unteroffizier and gefreiter, the two last nearly corresponding to our corporal and lance-corporal. Above the rank of sergeant a distinctive silver sword-knot, or portépée, is worn which gives rise to the name of portépée-fähnrich. In this title may be noted the French nomenclature introduced into the Prussian army by Friedrich the Great, and so thoroughly adapted into the military vocabulary that the troops could not possibly be handled in their native tongue. The South Germans have done all in their power to substittue purely Teutonic terms, but with only partial success, and in the Prussian Army a party exists which would like their example to be followed.

Prussian officers look upon themselves as forming a single corps—the "offizier" corps, admission to which is regarded as conferring distinctive privileges and imposing particular duties. There is no military service in the world in which class-spirit is so strongly developed as that of Prussia, and the wearers of the silver sword-knot form the nearest approach to a caste which exists out of India. The *esprit de corps* is strongly aristocratic, and every means are employed to keep it up. None but young men of good social standing can obtain the nomination from the colonel of a regiment necessary to enable them to take service as an advantageur, and even when this is secured they have to stand or fall by the verdict of their comrades upon whom their ultimate admission to the regiment after passing their examination for a commission depends. The officers of each regiment constitute a court of election and a court of honour, and when a cadet or advantageur has passed his examination and is put down for a commission in their corps, they assemble and sit upon him, something after the fashion of a coroner's jury, the difference being that the facts of his life and not of his death are investigated. A certain time has previously been devoted to inquiring into his character, social station, pecuniary means, and the like, and if any officer has any objection to make he is bound in honour to substantiate it. The decision of the court is accepted as final at head-quarters, and if it is unfavourable to the candidate he is got rid of or another regiment is tried, the whole proceedings being strictly confidential. Any officer misconducting himself socially—misconduct so far as duty is concerned coming under the notice of a court-martial—is tried by the Court of Honour, and the verdict, if unfavourable, results in his removal from the army or transfer to another corps. For instance, not long ago Lieutenant Helmus of the 7th Battalion of the Military Train was dismissed the service by the verdict of a jury of honour for not drinking the Emperor's health. The protocols in these cases are usually submitted to the Emperor who decides what shall be done with the offender.

A body thus fenced in from all contamination learns to look down on the outer world with a species of mild contempt. The officer is a social Brahmin, for whether his birth be noble or plebeian he is "court worthy" by virtue of his silver sword-knot, and has the *pas* of every other man who has not the right to array himself in a uniform denoting the enjoyment of the privilege to slay his fellow-creatures. The spirit of caste and an equally strong *esprit de corps* exercise a material influence on the character of the officer. Brought up for the Army he assigns to the Army the principal *rôle* in the affairs of the world. He is thoroughly penetrated with the idea of the superiority of his calling. If religiously disposed, he regards himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence; if a philosopher, he looks

upon life as a combat for existence, in which the strongest has the right and even the mission to crush the weakest. He pretends to believe that periodical wars are necessary for the good of mankind, and has not words to express his disdain for those political economists who complain that war is unproductive. Towards individual civilians he is politely reserved; he does not bully them, he looks down on them from so lofty an eminence that to descend to such an action is too great a condescension. If however he does get involved in a dispute with an unarmed citizen, and the latter so far forgets himself as to strike him, he has no choice but to draw and cut his assailant down. Unless he does so, he runs the risk of being tried by court-martial and dismissed the service.

Despite this exclusiveness and the aristocratic spirit that prevails in the Prussian Army, it is not entirely officered by the scions of the nobility. The officers of the Guards are almost all men of title, but nearly one-half of the names on the Army List lack the distinguishing particle "von." Nevertheless it may be noticed that whilst the names of the commoners figure thickly in the ranks of the subalterns, they are few and far between amongst the colonels, and disappear entirely amongst the generals. It may be argued from these facts that though commoners may obtain commissions, they must not expect to rise beyond the rank of major, though an answer has been put forward to the effect that after twelve years' service, which entitles an officer to claim an appointment as a civil functionary, many first lieutenants and captains abandon the military for the more profitable civil career, whilst the richer officers and members of noble and military families remain.

There is however another method of weeding out practised. Promotion in the Prussian service goes by seniority, tempered not generally by selection but by rejection very rigidly enforced. Officers considered incapable through physical or mental infirmities, deafness, blindness, or stupidity, are ruthlessly weeded out, it being considered better to hurt the feelings of one man than to risk the lives of a thousand by the possible results of his incompetency. An officer who has been two or three times passed over may consider that he has received an intimation to retire from the service, and if he does not act on it will probably be gazetted out. The class of officers who in England are known as "her Majesty's hard bargains," and who shuffle through the service and finally retire on pensions without knowing even the elements of their profession, would not be tolerated for a moment in the Prussian Army. Although in the junior ranks promotion is somewhat slower than in the English army, which so many gentlemen join temporarily either to enhance their social standing or to pass a few years before marrying and "settling down" thereby continually creating vacancies below the rank of major,

it is in the higher ranks infinitely quicker. Five years' service as a major, gives the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and three as lieutenant-colonel that of colonel. The average length of service to rise to the command of a regiment, being twenty-three years, and the length of such a command six.

So far as knowledge and practice of their military duties are concerned, Prussian officers surpass the officers of all other European armies. "A Prussian general commands his own division himself and is not dependent upon his staff officers for information or instruction regarding the duties of his profession. A Prussian colonel carries on the administration of his own regiment and does not allow the adjutant to do his duty for him, and above all in the Prussian Army, captains really command their own companies to an extent that gives them pleasure, interest and responsibility in carrying out the duties of their commissions. A company of Prussian soldiers is never under arms, except under its own officers, nor is it interfered with in any way except through its own captain." Each one in his grade is permitted to do his proper work without undue interference from his superiors, and one of the most striking things in the Army is the distribution of responsibility from the highest to the lowest ranks. The generals commanding corps are supreme in almost all matters pecuniary as well as military, and settle numerous questions without referring to the War Office at Berlin, but they are not overworked, because the generals of division under them have their special duties and are allowed to perform them without interference. So the officer commanding a battalion does not attempt to command every company in it and thus does his own work well. Not only the drill, but the conduct, dress, and appearance of the men, with the pay, the books, the quarters, and the stores of the company are subject to the captain's immediate control, and the consequence is that the men, learning to look up to and rely upon their immediate commanders in all things in camp, garrison, and action, are prompt in obedience. The duties of the non-commissioned officers are, though arduous and indispensable, comparatively non-important where officers drill their men themselves, superintend their gymnastic exercises and swimming, and look after their moral as well as their physical training by delivering lectures and imparting information. All these duties do not prevent the officers from studying hard, and more especially those quartered in the remoter districts.

The secret of the extraordinary successes of the Prussian Army lies not in the genius of any one commander, nor of any number of commanders, but in the military system by which the officers are educated and the rank and file trained. The cardinal principle that by work and study alone, can military excellence be attained, has long been recognized in the Prussian Army. There is not another in which military science is more

highly valued, nor more universally cultivated, work and diligence being regarded as the only sure roads to success in war. "Always ready, such is the motto of the New Empire," said a young subaltern to M. Tissot; "we do not rest upon our laurels, and have never worked harder than after the victories of 1870 and 1871. Our military organization has been perfected by the experience acquired on the battle-field; we have transformed our old war-material, changed our guns twice, tried cannon after cannon without making any fuss about it, and daily try fresh experiments in the artillery camps. We are so little sure of peace that our fortresses are all mounted with their cannon, our magazines filled with provisions and forage. At the first signal eighteen army corps of 40,000 men will be ready to take the field, and the soldiers know that the plan they are to follow has long ago been studied and worked out in the General Staff Office at Berlin."

The landwehr is officered from two sources. Officers of the standing army who quit the service whilst still within the limits of age which render them liable to serve in the landwehr pass naturally into this force as officers. The others are obtained from the one-year volunteers, and men who have distinguished themselves before the enemy. Such of these as desire to obtain commissions in the landwehr apply to a board that sits twice a year for this purpose, and on joining their regiments are given opportunities of qualifying themselves for their future profession. At the end of the year they are examined, and if they pass become corporals. They then serve two months more in a regiment of the line or take part in one of the periodical trainings of the landwehr. After the first week or so of this training they obtain the rank of vice-feldwebel or lance sergeant-major, and at its close if the commanding officer expresses himself satisfied with their knowledge, are proposed for acceptance to the officers of their battalion, and if approved are recommended to the

Emperor for appointment as second lieutenants. They must however be "men of honour and possessing sufficient means to secure them such a position in life as is becoming to an officer." As long as they are within the limits of age of the reserve they are called officers of the reserve and afterwards officers of the landwehr. During the war with France, a large proportion of the non-commissioned officers in the field army consisted of one-year volunteers summoned back to their colours with the reserve, and several of these were promoted for gallantry. It is the common practice for the sons of wealthy citizens, large manufacturers, land-owners, and others to obtain commissions in the landwehr in this manner, and hence the officers of this corps are not only far less exclusive than those of the Army but take a far deeper and wider interest in the affairs of the nation. The 35th Berlin battalion has between seven and eight hundred officers belonging to it representing every class of society, noblemen, police officials, government clerks, civic magistrates, members of the diplomatic service, merchants, students, lawyers, doctors, professors, bankers, foresters, civil engineers, commission agents, and others.

The fact that a second lieutenant's pay is something like forty pounds a year renders it almost impossible, even with the rigid economy distinguishing the Prussian service, for a subaltern to live without some small additional private income, more especially in Berlin. In certain cavalry regiments, the hussars, for instance, it is quite impracticable, owing to the cost of the uniform accoutrements, horse furniture, and other matters. Still the vast majority of the officers are poor, and with a view of maintaining the rigid equality in all matters of comradeship that prevails in the Army, mess expenditure is adapted to the purses of this class and not those of their wealthier associates, so that there can be no excuse for the former involving themselves in pecuniary difficulties through force of example. In country quarters and garrison towns the cost of dinner usually ranges from ninepence to a shilling, and a subaltern can live on as little as twenty groschen (2*s.*) a day, whilst there is not a mess in the Guards corps —the thirty thousand men of which are quartered in the capital and its neighbourhood—in which an officer pays more than sixteen-pence for his dinner, though they are mostly men of family and comparative wealth. Champagne costs them about five and sixpence, and excellent claret eighteenpence a bottle, for they import it direct from the grower and enjoy certain privileges in respect of dues.

In war time the pay of officers is increased and sundry extra allowances, to be hereafter noticed, are granted them. Though the pay does not approach our own, the higher grades of officers receive far more in proportion than their subordinates, whilst there are also many allowances in kind such as fuel, light, quarters,

medical attendance, &c., for which money commutation can be had. A general commanding an army corps has in addition to his pay of 10,000 thaler a year, forage free for eight horses, a roomy house, and other advantages, a general commanding a division has besides 5,500 thaler a year, forage for six horses, and lodging allowance, and an officer commanding a regiment of cavalry has forage for five and of infantry for three horses allowed him with other advantages that render him practically as well off as his English compeer. Captains in the cavalry receive forage free for three, and subalterns for two horses, and can buy it from the Government for as many more as they like to keep at a very cheap rate.

The recreations of a Prussian officer are somewhat different from those of his English compeer. Music is a favourite relaxation and the artillery of the Guard have an "Officers' Orchestral Union" which for the last quarter of a century have held weekly meetings in the mess-room of their huge barracks, built in the reign of Friedrich the Great, and situate in a sort of debatable land called "Am Kupfergraben." The Union can furnish an orchestra of fifty members, capable of performing the most elaborately concerted works of the great masters, and comprises officers of all ranks from lieutenant-general down to second lieutenant, each of whom has to qualify himself for admission by a certain degree of proficiency on some musical instrument. The peculiar bent of the German mind is shown by the formation of two mock orders, with grand masters, chapters, degree crosses of various grades, &c., known as the Order of the White Napkin, confined to executants, arrangers, and composers, and that of the Golden Ear for "listening members" of the Union, whilst the economical spirit of the army crops up in the shape of fines of sixpence inflicted for neglecting to wear these insignia of these orders, being late at attendance, or failing to give notice of non-attendance. This mess-room, in addition to musical practice, is also devoted to lectures by officers on matters of social or topical interest or discussions on professional subjects.

Nevertheless there is not so much difference between the wearers of uniform all the world over, so far as tastes are concerned. The philosopher Schopenhauer, we are told, when dining in company with Prussian officers used always to place a piece of gold beside his plate. If asked why, he would say, "I am a philosopher of the Diogenes school, and have made a vow to give this piece of gold to a beggar the day you and your comrades do not talk about women and horses. I have been waiting ten years." Despite, too, the soothing effect of music upon the savage breast, and the humanizing influence of the studies to which most of the Prussian officers are supposed to devote their spare time, the talent for blood-letting, so assiduously cultivated with reference to the enemy, is not above finding vent for

PRUSSIAN OFFICERS IN THEIR MOMENTS OF RELAXATION.

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exercise upon the body of a friend. "Comradeship" notwithstanding, a German officer will quarrel upon the slightest pretext, and a quarrel means a duel.

Since the war, these encounters, which are far from being so harmless as those of French journalists, have increased to such an extent that the Emperor has felt bound to interfere. He by no means wishes to put a stop to the practice but only to check what he considers its abuse. Every officer who considers his honour attacked is bound to give information to the Court of Honour of his regiment, and no duel is allowed to come off without its approval, and until no other solution of the dispute is found possible. The president of the Court too is bound to be present at the encounter to see all is duly and properly conducted, and officers who, carried away by their feelings, forget to appeal to their regimental court, and fight without the presence of this novel "referee," are subject to criminal proceedings. A violation of the rules of honour, such as a serious unprovoked insult, is only to be rectified by an appeal to the sword, and the officer refusing to fight under such circumstances would be dismissed the service.

Amongst minor regulations devised for the purpose of keeping up the spirit of exclusiveness in which the offizier corps delight, and of placing them on a pinnacle above their less-favoured fellow mortals, may be mentioned those which forbid them to carry, under any circumstances, an umbrella, a bundle, or a parcel, even for a lady. The prevailing outward characteristics of the Prussian officer have been summed up as "well-squared shoulders, a well-belted waist, a regulation spine, an angular elbow, a click of the heels, a salute that is meant to be at once fascinating and haughty, and a pronounced contempt for everything civilian beneath the grade of a privy councillor or a first secretary."

The military class in Prussia enjoys particular privileges and exemptions, but is at the same time subject to certain restrictions. No military man, for instance, can marry without the permission of his superiors. He can decline or give up any trusteeship. All existing State restrictions on his acquiring or selling property are removed; but, on the other hand, he cannot carry on without permission any trade or occupation, with the exception of such as may be indispensably connected with any possession in land of which he is the owner. Military men are subject to the ordinary laws for all State taxation, but while they are free from local rates, they are forbidden to exercise any such civic right as that of voting or of joining any political society. Finally, they are exempt from all jury service, as, indeed, is the rule in other countries.

XVIII.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—BERLIN BARRACK LIFE, DRILL, AND DISCIPLINE.

BERLIN has often been styled a city of barracks, less from the number of such edifices it really contains than from the large size, countless windows, and uniform appearance of the houses in particular districts. The largest and finest barracks are those of the fusiliers in the Carl-strasse, and in the Chaussée-strasse on the north side of the city, of the Czar Alexander's grenadier regiment in Kleine Alexander-strasse, of the 2nd foot guards in Friedrichs-strasse, and of the Kaiser Franz grenadiers in Pionier-strasse just outside the Halle Gate. In the last-named neighbourhood are several cavalry barracks, including two belonging to the dragoons of the Guard — one in the Belle-Alliance- and the other in the Alexandrinen-strasse—and the barracks of the cuirassiers of the Guard in the Linden-strasse,

BARRACKS OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER GRENADIERS.

while at Moabit the extensive barracks of the uhlans of the Guard are found in close proximity to the Zellengefängniss model prison.

Barrack-life is held in high favour by the Prussian military authorities, who consider that it calls into play and keeps alive the military spirit, promotes order and discipline, banishes the evil influence of the outer world, and by superior cleanliness and airiness fosters the health of the men. Early to bed and early to rise is a maxim of barrack life, and when a resident near the Halle Gate is roused from his morning slumbers by the trampling of troops and the sound of martial music, he knows well enough that a regiment issuing from one of the neighbouring barracks on its way to the Tempelhofer Feld is the cause of the disturbance. Long before many a worthy citizen has left his pillow, the regiment has returned to its quarters covered with mud or dust. A curious fact in connection with Berlin garrison life, and one to which we have already referred, is that the colours of all the regiments quartered in the city are kept in the Emperor's palace. The first thing which a regiment does on marching into the Prussian capital, is to send a detachment to deposit its colours in the palace Unter den Linden. And whenever the colours are required for marching out, parade, or other purposes, they have to be fetched from the palace and are deposited there again when the parade is over.

THE UHLAN BARRACKS AT MOABIT.

The men in barracks are aroused in summer at day-break, and in winter an hour or so later by the sound of the bugle. A newly-enlisted recruit who in his anxiety to be early the morning after his arrival, had risen betimes, speaks of catching sight in the passage of the bugler of the regiment, blowing away in his nightshirt :—

"Sudden his trumpet he took,
And a mighty blast he blasted."

The bugler's task accomplished, he returned to his bed and indulged in a couple of hours' extra sleep, a proceeding most unworthy of one who should be the first in the field both for courage and promptitude, for what cannot a bugler effect by a

single blast of his trumpet. And yet so insensible was the man to the dignity of his calling, that he had not even taken the trouble to put on his trousers before giving the signal.

ARMY DOCTORS.

The instant the sound of the bugle is heard, the room, perfectly still before, becomes a scene of busy confusion. As soon as the men are dressed, the room has to be put in order, and that as speedily as possible. The senior in each room is responsible for this being done, and two men in turn clean it, heat it, see to the lamps, and other matters. After the rooms have been put straight, an inspection is made and such men as wish to be placed on the sick list present themselves before the surgeon for examination.

The cavalry soldier has to hasten and attend to his horse, without which, according to a quaint little book that is generally

put into his hands, "he cannot be a cavalry soldier, and in fact is nothing at all." The first chapter of the work in question treating of the grooming of the horse, commences in this wise, "See, my dear little horse, here is the man whose duty it is to groom and tend thee; he must come to thee every morning at five o'clock in summer and at six in winter; he must first spread out the straw upon which thou hast slept, in the yard to dry; then, after shortening thy halter-chain, commence the operation of currying." In the preface to this eccentric work, it is

impressed upon the officers that they should insist upon their men reading the book to their horses, by which means it is intimated they would not only acquire a knowledge of their duties, but also improve themselves in the art of reading aloud.

A military stable at day-break presents a lively scene. There is an air of comfort and cheerfulness about it, and cleanliness is the presiding genius; the well-washed floors, the polished bails, which separate the animals from each other, the men engaged in a variety of occupations, some attending to their horses, others polishing their accoutrements, some singing, others smoking and chatting, the hum of voices, the snorting, neighing, and pawing of the steeds, all combine to form a striking and animated scene. Each man is required to clean from his horse

as much dust as will make twelve lines a foot long and an inch thick. The curry-comb is cleared by being knocked on the ground, and the dust thus removed, forms the lines mentioned. To produce this quantity of dust from one horse twice daily, is hard work even in the sandy Brandenburg mark, and the idle soldier is said to be in the habit of slily adding chalk to make up the desired amount and so save himself trouble.

The grooming at the best is but slight, when compared with that which obtains in England; and polishing equipments, and burnishing bits, seem unknown, to judge from the appearance of the saddlery. Probably the short service system and the number of things a cavalry soldier has to acquire a knowledge of, together with the severe work which ordinary barrack life entails, make it impossible for him to become a first class groom. Certainly, the horses, so far as smartness of appearance is concerned, fail to come up to the English standard, and their capacity for hard work is occasionally limited. During the winter months they are not shod, and are kept constantly at exercise in the riding-school, which forms but an indifferent preparation for campaign duties. The riding-schools in the Berlin barracks are excellent, and the latter, moreover, are provided with a large open *manége* of soft sandy soil, with numerous made jumps of varied character, over which the recruits are exercised almost daily.

The barrack breakfast consists of dry bread and a canful of coffee or gruel, and this despatched, the morning is mostly taken up with drill, a short pause being made in the forenoon to allow the men to partake of a slight luncheon, usually limited to a slice of bread and a glass of spirits. As the government provide bread alone, the men are compelled to buy any other items they require, either from the barrack sutler or at the nearest shop. Those members of the company who are possessed of money or credit, gratify themselves with such luxuries as the barrack canteen affords, and will lunch to the tune of a silver groschen off sausage and schnapps. In this dingy den the privileged few spend their spare time, talking over the service, criticising the officers, and narrating their own adventures, and telling anecdotes and lies to each other with equal facility.

From this pleasant pastime they are suddenly summoned to present themselves on the parade ground for the dreaded roll-call, when each man has to respond by a loud "Here," and all shortcomings are pretty certain to be brought to light. The scrutiny is most thorough, and woe to the man whose accoutrements are not in perfect order. If an unfortunate fellow has supplied the place of a lost button by such a *manœuvre de force* as fastening his braces and trousers together by a piece of string, the makeshift, though it would never have been

detected at drill, is sure to be smelt out by some prying officer, and the reward of ingenuity takes the shape of three days "on the wood," as the being put under arrest is termed. The sternest exactitude with reference to even the smallest minutiæ when on parade conduces in the opinion of the Prussian military authorities in a high degree to the formation of a steady infantry which nothing can shake on the field of battle.

The non-commissioned officer frequently arrogates to himself no little authority over the hapless recruit, and there is a familiar sketch representing a captain, a sergeant, and a recruit, the captain looking severe but just, the sergeant very angry, and the unfortunate recruit apparently protesting by his expression a state of perfect innocence. "Fusilier Eisenbaum," reports the sergeant with animation, "was absent at roll-call. What excuse has he to give?" "At your service, I was—" "Silence," thunders the unteroffizier—"how can he explain his unjustifiable conduct?" "At your service, I was—" "Be silent," repeats the sergeant, and then turning to his superior observes, "at your service, you see, Herr Captain, that he has not a word to say for himself."

The sound of the bugle calls the soldiers to dinner, which at Berlin usually takes the form of meat with pea, lentil, or bean porridge. In the evening a slice of bread with a piece of ham or sausage, and a glass of beer forms the soldier's frugal supper. The whole of these repasts are paid for out of their own pockets, with the exception of the bread of which they receive six pounds every four days. Each company has its mess board, composed of the captain, a lieutenant, a non-commissioned officer, and some privates; the latter deciding all questions pertaining to themselves, regulating the bill of fare, and determining the cost and hours of meals. The companies are divided into messes of about twenty men, each under the charge of a non-commissioned officer. The officers usually draw money commutations for their rations and make their own arrangements. In the guards regiments, the officers' messes are on the same system as prevails throughout the whole of the English army, excepting that much more economical principles are pursued, the dinner consisting of simply three plain courses, for which each officer pays about a shilling, whether he is present or not. There is very little extravagance as a rule, as although most of the officers have long pedigrees, they have short purses, and do not indulge in expensive entertainments or, indeed, extravagance of any kind.

At Berlin, drill in the barrack-square, and instruction in the barrack-room, go on throughout the winter, the latter being, as already explained, an important element in the Prussian military system. After-fatiguing exercise the men are allowed to lie down on their beds for an hour or so, but not after the ordinary exercise gone through in the barrack-yard; and those who have

been on guard during the night may sleep for some hours in the daytime. A recruit, acting as sentry for the first time, is expected to stand treat to the whole guard-room. The men pass their spare time in enforced gymnastic exercises, in reading or writing letters, staring out of the windows at the passers by, playing cards, frequenting the popular theatres and beer-gardens, courting nursemaids, but more especially cooks, and such similar occupations as are common to soldiers all the world over. The officers, on their part, pay and receive visits, study, read, play at cards, or on some musical instrument, and frequent the more attractive places of amusement. Every soldier in barracks at Berlin receives an extra monthly allowance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ groschen, about 3*d.*, styled garrison allowance. No one knows exactly why this is given; some say to permit of his spending more on pipe-clay and rotten-stone than in smaller towns, and others that it is to enable him to have an infinitesimal amount of extra enjoyment. At nine in the evening the gates are closed, the rounds are made, and the report is handed in. The officer in charge for the day is informed by the non-commissioned officers on duty of all occurrences, and is held responsible for all disturbances, practical jokes, &c., that may happen. The barrack guard is under his command, but should it be called on to do duty without the limits of the barracks, it passes under the authority of the governor of the city. The health of the troops in barracks is unusually good. Next to the Russian, the proportion of men in the Prussian army on the sick-list is smaller than in the armies of any of the other powers, England, Austria, and France following in the order indicated. Diseases of the eyes, by the way, form an exceptionally large proportion of the illnesses among the troops in garrison at Berlin.

If, in view of the exigencies of modern warfare, the traditional tactics of Friedrich the Great have been gradually abandoned by the Prussian army, and if the rigid stiffness for which the troops were proverbial in Europe at the commencement of the present century has been materially modified, the iron discipline and constant drill, to which Mr. Carlyle's favourite hero owed so much of his success is still retained in full vigour. As in his day, the aim is to create a system which shall be superior to circumstances, and not depend upon the accidental genius of one man, but upon the thorough training of all. Thus, in all drill books and works of instruction, it is presupposed that the intelligence of the pupil is of the densest description, and every precaution is taken to prevent his going wrong. Nothing is left to chance or accident. The Germans, as a race, are capable of acquiring this minute instruction, and the Duke of Wellington noticed long ago that the German sentinels of his auxiliary forces were far superior to the ordinary British private in knowledge and intelligence. Matters have not changed since that epoch, for, as already noted, in the Prussian Army the proportion of men unable to read and write is only 3 per cent., whereas out of 90,000 men in the British army there are upwards of 12,000, or 13⅓ per cent. of these ignoramuses.

The ruling spirit with regard to drill was shown by the sergeant who, being ordered at the close of the last war to retire with his men to fixed quarters in France, found, on resuming the old drill, that things did not go very smoothly, from the free practice of war having slackened the normal precision of movement. "*Himmeldonnerwetter, Kerls*," he broke out "what disgraceful work is this. Don't you know that the play is now over, and that you have to return to regular service?" Both the drill and discipline, however, have for their object the teaching of the art of war. The winter after they join, the recruits are taught regular drill in the barrack-yard, of the painful exactitude of which a well-known Prussian author has recorded his experience:—

"I was now," he says, "to receive my first instruction in infantry drill, and for this purpose I was conducted by the sergeant to the barrack-yard and handed over, with a few words of introduction, to Corporal Dose, who was told off to superintend this part of my military education. The exercise began, and I held myself in readiness for the first word of command. 'Attention.' At that word I drew myself up like a flash of lightning, and stood stiff as a post. So far so good. 'Now, listen!' shouted Dose; 'when I say "At ease," you may advance your right foot, and relax the muscles of your body, but you must on no account speak; when I again say "Attention," you must not only execute the order, but I must see, by the sudden shock with which you instantly straighten your limbs in obedience to it, that you are fully conscious of the importance of the movement; that word, "Attention," should inspire every muscle, and convert the unformed mass into disciplined soldiers; now then, "Attention!"' I stood there an unfinished statue, and the non-commissioned officer figured as sculptor before me. He surveyed me sharply, took a few steps backwards, walked all round me, and remarked on the want of posture, which he forthwith essayed to improve by bending me first an inch to the right and then to the left, pushing back my shoulder-blades, then, by a slight pressure under the chin, he raised my head sufficiently to enable me to contemplate the heavens, and, lastly, he placed my hands so as to bring the little fingers into contact with the red stripes down my trousers; this he seemed to consider indispensably necessary to the military bearing of a soldier. He was tolerably well satisfied with my bearing on this first day. 'Stand at ease;' I advanced my right foot, as I had been directed, and I became once more 'an animal'—Dose's favourite term, besides 'rank and file,' for recruits."[1]

A military writer has pointed out that the object of drilling soldiers is clearly twofold, first to bring them more completely under command, so that they will execute exactly what is ordered, and next to place them in the best formation to meet the enemy under certain groups of circumstances. It would be impossible to provide for all the contingencies of war. To bring them under command and marshal them at a certain spot with the least possible delay, steadiness and swiftness are necessary to be enforced and constantly practised. These are attained in the Prussian Army by much regular drilling according to the book, and perpetual marching by night as well as by day. It is only in route marching that the men are not obliged to keep step. During the early part of the year the recruits work with the older soldiers, and then throughout the summer months they practise perpetually, not simple drill only, but the art of fighting. The men are exercised by the subalterns under the superintendence of the captains in squads, after which the whole company is manœuvred by the captain, who likewise exercises it in light infantry and piquets. Everything has to be done as quickly as possible, but with no neglect of steadiness and precision. The movements of the files are perfectly natural, and when the men are marching in line or in fours the arm that does not carry the rifle is allowed to swing backwards and forwards like that of an ordinary pedestrian. The dressing of the largest companies, notwithstanding this innovation, is perfectly preserve. "No

[1] F. W. Hackländer's *Soldier in Time of Peace.*

English drill sergeant," continues the writer, an officer in our own service, "could find the slightest fault with the manner in which the men handle their arms, which flash from one position to another as though the whole company were animated by a single mind. And when they stand with shouldered arms there is a steadiness, a stillness, and a solidity which is rarely witnessed."

"Felddienst," or field duty, commences in June, and comprises not only outpost duty and all the work soldiers may be called upon to perform in the field, but the men have in face of them either a supposed enemy or one drawn from their own ranks. On such occasions as these, mistakes are of course constantly made, but they are at once pointed out and corrected. The men are especially exercised in rapid firing, in judging distances, and in profiting by the nature of the ground to make attacks. One day they will seize a railway station, and after sending off the *employés* as prisoners under an escort, will organize the service themselves, as though in a conquered country. The youngest Prussian officers are obliged to show their power of handling their men, placing outposts, watching an enemy, attacking and defending positions, and these summer experiences are to them and to the men what the autumn manœuvres are to the general officers.

In the Prussian Army two branches of discipline are recognized exactly analogous to drill and tactics, namely, barrack or camp discipline and fire or fighting discipline. The latter should include submission to heavy loss when necessary, without returning a shot till ordered, care not to waste ammunition, obedience to orders, especially when mixed up according to the modern system of attack with other companies and battalions, and withdrawal from fight, and a steady assembly at the officer's command. In England great difficulty is found in repressing the men, who sometimes in their eagerness and excitement are even tempted to come to blows, whereas in Germany all are stolid and undemonstrative, there being apparently no eagerness to advance, no annoyance at being ordered to retire.

What is known as barrack discipline is pushed to the greatest extreme. The soldier is deprived of his individuality and turned into No. — of a company, squadron, or battery. His complete subserviency to his superiors is insured in a hundred minute ways. In General von Mirus's book it is laid down that "When a superior offers, or causes to be offered, a glass of wine, beer, &c., to a soldier, he must accept it without saying a word, and empty it at a draught; he must then hand the glass to a servant or place it on the window ledge, or on a side-table, but never on that at which the superior is seated." In the Prussian Army the preservation of discipline is paramount to human life, as was shown not very long ago in the case of a private at Cologne,

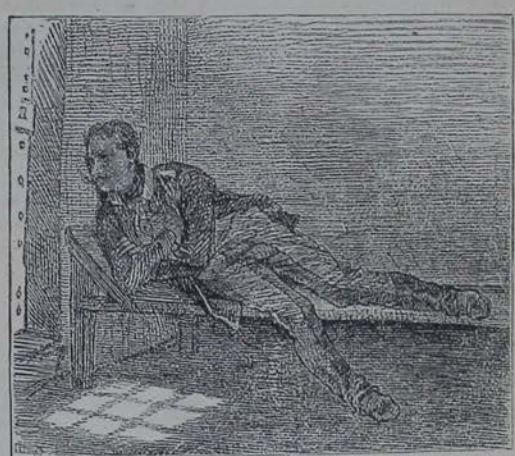
who, for some small offence was being escorted across the bridge of boats to Deutz by a sergeant's guard, and who, not liking the prospect of the military prison awaiting him on the other side, jumped into the Rhine. The non-commissioned officer at once ordered his men to make ready, and when the poor devil came up to the surface his comrades, at the word "fire," shot him dead in the water, though under the circumstances his recapture would have been certain. Such is the effect of this rigid discipline that during a riot in Berlin, an officer succeeded in checking the advance of the mob by riding right up to them and calling them to attention, when the old soldiers amongst them from force of habit at once halted and drew themselves up.

The punishments in the German Army differ but little from those inflicted in other states. The men are no longer hounded on to battle by corporals armed with canes and striking right and left, as was once the case, and picketing, riding the wooden horse with a couple of firelocks tied to each ankle, and being strapped neck and heels by a pair of slings, with a musket under the hams, are things of the past. Corporal punishment is strictly forbidden, and if a complaint of this kind can be proved the offender is supposed to be severely punished; but officers do strike their men in the ranks, and if in cavalry drill an officer should say "that horse goes lazily," and give the beast a slash over the flank with his whip, the rider cannot complain if his leg happens to catch the best part of the stroke. Punishment usually takes the form of arrest. For the most trivial breach of discipline or even for an unfastened button, boots or arms not sufficiently polished, a speck of rust, a greatcoat lacking mathematical accuracy in its folds, a culprit can be sentenced on the spot to three days' arrest. This is usually spent in the military prison, to be found in every garrison town. The culprit dressed in his worst clothes, an example of that minute economy which is one of the characteristics of the Prussian service, takes a two-pound loaf, representing two days' allowance, under his arm, and is marched off to durance vile. The cells are of the smallest dimensions, and their furniture consists of a plank forming a bedstead, a bucket, and a pitcher containing the water, which, with the bread already mentioned, forms the prisoner's sole refreshment. The fol-

lowing gives the result of an experience acquired in one of these cells :—

"It was now about five o'clock. The time passed very slowly, I could distinctly hear the quarters strike and there seemed an eternity between each. I traversed my cell, it only took two steps to get from one end to the other, and I measured this space at least a thousand times. Sometimes I ate a little of my bread, then I sat on my pallet, drank a little water, and stood up again. I tried to sleep but my limbs ached after the first minute on the hard wood. It was, moreover, rather cool, I ran up and down like a bear in a menagerie—a resemblance further increased by my growls—holding out my hands before me to prevent breaking my head against the wall. I thought over all my sins, and also of a pretty young girl who perhaps at that very moment was waiting for me, and at each sound would fancy she heard me coming. I did what Jean Paul advises if one cannot sleep, and counted up to a million. I conjugated irregular verbs until I became quite puzzled.

All at once the rattle of the drums was heard before the guard-house, and from the more distant town I could hear the tattoo sounding, so it was nine o'clock and I had still eight hours to enjoy before day returned. I made preparations for sleep, folded my pocket-handkerchief and laid it under my head, rolled myself up like a hedge-hog and covered my breast and arms with my tunic which I had taken off for that purpose as it would keep me warmer. After numerous changes of position I fell asleep at last, and had frightful dreams. Suddenly I awoke with a start and recollected where I was. I heard a splash near me, a little mouse had fallen into my water jug, I delivered it from a watery grave, in return for which it bit my finger. I repeated my former manœuvres, rolling myself up and covering myself over, and wished I had the horny skin of Siegfried, and after many groans and sighs I slept again. I dreamt many things, I was no longer a gay volunteer condemned to a short imprisonment for wearing a white waistcoat, I was a murderer and this was my last night; already I heard the clash of the arms of the guards coming to lead me forth to death.



"I started up, awakened by a sudden light shining brightly in my eyes. The door of my cell was open and before it stood the guard leaning on their rifles, and the inspector, 'King of the Rats,' entered, 'He! he!' said he, 'I am the inspector come to examine the place and see if everything is in proper order. So, my son, the tunic taken off. He! he! is that permitted? I have

a great mind to report you to the commandant, he does not understand joking, and will give you three days' arrest, and you will not know whether you are standing on your head or not. Put on that tunic immediately. He! the green-horn has also spit on the ground. He! what is the pail there for?' With that he shuffled out as quickly as his old legs would carry him, drew the bolt, and I was again left in darkness. . . .

"The night came to an end as everything does in this world. At six o'clock my cell was again opened and surrounded by a guard—we were all allowed to breathe the fresh air for a quarter of an hour in a little grated court. The company assembled there resembled a band of marauders, the remnant of a lingering war, rather than the peaceful soldiers of a well-regulated force, who were in this horrible place, for some slight insubordination or foolish prank. There were men of all sorts, infantry, artillery, pioneers, in their oldest uniforms, become still more shabby after the sufferings of several days' arrest, trousers without braces hung loose and showed a yellow shirt, faces usually fresh and bright, had a grey look, for they were seldom washed during arrest, the hair and beard straggled about in wild disorder, for razors and combs were prohibited.

"During this morning promenade every one seemed to have forgotten the sufferings of the night, there were laughter and joking going on, acquaintances met and related to each other what brought them here, and they came to the conclusion that all were equally innocent. The water jugs were replenished, and when at the end of the appointed time 'Uncle' appeared in the court and gave a significant sign, all followed him and were led back to their respective cells."[1]

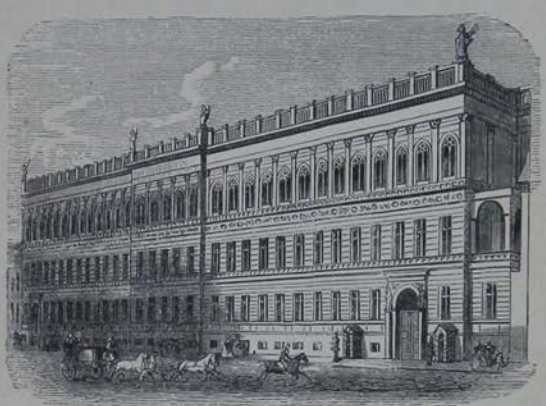
In the military prisons there are rooms, the walls and floors of which are studded with sharp-pointed wooden spikes, so that repose is all but impossible. These rooms go by the name of the "Laths," and are no longer used excepting in very rare cases as, for instance, when one of the chain gang becomes mutinous to his guards. The mildest form of arrest is the guard-room, in which the prisoner has a straw mattress in place of the wooden bedstead, and a warm meal daily. The guard-room is also used as a place of detention for soldiers awaiting trial by court-martial for the commission of some crime, and the German susceptibility makes this circumstance a cause of considerable annoyance to those who are brought there only for some trivial offence. The black hole is a place to which no ray of light penetrates, and in which there is neither wooden bedstead nor straw mattress. Confinement in this is generally awarded by sentence of court-martial for serious offences, for periods of from three days to six weeks.[2]

[1] F. W. Hackländer's *Soldier in Time of Peace.*

[2] It should be noted that the *morale* of the Prussian Army is vastly superior to our own, from the ranks of which year after year between 1,600 and 2,000 bad characters are expelled. The returns, moreover, show that in 1870 there were 3,303 British soldiers imprisoned in civil gaols and in the military portion of Millbank penitentiary, without reckoning those confined in military prisons and provost cells. In 1874 these numbers had increased to as many as 5,584, or upwards of 60 per cent. Further, drunkenness would seem to prevail to a fearful extent in the British army, as out of the money resulting from fines inflicted on those addicted to this vice by the authorities, no less than 30,000*l.* was distributed during the year 1876 in gratuities to discharged non-commissioned officers and men in the possession of good

conduct badges. With regard to desertions from the army, the chaplain of Millbank, who had made himself acquainted with the reasons which induced the deserters confined in that prison to quit the service, states that out of 616 men, 48 deserted through harshness of non-commissioned officers or bad treatment from comrades, 114 through drink, 161 from dislike of the army, 72 through the persuasion of comrades, 12 from refusal of leave, 1 from marriage without leave, 92 from having overstayed their furlough and not liking to re-join, 100 to get something better to do, and 16 from debt.

Captain Creagh is of the opinion that "when it comes to pass that summary dismissal from the army will be looked upon as a punishment by all, as it now would be by many, the social standing of the army will be raised in the eyes of civilians, and its popularity and respectability increased as a matter of course. In the army, as in many other classes of life, a few (!) blackguards give a character to the mass, and people who say that our soldiers are the dregs of the population, the offscouring of gaols, and include them in the usual categories of sin and wickedness under which they are popularly supposed to be comprised, only show that they know very little about their national defenders, and any man who knows soldiers well can say that in every troop and company of the British army the majority of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers are men of the highest respectability, of whom any army in the world might well be proud."



THE WAR OFFICE, BERLIN.

LIEUTENANT EXAMINING PRIVATE ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS PAY.

XIX.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—ORGANISATION, PAY, UNIFORMS AND RATIONS.

EACH Prussian Army Corps, as already noted, is complete in itself, consisting, with some slight exceptions, of two divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, a regiment of field and a regiment of siege artillery, a battalion of jägers, a battalion of engineers, and a battalion of the military train.[1] Each division of infantry consists of two brigades, which in time of peace are usually formed of two regiments of three battalions each. In war the brigades are often reinforced by two regiments of landwehr. A cavalry regiment is usually attached to each infantry division, the remaining cavalry acting independently with batteries of horse artillery. The Guards form an army corps of themselves, and are quartered in and around Berlin. In peace each of the

[1] In a paper prepared by the Topographical and Statistical Department of the English War Office, on the strength and organisation of a North German Army Corps, it is stated that the numbers are in peace 21,599 men, with 915 officers; in war 54,954 men, with 1,758 officers—making in the case of the latter 56,712 in all. But after deducting the depot men left behind in the corps province under a different command, the cavalry division often acting independently, and the fusiliers abolished under the existing organisation, the actual number of men brought into the field when a Prussian corps is mobilized varies from 31,000 to 34,000.

other army corps is assigned to its special province, so that the regiments are recruited in the districts from which they take their names. Princes and other individuals of rank and importance are often placed at the head of Prussian regiments. Thus Prince Bismarck is a colonel of cuirassiers, the Crown Princess a colonel of hussars, and the Czar and Emperor of Austria, with other members of foreign royal houses, command regiments in the Prussian service. On all ceremonial occasions the titular leader usually assumes the command, and a certain number of fêtes, dinners, with gifts of plate, are expected from him.

With a centralised power and a decentralised administration, wonderful results are effected. Subsistence for each corps is drawn from its own province. In peace everything is kept ready for the mobilisation of the army for war, there being no machinery for relieving subordinates in time of peace from the responsibility they must necessarily assume in the event of a contest. Every officer and every civil official knows what will be his part when mobilisation is determined on, and the moment this information is received, each springs to work without further orders or explanations, but in so quiet and regular a way as to be scarcely noticeable. Nor does this system date from yesterday. Speaking of the rapidity with which Friedrich the Great's father mobilised his forces, Mr. Carlyle remarks, "Captains, not of an imaginary nature there, are always busy; and the king himself is busy over them. From big guns and waggon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time in Friedrich Wilhelm's army." The general commanding each corps at once mobilises it; the governors of fortresses take steps to complete their armaments, and the heads of administration supply their needs for a war-footing.

The method is as follows. All orders are sent by telegraph to the main stations, and the civil magistrates are required to serve notices upon the reserves needed to be called out, at their homes in their respective magistracies. The reserves at once assemble at the head-quarters of the landwehr of the district, where they undergo a medical examination, and are then forwarded to their proper regiments. The field army is filled up to its full strength, depot troops are formed, garrison troops are mustered, and fortresses armed, the field administration is mobilized, and an extensive staff, which performs home duties whilst the regular field staff goes with the field army, is formed. At the conclusion of a war and the disbandment of the extraordinary troops called out, the standing army returns to a peace-footing, and the reserves and landwehr are put upon furlough. Officers called into service from the pension-list, and civil officials taken from their ordinary posts, return to the places they occupied

before mobilisation. Paymasters, however, are retained upon the war-footing for a sufficient time to allow of the settlement of their accounts.

The interior economy of a regiment is regulated with an almost painful minuteness, not only as regards matters of discipline, but of administration. The arms, clothing, and equipments are the property of the regiment, and are administered by its own board of control, according to fixed regulations. The commanding officer is president of the regimental board, and should the funds of the regiment become exhausted, is authorised to draw within certain limits on the general war fund. A certain fixed sum is handed over annually to him for each soldier under his command, a portion of which goes to the man as pay, the rest being disbursed for arms, equipments, clothing, &c. The lieutenant-colonel, as the second member of the board, superintends the business of the paymaster, and must see that the books and accounts are properly kept and balanced. He is responsible for the accuracy of all accounts, and in view of these functions is excused from all field exercises. All organisations manage their own funds, supplies of clothing, and entire equipment. The regimental board has charge also of the funds for keeping in order clothing and equipments, including the usual equipments and arms, and for the messing arrangements. The paymaster, who is an officer of the regiment, for there is no pay-department proper in the Prussian army, receives and counts the different regimental funds, keeps each in its proper safe, and disburses them under the direction and supervision of the regimental board. The money for the payment of troops, together with allowances for the other funds, is received from the War Department by the regimental commander, and the paymaster's duties are those of a treasurer and cashier. He directs the correspondences, calculations, and bookkeeping, and does not attend drills or field manœuvres.

Private deposits are not allowed to be made in the regimental safes, but officers are allowed to receive the savings of their men until the amount reaches about two pounds, when it must be deposited, to secure interest. Contributions are made monthly to the fund for officers' widows and to the officers' clothing fund. The fund for the assistance of officers actually in want was instituted by the War Department in 1869, and is for the benefit of officers below the grade of captain. On mobilisation the garrison troops receive stated amounts for this last fund and for some others. The additional pension fund for artillery officers is kept up by donations from officers of that corps, and, together with a fund for the relief of widows of artillery officers, is managed by a board selected from the artillery brigade of the Guards at Berlin. The review fund accrues from the sale of worn-out tools and unserviceable ordnance and

building material, and from the rent of refreshment booths on the review ground. It is applied to payment of damages done to fields and crops during manœuvres and for miscellaneous purposes. Each battery of artillery receives a fund monthly for repairs of harness and gun-carriages, and for making targets, &c. There are also numerous other funds such as those for the education of soldiers, for medical attendance and medicines for the wives and children of soldiers, for horse medicines, for regimental bands, for libraries and military charities, for swimming schools, and for the decoration of cemeteries. All these funds are closely looked after and every groschen dispensed has to be set down under its right heading. There is a story current that von Moltke himself had to appear before a board of inquiry at the close of the last campaign. A pound of snuff had been supplied to him and the amount of one thaler ten groschen figured in the accounts of the general war fund as its cost. The board disapproved of this item, remarking that the Imperial Treasury could not be charged with an expenditure affected to the private needs of an individual, and the field-marshal was requested to reimburse the amount. This is a fit pendant to the story of how the English Ordnance Department for years brought forward à claim against the Duke of Wellington for sundry picks and shovels expended during the Peninsular campaign, and not properly vouched for. Prussian generals commanding armies and army corps, it may be noted, have to supply their own office furniture.

Upon the mobilisation of the Prussian Army an extra allowance is made by the Government for the purpose of providing an outfit for field service. Mounted officers receive from 20 to 40 thaler for horse equipment. Members of cadet corps promoted to lieutenancies, and non-commissioned officers promoted to commissions, receive 20 thaler in the infantry and 40 in the cavalry and artillery. The War Department also allows sergeants thus promoted while on active service an equipment fee of 150 thaler. Loss of uniform and equipments on active service validates a claim for 70 thaler.

The pay of all ranks in war time is supplemented by allowances. A battalion commander for instance receives 30 thaler, and a battalion adjutant 10 thaler per month extra. On taking the field both officers and soldiers may arrange to have one half their pay handed over to their families. These payments are made monthly in advance, and continue if the officer is sick or under arrest, and in case of his death do not cease till the end of the month. In peace a general receives 4,000 thaler per annum, a major-general 3,000, a colonel of cavalry 2,600, of infantry 2,000, a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry 1,800, of infantry 1,300, a captain of cavalry, artillery, or engineers from 720 to 1,300, of infantry from 600 to 1,200, a lieutenant from 300 to 420, according to his standing and the branch of the service to which he belongs.

High civilian officials called on for the performance of their usual vocation with the army are tolerably well paid. Surgeons, hospital inspectors, &c., receive from 1 thaler 24 groschen to 3 thaler 15 groschen per diem; chaplains, who are paid from a special fund, and auditors 2 thaler, field postmasters and field telegraph inspectors 2 thaler, field intendents 3 thaler, railway officials 1 thaler 15 groschen to 3 thaler 15 groschen, or in an enemy's

country 5 thaler. Every civil official thus called into service at the mobilisation receives two or three months' salary in advance.

The monthly pay of a sergeant of cavalry, artillery, engineers, or train, is from 8 to 12 thaler, of infantry from 8 thaler 15 groschen to 10 thaler 15 groschen; of a corporal of cavalry, &c., from 6 thaler 15 groschen to 9 thaler, of infantry 5 thaler to 7 thaler 15 groschen. Privates of artillery receive 5 thaler, of cavalry 4 thaler, and of infantry 3 thaler 15 groschen per month.

A popular caricature depicts a Prussian lieutenant questioning a grenadier with reference to the amount of his pay, and the mode in which it is required to be disbursed, which will be best understood by quoting the dialogue that ensues in detail.—Lieutenant: "Grenadier Eisenbeiser, What is the daily pay received by our foot soldiers?"—Grenadier: "3½ groschen (4⅛*d.*) per day.—Lieutenant: "Yes, but from this 1¼ groschen has to be set apart for messing; now tell me what is the soldier required to furnish himself with out of the remaining 2¼ groschen (2⅝*d.*)"—Grenadier: "He has to provide his cleaning apparatus including various brushes, such as blacking, polishing, clothes, tooth, gun, and hair brushes, also wadding, stocks, varnish, blacking, stearine and gun-oil, lime, lard, soap, combs, looking-glass."—Lieutenant: "Yes, and beside these he has to pay for his washing, and also his supper out of it; that is to say he can if he pleases buy a piece of brick-like cheese, to eat with his ammunition bread, and if he is thirsty, there is a large jug of water standing in every room. His instructions run that he is so to apportion his pay, as never to exceed the due portion per diem, and further that he is to lead a respectable life and never run into debt."[1]

The sum set apart for messing is supplemented by an allowance from the government, which varies according to the garrison, and is fixed regularly every quarter, as well as by a daily ration of 1½ lb. of coarse bread per man. The result is that each soldier has his bowl of gruel or coffee in the morning and a meal in the middle of the day provided for him, and that for his supper he is dependent on himself. The men are paid on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of each month, and in the case of those who are in the habit of spending it at once and saving nothing for their messing, the money is handed to a non-commissioned officer who deducts the sum required and hands the rest to the soldier.

In war time the reserves and garrison troops are on a peace-footing, and when a man is made prisoner his pay ceases. Officers and officials in hospitals receive full pay, and soldiers sent to hospital receive a slight addition to their pay. When

[1] The low scale of pay in the Prussian Army tells in the aggregate, as Mr. Holms estimates that for an outlay of 12,000,000*l.* Prussia has an army of 470,000 men, 86,000 horses, and 594 guns, whereas Great Britain for an expenditure of 13,700,000*l.* has only 230,000 men, of whom 100,000 are untrained militia, while of the remainder no more than 78,500 are of the proper military age, namely between 20 and 22. In place of 86,000 horses Great Britain has nearly 15,000, and instead of 594 guns she has but 340.

soldiers are taken ill on the march and there is no surgeon on duty with the command, they are conveyed to the nearest suitable house and a civil physician summoned to attend them, who is entitled to a thaler a visit. Sick men in the reserve hospitals receive pay as if on a peace-footing. Officers and soldiers on sick-leave receive full pay, but on ordinary leave pay stops at the end of six months. In case of death the family of the deceased receives one month's pay, called a grace salary, upon which the creditors have no claim. Soldiers under ordinary arrest or confinement receive full pay. When under close arrest they forfeit about $1\frac{2}{3}$ groschen a day. Officers in confinement or suspended by sentence of court-martial receive no pay after the forty-sixth day of such confinement or suspension. An addition is made to the pay of military prisoners for activity and good conduct, and their leisure hours are employed in work for themselves and at school.

A prisoner acting as teacher receives 40 groschen per week; half of this sum is deducted for tobacco and spirits, and the other half saved up and handed to him at the expiration of his sentence. Soldiers in charge of prisoners receive an addition to their pay of 2 thaler per month. Officers of the enemy held as prisoners of war receive a monthly allowance of 25 thaler paid in advance, but privates only receive food and clothing. Extra pay according to length of service is given to drummers, buglers, and bandsmen. The best marksman of a regiment receives additional pay, but for one year only. Prizes are given to Polish soldiers for proficiency in learning the German language, the best scholar in a company receiving 5 and the second best 3 thaler per annum. Holders of the military merit cross receive 3 thaler, and of the military honour token of the first class 1 thaler per month additional pay. Officers holding medals for bravery in action during the years 1813-4-5 get 8 thaler per month. Lieutenants detached as instructors in technical schools receive 9 thaler per month, officers on duty at the artillery school 50 thalers per annum, and officers detached for topographical duties 20 thaler per month extra pay. To officers on duties connected with trigonometrical surveys 40 groschen per day are allowed for travelling expenses. Officers of the Military Academy attending the Spring or Autumn manœuvres receive 8 thaler per month. During the annual drills a captain of the landwehr receives 2 thaler 15 groschen, a lieutenant 1 thaler, and a second lieutenant 15 groschen per day.

The same categorical exactitude which marks all money matters extends to the soldier's clothing. These are not the property of the man by whom they are worn, but of the regiment, though each man is held responsible for his arms and equipments, and if any are lost by his fault the loss is usually made up by the company if he has previously borne a good character; if not he must pay for them. The commanding officer of the regiment is responsible for the clothing and entire equipment of his command, and general officers have a like responsibility. All materials for clothing are furnished to the tailors, who are enlisted men, and are by them made up for the different regiments, all articles of clothing being twice inspected before being issued. Non-commissioned officers and privates, except one-year

volunteers, are furnished with all articles of clothing and equipment required during their term of service. The clothes are kept in stock by the regiment. There are three suits for each soldier. That for everyday wear he hands in every Saturday night and receives in exchange the one for Sundays. This is also given out to him when he has leave to go into the town. He has still another, brought out only on great occasions, such as reviews before the king. The clothing is in charge of the first sergeant, and though on an average each suit lasts only a year, each of the old suits being degraded one degree in importance as a new one is issued, such is the care taken that there are suits in stock that have been in service twenty years. This applies only to garrison life, for when the army takes the field only one suit is worn. Soldiers discharged for disability during the winter months, if of feeble constitution, are furnished with an overcoat, which must be handed in to the proper authority on their arrival at home. Each man on joining receives his outfit.

For the infantry the outfit consists of a cap, a tunic, a linen jacket, one pair each of cloth and linen trousers, a great-coat, stock, and one pair of each of the following: drawers, stockings (which are necessarily only worn on exceptional occasions), mittens, ear coverings, boots, shoes, and two pairs of half-soled ditto.

In the cavalry each man receives a cap, a linen jacket, one pair each of kersey and cloth trousers, the latter faced with leather, together with a pair of stable trousers, a great coat, stock, shirt, and one pair each of drawers, stockings, long boots, shoes, gloves, and ear coverings. These ear coverings are a kind of light hood worn under the helmet, the sides being brought down and fastened under the chin.

The soldier is allowed annually two pairs of cotton drawers, two cotton shirts, a cotton suit for drilling, two black cloth stocks, and two pairs of boots. In garrison he receives two double blankets in winter and one in summer, one coverlet, one mattress, one pillow, and a couple of sheets. The garrison administration pays for the washing of the bed furniture, but each man is required to see to the washing of his own clothes.

In time of peace the rations, with the exception of the government allowance of bread, are determined by a board of officers, and vary with the products and prices of different localities. Although it is a theory with the Prussians that an army, like a serpent, goes upon its belly in time of war, officers and soldiers alike are only entitled to one ration in kind daily; commutations are not then allowed, excepting under special circumstances.

The ration consists of twelve ounces of beef or mutton, or two-thirds of a pound of salt pork; a pound and a half of bread, which may be increased to two pounds; four ounces of rice and four ounces of barley or grits, or eight ounces of peas or beans; half a pound of flour or three pounds of potatoes; four ounces of salt and four ounces of green coffee. The cost of this ration is about eight or nine groschen, and the general commanding directs which of the component parts shall be issued, and in case of want of means of transport has the power of reducing it. The general commanding may also authorize the issue of beer, wine, tobacco, and butter when they are

obtainable, together with dried fruit, sauerkraut, and vegetables. In the field the ration may be increased to a pound of meat, a third of a pound of rice, and the same of barley or grits, or two-thirds of a pound of peas or beans, and four pounds of potatoes.

When troops are travelling by rail or steamboat an extra allowance of money is made for procuring refreshments on the line of travel, and commanding officers are required to see that each man carries with him at least a pound of bread and a suitable quantity of salt pork and spirits as a reserve ration. In case there should be no proper accommodation for the men on the line of travel, stores with butchers and bakers are sent forward in charge of an officer, and warm meals are prepared in advance for the troops. The issue of provisions must in every case be witnessed by a company officer, and officers in command of posts are required to thoroughly inspect all articles received.

In an enemy's country the rule is that "supplies are obtained by requisitions upon the inhabitants through their own civil officers, if possible, but no more than the home price of the article so obtained is paid under any circumstances." This sounds very prettily, but the payment consists of a piece of paper on which is scrawled the sum considered by the officer conducting the operation of requisitioning the foe equivalent for what he receives, and as it very often happens that a town or village is subjected to a monetary penalty for some real or fancied infraction of the rules of war as laid down by Prussian authorities, by the time debtor and creditor accounts are balanced, if any money at all is to be received, it is by the invaders and not by the invaded.

XX.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

WITH the Prussian infantry soldier every one is pretty well acquainted. He has been sketched on the march as follows: "His overcoat is made into a long, slender roll, and hung on the left shoulder, the two ends coming together and being fastened on the right hip. His haversack, of coarse white canvas, and glass canteen covered with leather, are slung from the right shoulder. Around the flask are buckled two broad straps, used in peace to cover the sights of the gun. He wears no shoulder-belt, but a pipe-clayed waist-belt, on which are strapped two cartridge-boxes of black leather, carried on either side, each box holding twenty cartridges. The knapsack is of calf-skin, tanned with the hair on, and stretched on a wooden frame, and is slung by two pipe-clayed leathern straps, hooked to the waist-belt in front and then passing over the shoulders. Two short straps attached to these in front pass back under the armpits, and are fastened to the knapsack. On each end of this outside is a deep box, in which is carried a case of twenty cartridges. Within are one shirt of white flannel, one pair of drawers, one pair of drill trousers, a short jacket, one pair of boots, and the cleaning and toilet kit, consisting of four or five

brushes for the clothes, hair, teeth, gun, blacking, and polishing, a box of rotten stone, a bottle of oil, and the usual number of old greasy rags for cleaning, together with writing materials and a roll of bandages. On the top of the knapsack is strapped a galvanized iron pot, holding about three quarts, with a tight-fitting cover, which is used separately for cooking. Within the knapsack, slipped into little loops, are a spoon, knife, fork, comb, and small mirror. In his haversack is carried whatever may be the food for the day."

The knapsack itself is heavy and clumsy, and when fully packed weighs some fifty pounds, which is a stone and a half beyond the weight an English infantry soldier is required to carry. This leads to the knapsacks being usually conveyed in a cart which is attached to each company in time of war in order to facilitate the speedy movements of the troops. The Prussians are duly mindful of the familiar saying that more battles are won by marching than by fighting, and have never forgotten that much of the success of Friedrich the Great was due to the celerity with which his troops had been trained to cover the ground. They therefore do all they can to ensure excellence in the locomotive powers of their men. Before a recruit is entered in the infantry he is carefully examined in order to see whether his feet will bear the strain of long marches, and the greatest attention is paid to the fit of the excellent boots with which each man is provided. The marching of the Prussian troops in the late war and the way in which MacMahon's army was overtaken despite its flying start and hindered from joining Bazaine, is a proof that such care is sure to reap its due reward.

The Prussian infantry soldier wears a single-breasted tunic of blue cloth with red facings, very dark grey trousers, with a red cord down the seam, half-wellington boots and no stockings, but a greased linen rag wrapped around the foot. He carries on his waistbelt a strong sword fifteen inches long, which he can use for defence or for cutting wood, or materials for fascines or gabions. His gun is unburnished, so that it may not attract the enemy by flashing in the sun, and is pretty well coated with grease. He carries no blanket, but hopes at night to find some straw for his bed. He wears on his head either a flat forage cap of blue cloth with a red band, or a glazed leather helmet with a brass Prussian eagle displayed in front, and a brass spike about two inches high at the top. A leather pouch for money is hung about the neck, and also a zinc plate attached to a cord on which is the soldier's name, number, company, and regiment.

Each Prussian infantry regiment has a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a lieutenant acting as adjutant, and is divided into three battalions. Each battalion has a major, an assistant, a surgeon, an assistant-surgeon, a pay-

master, a quarter-master, and two non-commissioned staff officers, and is divided into four companies. The various companies are composed of a captain, one first and one second lieutenant, and two hundred and fifty enlisted men, but on a peace footing these are not all with the colours. Each battalion of all regiments of the line on a peace footing has a strength of 18 officers and 532 men. The battalions of the fine old regiments of the Guards, namely, the 1st and 2nd foot Guards, the 1st and 2nd grenadiers of the Guard and the fusiliers of the Guard, number 22 officers and 684 men on a peace footing. In these five regiments and in the 4th grenadiers of the Guard, the regimental band, numbering 48 men, is borne on the staff. In the 40 old regiments of the line 10 bandsmen are borne on the staff with 32 more taken from the strength of the companies as assistants. In the remaining regiments, whether of the Guards or the line, 10 are borne on the staff and 12 taken from the companies. As in the days of our "Tow-rows" and "Light Bobs," the Prussians still embody the tallest men of the battalion in the right flank company. Each battalion in war has one six-horse waggon with munitions, one four-horse waggon containing the pay chest and accounts of the battalion, articles of uniform in reserve, and the shoemakers' and tailors' tools, one four-horse waggon for the officers' equipage, one two-horse cart with drugs and medicines, and four horses with pack saddles packed with the books of the four companies.

The existing fusilier battalion of a line regiment differs from the other battalions only in name. The jäger battalions are armed with superior rifles, and are formed, as far as possible, of men who have been foresters and assistants to gamekeepers, and who wish to resume the same occupation on leaving the service. A battalion of jägers on a peace footing consists of 22 officers and 532 men, each of the four companies being divided into smaller commands of about 20 men each, at the head of which is a non-commissioned officer. On a peace footing there are from six to eight such commands, whereas in war time there are generally twelve. A body formed of two or three of these smaller commands, and commanded by an officer, is called an inspection, still it does not rank as an intermediate command between the captaincy of the company and the command of the non-commissioned officer.

The favourite fighting formation of the Prussian infantry is the well-known company column. They have a line formation, but this is only used for parade, being they maintain, too stiff for battle, especially on broken ground. This parade line has three ranks, the rear rank having hitherto been composed theoretically of skirmishers. The company is divided into two parts or *züge*, and in forming the company column the first and second ranks of one *zug* form about six paces behind the first and second rank of the other *zug*, while the entire third rank stepping back the same distance forms a third *zug* also two-deep. When a closer order is required a column is formed of half-*züge*, comprising four of the two first ranks and two of the third or "shooting" rank. The Prussians, recognising that with the present improved small arms nothing presenting a fair target, either as line or column, can advance and survive, depend greatly upon the employment of skirmishers. They argue that small columns are best adapted for concealment whilst at long range, because they can best take advantage of inequalities of ground.

During the last war, the battalion being formed in company columns, usually one or both of the flank companies were sent

forward, still on the flank, and their third *zug* of skirmishers covered the whole part of the battalion. Each company with its mounted captain then worked almost as a free and separate body. But it was found impossible to keep the companies intact. As the men advanced, gathering behind hillocks, winding through hollows, and rushing on as best they could, the different *züge* became mixed up, and afterwards those of the different companies, battalions, and even brigades and divisions. There was no hindering this mixture of different bodies; the Prussians therefore, accepting it as a necessity of war, now seek to train their men in such a manner as to accustom them to this apparent but not real unsteadiness. The actual drill has not been altered because the company column formation can adapt itself to varying circumstances, but in practice little or no distinction is made between the third rank, which formerly consisted of skirmishers, and the other two ranks. Two and sometimes three companies are sent out in a body to skirmish while the remainder of the battalion serves as a support or reserve. The entire battalion is sometimes sent out in skirmishing order, but more commonly, three companies skirmish to the front whilst a flank company endeavours to gain the enemy's flank, attacking by skirmishing when it grips the enemy. At other times one line of skirmishers makes a rush forward, the men throwing themselves down and firing to cover the advance of a second line through them, who in their turn repeat the movement.

Even if the "column of attack" is employed, its way is paved by swarms of skirmishers. As the range and rapidity of fire has increased, a given number of men cover more ground by their fire than they used to do. Therefore open spaces may be left behind as well as on the flanks of advancing bodies, and unfavourable and exposed ground may be avoided. This has especially been the case of late, and instead of covering the entire country with little detachments and corps without number, the aim at recent manœuvres has been mainly to be stronger than the enemy at certain given points.

A Prussian military authority has laid down the rule that a force of infantry in making an attack can never be too strong, as its commander can never be perfectly sure of what forces he may have to encounter, or at what moment the defender may turn and make a counter-attack. Infantry, unlike cavalry, is not put *hors de combat* by a repulse, and an attack made with merely a portion of the force at command at once suggests the possibility of failure. Moreover in these days, with the deadly effects of the modern rifle, it is simply destruction to go back. When attacks are made upon a large scale, three lines of troops are formed, the first two being as a rule furnished by one battalion, and the third by another regiment or brigade immediately in the rear. Then long lines of skirmishers are thrown out and sup-

ported by company columns; after attack comes the invariable turning movement and then the final attack to beat of drum. The whole system has been summed up as "offensive tactics whenever they are at all possible, with swarms of skirmishers taking every advantage of ground with the greatest independence allowed to the smallest bodies." The danger of the men getting mixed beyond recall is mitigated by their being constantly and assiduously practised in rallying on their officers at voice or bugle. When a position has been carried, the infantry no longer seek to pursue the enemy as formerly. They remain stationary, continuing their fire until the arrival of the artillery, which then undertakes the real pursuit.

The cavalry always scouring the front renders the infantry safe from attack and relieves them from harassing outpost duty. The rule is: "Be as economical as is consistent with safety; do not place sentries where an enemy could not advance; watch especially the roads and hold them strongly. Move cavalry by day, and infantry by night, but always with each infantry post some cavalry to carry messages." In teaching the men outpost duty they are not merely placed but something is given them to do, and it is considered advisable to oblige patrols to bring in certain information in order to show that they have not shirked their duty. For instance, the officer may say "Patrol as far as that stream, ascertain its depth, and see whether that bridge is of wood or stone."

The arm with which the Prussian infantry is now supplied is the Mäuser rifle, though with some considerable modification of the original design. It is on the central fire principle, with a short needle and metal cartridge, and is lighter and handier than the Bavarian Werder or the French Chassepot. It is loaded in two moments and can be fired twenty-six times a minute, twice more than the Werder. This represents about ten shots a minute in volley firing in the hands of ordinary troops and from ten to fifteen in independent firing. It is sighted up to about seventeen hundred yards, and the flatness of trajectory answers the highest expectations.

Ever since the advent of Prussia as a military power, the cavalry arm has been one to which the most unwearying attention has been directed, and with results fully justifying the care bestowed upon it. Friedrich Wilhelm I., that "great drill sergeant of the Prussian nation," carefully studied the tactics of the Austrian hussars, then the first in Europe, sending Ziethen amongst them to learn their various evolutions, which he did with a success most painfully convincing to his tutor Baronay when they met in the saddle at Rothschloss. Ziethen and his fellow cavalry general Seydlitz, the Achilles of the Prussians, are the two best known of all the heroes that the Great Friedrich gathered around him, and grim old Blücher, equally high enshrined in the national Walhalla,

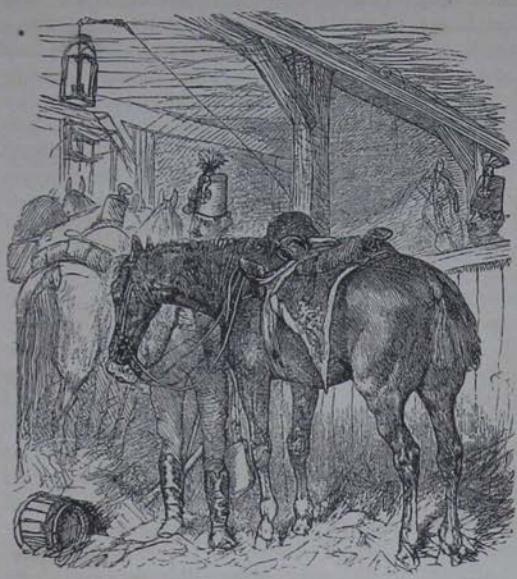
was also a cavalry leader. Ziethen and Seydlitz, whose dashing charges alone saved the day when all looked desperate at Zorndorff, were the two best cavalry generals of their day, and their principles, copied by friend and foe for many successive generations, were those adopted in Napoleon's day by Kellermann and Murat.

After Waterloo the cavalry rested somewhat upon its laurels, and in 1866 showed at a disadvantage compared to the infantry, contributing little or nothing towards the success obtained. But in 1870 it more than recovered its reputation, and military Europe

was astounded by the way in which it was employed to hover about the enemy and to serve as the eyes, ears, and feelers of an advancing army, whilst the French cavalry, reserved for charging in masses in the old fashion against troops armed with breech-loaders, was annihilated in every battle in which it engaged.

If the uniforms of the Prussian infantry are sombre and monotonous there is no lack of bright colours and fanciful designs in those of the mounted troops. Cuirassiers with helmets closely representing those of Cromwell's Ironsides, or crested with the emblematical eagle of the monarchy, white tunics, and jack boots rising to mid-thigh ; uhlans muffled in the long great-coats that but for lance and *schapska* might cause them to be taken for infantry on horseback, or displaying gay-coloured plastrons

on their manly beasts ; hussars in the brightest of skyblue from neck to knee or in scanty red tunics liberally befrogged with white, darkish green skin-tight pantaloons and hessian boots, all help to lend that element of smartness and variety of attire which we associate with military spectacles. The cuirassiers are armed with pistols and sabre, the uhlans, who are counted as heavy cavalry, with lance, pistols, and sabre, and the light cavalry with carbine and sabre. German cavalry blades have always had a good reputation, but the pistols are old-fashioned muzzle-loading smooth-bores, likely to prove from their size and weight far more useful when empty at close quarters than serviceable as arms of precision ; the uhlan lances too are cumbersome and heavy. By recent regulation thirty-two men in every squadron of lancers are armed with breech-loading Chassepots shooting well up to five hundred yards. The cuirass is still held in esteem. Of the ten cuirassier regiments, seven have steel and three brass cuirasses, which latter are reckoned the best on account of their being easier to clean after rain. They are all tested by being fired at at a distance of about four hundred yards before being used.



With respect to the horse equipment, the valise is not carried, and the weight is taken off the weakest part of the horse, namely, the small of the back. Two kinds of saddles are used, one, the Hungarian, for uhlans and hussars, and the other, the German saddle, for cuirassiers only. The first of these saddles has a tree "composed of two side-pieces of wood attached at the ends by cast-iron forks made to form a decided pommel and cantle, the latter being very high and terminating backward in a handle by which the saddle is seized ; a strip of leather drawn

tightly connects the two pieces of iron and is laced across with leather thongs, thus supporting much of the weight of the rider. The seat is covered with a close-fitting padded leather cushion. Several strong cords are fastened to the under portion of these side-pieces by means of which a temporary padding of straw, laid straight and made to fit precisely to the shape of the horse, is firmly attached to the tree. This can be changed in a few minutes as the animal may alter in condition, or when the saddle is shifted to another horse. The front portion of the padded leather cushion terminates in a thin bag in which the trooper carries his under-clothing. The girth ends in three buckle straps and is made of some twenty or thirty small cords. A breast strap and crupper and plain iron stirrups with ordinary straps complete the saddle. A double wool blanket is carried underneath the saddle to cover the horse when necessary. Over the whole is a shabrack of cloth lined with coarse linen. On each side of the cantle are iron rings, to which are attached spare shoes hanging under the shabrack. The mantle of the trooper is fastened to the shabrack, and on the top of it one ration of grain is carried in a small sack. Both mantle and sack are so elongated as to lie across the cantle and hang down on each side of it. On the right side of the pommel is a coiled picket rope, and on the left a simple cooking kit. A surcingle of leather is now put on and a narrow leather strap is fastened under the thighs of the rider and passes around the pack in rear and holster in front, under the cantle and pommel, holding everything firmly in its place. In the left hand holster are carried brushes and a personal kit, and in the other a pistol. A cotton stable frock is thrown over the front of the saddle. The bridle is double with a powerful curl-bit and a light snaffle rein buckling on to the bottoms of the single check pieces. The weight of this equipment is from seventy to eighty pounds." The objection to the Hungarian saddle is that it gives an uncomfortable seat, whilst that employed by the cuirassier, resembling a large and heavy English hunting saddle, though more agreeable for the rider, is apt to give the horse a sore back.

Each cavalry regiment on a peace footing numbers 25 officers, from 713 to 716 men, and 672 horses, divided into five squadrons, but though the nominal strength of a squadron in peace is from 120 to 135 horses, only about 100 appear on parade. In war one squadron remains in garrison, forming the nucleus of reinforcements, and 23 officers, 653 men, 705 horses, and 7 waggons take the field. In consequence of the three years' service system, the men are more employed in drilling and learning to ride than in cleaning and polishing their dress, arms, and accoutrements, and, save on gala occasions, a Prussian cavalry regiment does not present the same appearance of smartness as one of our own.

The great central school of instruction for the cavalry of the German army is at Hanover, but every cavalry barracks has both covered and open riding schools, the latter fitted with a number of made jumps of various descriptions, over which recruits are almost daily exercised. Officers and men are most

thoroughly instructed, not only in the mechanism of drills and evolutions, but also in the details of field duty under all the varying circumstances that may occur in war. In the summer they practise outpost duty four days a week, one part of the regiment opposing the other, and on the fifth day there is usually a commanding officers' drill ; two days a week, including Sunday, being kept as days of rest for the horses. The habit of rallying as quickly as possible round the colours, the supports, or the commander, is practised continually, and, indeed, the cavalry now practise skirmishing and assembling at any point as industriously as the infantry. They are exercised in the *mêlée*, and after every charge or attack, squadrons either scatter to pursue, or on their own ground disarrange their ranks, the men going through the sword exercise with one another. They are then accustomed to rally quickly in rear of the squadron border, and to manœuvre without waiting to tell off the ranks.

According to the present system, in time of war a regiment of cavalry is attached to each division of infantry for advanced guards, outpost duties, patrols, and orderlies. The remainder, formed into divisions, veil the arrangement and movements of the infantry corps, and collect information respecting the movements of the enemy, and on an advance cover and clear the whole

country for at least a day's march if possible. On coming up with the enemy they hold him in check till the arrival of the infantry if necessary, or fall back to protect the flanks or maintain communication between separated corps. A cavalry division of three brigades, each brigade consisting of three regiments with at the most three batteries, is strong enough, according to the latest authorities, on the one hand to make a detached reconnaissance. or to cover the advance of an army in its rear, or, on the other hand, to co-operate decisively so as to ensure victory on the battle-field.

The principles kept in view by the reformers of Prussian cavalry tactics are in the main two, the greater independence of subordinate officers, especially squadron leaders, in accordance with the practice already adopted in the infantry, and the formation of the whole body into three lines instead of two, so as to ensure a succession of reserves. The leaders of the first two lines, or brigades, are, when fighting is to be done, not to wait for orders from the leader of the division, but to act upon their own judgment, and charge home at every opportunity, the second following the movements of the first so as to be ready to support it offensively or defensively. The third line, on the other hand, is held specially at the orders of the divisional commander, but its leader must never hesitate to use his own discretion in aiding his comrades. "The squadron is formed in double rank, and is divided into four divisions, each led and commanded by an officer. The usual formation for a regiment in presence of an enemy is squadrons in column of divisions at deploying distance. Some are only formed for the purpose of charging, and the previous formation is resumed as soon as the charge has been executed." It is laid down, too, that, "the squadron, uninfluenced by its fellows on either side, has only to follow its leader, who alone is responsible for the direction of his squadron and its relative position to other squadrons."

The cavalry work mainly by sound of trumpet, and comparatively little by word of command. Each regiment has its separate call, and there is a general call for each squadron according to its number, so that by sounding the regimental and then this numerical call a single squadron can be detached and recalled. The general rules now laid down are, that it is the mission of the first line to break through the enemy by a direct attack, that of the second to turn his flank as his attention is being occupied by the danger in his front, while the third line acts as a reserve for the first or second as occasion may require, but in all cases when charging to press boldly home.

The text-book of General von Mirus is the Koran of the Prussian trooper. It especially illustrates the leading military maxim that soldiers in their peace studies should always be called upon to imagine an enemy before them. Every young

soldier is enjoined to make the best use of his time in peace, in order that he may be efficient in war. It is necessary for him to learn his drills, still he has to learn his field duty, which is more important than all. Again and again too, in all German books of instruction, officers and men are called upon to think for themselves. General rules are given for all things, but a man has to think for himself in applying them, and at all times it is held to be no defence to quote a regulation as an excuse for behaving with a want of intelligence.

On coming into contact with the enemy, the troopers when ordered to advance are to charge boldly home. If there are gaps in the enemy's line they are to dash through and cut a road for those who follow. There must be no gaps in the charging line, and no man is to hang back. The soldier is told to remember "that his sovereign and country will honour and reward his bravery, and that in the greatest danger his life is watched over by Almighty God." If he sees a colour, an officer, or a comrade in danger, he must hasten to the spot. No man is to yield himself prisoner because he is surrounded, unless he is disabled by a wound or has lost his horse. If captured, however, he is to bear his misfortune with dignity, and so earn his adversary's respect. If his horse is killed he is to try and save the saddlery, or to catch a riderless horse and appropriate him, or if this is impossible, he is expected to make his way to the nearest infantry and fight in their ranks to the best of his power.

Directions are even given by General von Mirus for single combat, the lancer being recommended to strike his adversary's horse on the head to make it shy, and the swordsman to thrust at his antagonist's stomach or to cut at him over the back of the head, on the arms, or the bridle hand. The blade of the sword must be sharp, "and its possessor must never dishonour nor destroy it by putting it to a use for which it was never intended." The necessity of subordination and obedience is strongly inculcated. "Every sign, look, or command must be obeyed instantaneously and implicitly." Especially is this the case when withdrawing from a fight or pursuit.

The efficiency of the Prussian cavalry is due, not only to the intelligent training of the men, but to the wonderful endurance of their horses. The greatest attention is paid to the mounting of this branch of the service. About 7,000 horses are annually required for the cavalry and artillery, and these are procured partly from the government breeding-studs, and partly by purchase. There are upwards of a dozen remount depots in North Germany, and the government has possessed itself of some of the best English animals, which are bred into the hardier native stock for military purposes. Certain foals, bred by government stallions, may be claimed at a fixed rate, which was lately 150 thaler. Those bought are generally three or four years old

and are sent to a remount depot, not being allowed to take their place in the ranks of a regiment in the field till six years old. All must conform to a fixed standard as regards age, height, and condition, and must pass a board of inspection, consisting of two commissioned officers, and a veterinary surgeon, and which also condemns such horses in the regiment as are found unfit for service. These are sold out, and an equal number are bought to take their places. Horses captured from the enemy must be turned over at once to the officer in charge of the horse depot, a premium of eighteen thaler being paid for each one found serviceable.

The forage ration is of two kinds, light and heavy. The heavy ration consists of eleven-and-a-quarter pounds of oats, barley, or rye, three pounds of hay, and three pounds and a half of straw. In the light rations, the amount of corn is ten

pounds. Heavy rations are issued to horses of the cavalry and to officers' horses, light rations to all others. The actual delivery of forage supplies to troops must be witnessed, and such supplies thoroughly inspected at the time by an officer. The horses of both cavalry and artillery are lighter looking than our own, from this spare diet and the constant exercise to which they are put. The principle of the Prussian cavalry in field manœuvres is rapidity of movement, and the animals always look in condition to gallop for their lives. They are naturally

hardy, and enduring qualities are secured by the practice of leaving them free from all hard work in the army till they are of a proper age. For this reason they are expected, if they escape accidents, to continue in good working order until they are seventeen years old.

An eye-witness of the manœuvres of 1875, at Walstrode, bears testimony to the extraordinarily hard-working condition of the Prussian troop horses. Continually galloping, they never seemed to blow or tire, and in the many long advances went at a most rapid pace. Even at the close of the day, none were seen lagging behind or falling back in the ranks, as invariably happens with underbred and underfed horses. The kits were fairly heavy, almost unnecessarily so; the shabracks, wallets, cloaks, mess tins, piquet ropes, &c., being worn. The cuirassiers had on their cuirasses, and in fact, with the exception of the forage, and probably some of the extra kit in the wallets, all rode as heavy as they would on the march in a campaign. The importance of great speed is well understood, since Moltke himself remarks that the essential component of the cavalry arm is the horse, and that a dragoon possesses in a well-fed, not over-weighted animal, the best security against modern fire-arms, by reason of the rapidity with which he can manœuvre.

The excellence of the German cavalry horses is explained by the circumstances of there being no hunting in the country, and of but few men of wealth keeping large studs; consequently, nearly all the best horses, including those bred by the government stallions, find their way to the Army. The choicest of these are given to the officers, who, as a rule, are admirably mounted, and who on their first joining, and every successive five years, are presented with a horse free of charge by the government.

XXI.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—THE ARTILLERY AND TRAIN.—THE ANNUAL MANŒUVRES.

LIKE the cavalry, the artillery failed to accomplish all that might have been expected in 1866, and turned to little account the excellent guns with which they were furnished, owing to the scattered and untactical position assumed by them on the battle-field. In 1870–1, however, all this was altered. The necessity for the concentration of fire—which, though largely adopted by Napoleon at Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, Borodino, and Waterloo, seemed since to have been forgotten—was once more acknowledged, and by Prussian artillerists, is now regarded as a military axiom. It can only be accomplished, however, with certainty by uniting batteries. These are now brought to the front at the commencement of a fight, are massed under superior command, and remain, when attacking, until the infantry reserves have passed them, and when on the defensive, until the enemy's skirmishers force them to retire. The reason for bringing artillery at once into play, is, that this arm can obtain great advantages without exposure to losses like infantry. Thus a hundred yards of front occupied by artillery exposes eight guns, forty-five horses, and forty-eight men, whilst the same space filled by infantry exposes 300 men. Besides artillery opens its fire at 3,000 yards, and infantry barely at 1,500. This circumstance and the murderous effect of infantry-fire rendering a front attack in open country all but impossible, the artillery

continues its fire, the infantry following it or marching on its flank, so as not to interfere with its fire until it has paved the way for their advance. The combined fire then increases in intensity, and the decisive moment marking the close of the combat arrives.

The nominal head of the Prussian artillery is General von Podbielski, who has the title of Inspector-General. But each general commanding an army corps has his artillery completely under his own control, and the inspector-general, who is a member of the general staff, gives no direct orders, but simply issues reports. There are four "inspections" of artillery, commanded by lieutenant-generals and major-generals, having under their orders three or four army corps brigades each. Each inspector has two adjoints, and the commandants of the brigades a single adjoint. The Prussian artillerymen wear a dark-blue uniform faced with black, and have their helmets surmounted by that professional emblem, a ball, in place of the spike of the infantry soldier. The foot artillerymen are armed with a short sword, while the horse carry pistols and a tremendous curved sabre.

The privates in the different branches of the artillery are trained solely for their special services, but every one of the officers receives instruction which makes him completely conversant with all the various branches, and enables him to take a command in any one of them. The Prussian Army has no ordnance department, all the duties relating thereto being performed by the artillery.

A regiment of field artillery consists of three detachments of foot artillery, each composed of four batteries and of a detachment of horse artillery, comprising three batteries, On a peace footing each battery numbers four guns, in war six. A detachment of foot artillery numbers on a peace footing, one staff officer, 6 captains, 13 lieutenants, 73 non-commissioned officers, 368 men, and 160 horses; and in war 18 officers, 610 men, 516 horses, 24 guns, and 41 vehicles. The field artillery and siege artillery are quite distinct. Each siege artillery regiment consists of two detachments of four companies each, each detachment in peace being composed of one staff officer, 5 captains, 13 other officers, 61 non-commissioned officers, and 340 men. There is a detachment of artificers entrusted with the manufacture of fireworks, rockets, fuses, &c., requiring technical skill. On mobilisation each artillery regiment forms nine ammunition trains and a reserve ammunition park. In the field the former marches directly in the rear of the army corps, and the reserve two days' march behind.

During the late war the Prussian field artillery consisted of four- and six-pounder steel breech-loaders of Krupp's pattern, carrying an elongated shell, with a leaden jacket to make it fit the grooves. They were bored through from end to end, and were loaded from the rear of the breech, the opening being closed in the four-pounders by a key of steel inserted at the side, and in the six-pounders by a plug fitted in at the rear and fastened in its place by a pin. These guns were served by four

men, one to point, one to sponge and load, one to prick the cartridge and fire the piece, and one to bring up ammunition. The driver and horse-attendants have nothing to do with the service of the gun. The field-gun at present adopted is a cast-steel breech-loader, with a bore of eight centimetres, charged with 2¾lbs. of powder, and throwing an eleven pound shrapnel projectile with a velocity of 1,522 feet. The Prussians have also a gun of nine centimetres bore, which fires a shrapnel shell containing 209 bullets, and weighing rather over 17 lbs., with a charge of 3¼lbs. of powder, the resulting velocity being 1,460 feet.[1] In order to load, the breech-piece is screwed out at the left side by about two turns of a screw fitted there, which allows the insertion of the charge, when the breech-piece is screwed back and the gun is ready to be fired. The limbers are larger than those used in England, and contain twenty-four double-cased shells and twelve shrapnels, which latter have been taken into favour on account of the introduction of an improved fuse. The gun-carriages, which in future are to be of cast-steel plates, are to have a brake attached to their wheels, with the object of regulating the recoil; pebble powder, moreover, is to be used. Three gunners are carried on the ammunition-box, and two on the axle-tree seats, whilst a non-commissioned officer rides. New pattern ammunition waggons are being prepared to accompany the artillery in time of war.

The two parks of siege artillery lately attached to the Prussian Army have been completed by the addition of sixteen ammunition transport columns to each of them. Each column consists of forty-six ammunition waggons, a field smithy and rack, baggage and forage waggons. In addition to the guns belonging to each park a certain number of the fifteen centimetre coil guns, placed in fortresses, have been utilised for siege purposes; the siege gun-carriages, moreover, have been newly constructed of iron. One park of siege artillery is kept at Spandau, while the other is divided between Coblenz and Posen. The Prussian artillery presents a somewhat rough appearance compared to our own, but both guns and horses are in excellent condition and manœuvre rapidly.

The principal Prussian cannon foundry is at Spandau, near Berlin. The events of 1848 led the Prussian Government to transfer all the great military establishments to fortified places, and Spandau was naturally fixed upon as one of the most suit-

[1] The English 9-pounder field battery gun throws a 9-lb. projectile, consumes 1¾ lbs. of powder, and imparts to its projectile a velocity of 1,381 feet. The 16-pounder gun, which weighs upwards of one-third more than the German 9 centimetre gun, fires a shell of merely 16¼ lbs. with 3 lbs. of powder, the resulting velocity being 1,352 feet. Notwithstanding the greater weight of our 16-pounder, the German gun consumes a heavier charge of powder, fires a more powerful shrapnel, and has a superiority of 100 feet in initial velocity.

able for this particular purpose. The cannon-foundry which formerly existed behind the Berlin arsenal was not, however, transferred there until 1855. It was at first only of moderate dimensions, and in 1860 employed merely one hundred hands. But the great changes in artillery and marine ordnance which supervened rendered improvements and extensions necessary, and the foundry and its dependencies have grown to a small town, capable of turning out some two thousand pieces of cannon in the course of the year.

In the Prussian Army the artillery and engineers have a close relation to each other, their field duties running together, and their school at Berlin being the same. The engineers are more a technical than a tactical body, and in the field have a train laden with construction and intrenching tools. The prejudice against engineer officers rising above a certain grade, that prevails in our own service, likewise existed amongst the Prussians, and in the case of General von Kameke we have the first instance of the spell being broken.

According to recently-promulgated regulations the peace establishment of the officers of the engineer corps is fixed at 600. Under the inspector-general are four engineer inspectors, each of whom has under his orders one pioneer inspector commanding from three to four battalions, and two fortress inspectors having charge of from four to eight fortresses apiece. A battalion, numbering about 500 men, consists of three field pioneer companies, trained for pontooning and mining as well as for working in the trenches, with a fourth destined to be employed exclusively in mining and only occasionally on general service. On mobilisation merely the first three companies will take the field, the fourth being broken up to supply detachments of sub-officers and men to the other three, and forming with the rest the nucleus of a reserve company. When the reserves are called in, each of these reserve companies will be formed into three fortress pioneer companies, to be attached to the landwehr or employed to defend fortresses. The guard battalion and the fourth pioneer battalion will provide in place of the fortress companies 12 field telegraph detachments to be attached to various army corps. A pontoon train will also be mobilised with each pioneer battalion. It will consist of two division trains, each of 14 waggons with 42 yards of pontoons, and one corps train of 33 waggons with 143 yards of pontoons. The division trains will be attached to the infantry divisions, each with a pioneer company, and the corps train will remain with the third company at the disposal of the corps commandant. Reserve pontoon trains are established in addition at Coblenz, Glogau, Magdeburg, Graudenz, and other places.

The military train is composed of organised troops required for the transport of munitions, provisions, pontoons, field-telegraphs, railways, and hospitals, and also furnishes drivers for the baggage and munition carts of mobilised troops. The transport corps following an army in the field, exclusive of the waggons of each battalion, and the artillery, engineer, and field-telegraph trains, is divided into two portions, the first and principal of which is attached to the commissariat, and is formed solely for the purpose of supplying food to men and horses. The second belongs to the medical department, and carries medicines,

hospital stores, and means of transportation for the sick and wounded. The first portion is limited, in times of peace, to a certain number of waggons, which, on the mobilisation of the army, are provided with men and horses from the military train, each army corps having its battalion of train troops. These are under the entire control of a principal commissariat officer, with the rank of captain, who is attached to the head-quarters of the corps.

The commissariat columns of an army corps are five in number, each of them having two officers, 28 men, 161 horses, and 32 waggons. These 160 waggons carry three days' provisions for every man in the corps. As soon as the waggons which carry the first day's supply are emptied they are sent to the magazines in the rear, and must be again with the troops to give them their fourth day's food. Each army corps takes with it a field bakery, as flour can be more easily carried than bread. This bakery consists of 10 officers, 118 men, 27 horses, and 5 waggons, distributed amongst the men as is found most convenient.

The provision trains do nothing in the way of gathering food, but merely bring it up from the depot magazines, which move as the army moves. Means, therefore, have to be provided for gathering food into these depots. So long as railways are unbroken, and trains follow the troops, no difficulty is experienced, but as this is not always the case, it becomes necessary to gather supplies. For this purpose, as well as to carry hay and corn from the depots to the horses of the cavalry and infantry in front, waggons and carts are hired, or rather impressed into service in the country.

The medical train accompanying an army corps consists of three heavy hospital trains, each of 14 waggons, 114 men, 69 horses, and 11 surgeons, and 3 light divisional trains. Each train carries everything necessary for treating men in the field and for establishing field hospitals. Every corps has, moreover, a company of sick-bearers, who on the day of battle are divided amongst the troops. Each battalion has also ten sick-bearers, the men not being allowed to leave the ranks under fire, to assist a wounded comrade, so that the advice of the American general who recommended his men always to fire at their adversaries' legs, since it required two sound men to help one so wounded from the field, would not hold good in a contest with Prussian troops. The sick-bearers convey the wounded but a short distance to the rear, out of the range of fire, where they are taken in charge by the hospital men.

Another important feature of the German Army, and one excellently organised, is the field-post, the chief object of which is the secure and rapid conveyance of the official correspondence, parcels, &c., of an army in the field. Still the field post-offices transmit private letters, newspapers, and ordinary remittances of money and other small articles to and from the army. It will be remembered that during the late war stories were current of

flannel under-garments being sent in sections by this means, as well as sausages and similar luxuries. These offices are organised simultaneously with the mobilisation of the troops, and in order to maintain a secure postal communication between the armies and the Prussian territory, field-post relays are placed at certain points on the road from the frontier. The officials and men for the field-post are held in reserve for this duty by the postal authorities even in time of peace, and a list of them is kept at the War Office. They are supplied by the director of the post-office, on the requisition of the minister for war, who then issues orders for their equipment and maintenance on the same footing as the troops generally.

The military railway recently constructed between Berlin and Zossen, forms an admirable practical school for what is termed the railway corps of the Prussian Army. This line, which is twenty-seven English miles in length, belongs to the State, and was constructed by the corps in question. From Berlin to Zossen the rails are laid alongside the Berlin and Dresden railway, to which the military railway is connected by points and crossings. At Zossen, however, the line branches off into the forest of the same name, where the Polygon of Artillery is situated. The railway, as its title implies, serves chiefly for military purposes; still the interests of the public are not neglected, and passengers are carried by it. The direction and administration are composed of the commander of the railway regiment, of one field officer and two lieutenants. The working of the line is in the hands of a captain, who receives his orders from the commander, and is assisted by two lieutenants; this department also comprises a *chef de bureau*, a superintendent of rolling stock, an officer acting as administrator of his depots, and a paymaster. For the instruction of the regiment, complete companies are placed at the disposition of the working section.

The chief of the working company acts as inspector, and has an officer to assist him. This company is composed of men belonging to the eight companies which form the regiment, and who are changed after a course of instruction of six months. The service of the permanent way is conducted by forty-two men, twenty-nine of whom belong to the Berlin and Dresden line, whilst the other thirteen are pioneers of the regiment, and are stationed between Zossen and the forest. The whole of these men are under the superintendence of five non-commissioned officers. The station duty is performed by a station master and an assistant, both non-commissioned officers, who are assisted by nine pioneers, who act as points-men. The telegraph service is conducted by the officer who acts as chief of the working section, aided by a non-commissioned officer. During the first year of working, six engine-drivers—non-commissioned officers—and six stokers—sappers—were em-

THE CROWD AT THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

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ployed. The trains were worked by eight non-commissioned officers acting as guards, and sixteen pioneers acting as brakesmen. The guards and stokers are under the orders of the engine-drivers. The men receive no extra pay, beyond an allowance made to the non-commissioned officers and men who are away beyond a certain time from the garrison.

The original idea of those autumn manœuvres, which have been carried out with very partial success in our own country, comes from Prussia. All the troops of the German Empire are put through a certain amount of field-work every autumn, though the so-called Imperial manœuvres, at which the Emperor himself inspects operations, only take place every three years. The army corps of the Guards quartered in and around Berlin, take their full share of this kind of work. On the Prussian plan that the force on paper must be as nearly as possible actually brought into line, the task of holding the country in the rear being that of the reserves, some regiments of another army corps usually undertake the necessary routine duties in Berlin, in order that the whole of the Guards may take part in the manœuvres. They do not, however, go far from home, and are still available for the protection of the district that surrounds the capital, from the attack of an invading force. It is to be noted that in the neighbourhood of Berlin, the inhabitants being thoroughly *blasés* on military exhibitions, display comparative indifference to the movements of troops, so that these parades as a rule, hardly attract more spectators than an ordinary English suburban race-meeting.

On all such occasions the principles which have proved so effective in real warfare are rigorously acted upon. The cavalry thrown out like a moving screen in front of the army, quarters the country as a brace of pointers quarter a stubble-field. The waving pennons of the uhlans flicker amongst the foliage, as they carefully sound the pine woods and copses in quest of lurking infantry, now disappearing in a bosky hollow, now seen in bold outline against the clear blue sky as they mount the slopes beyond. Behind them the artillery comes lumbering along in clouds of dust, for artillery is now understood to be a most active arm and opens the attack. The general in command has learnt from his scouting cavalry—who, though their work is far from over, now begin to fall back to the flanks and the rear of his army—the position of the enemy, and so prepares his attack, giving to each corps commander general instructions, but leaving to him the working out of the details. Formerly there was often merely a supposititious enemy, but now, in cases where two equal forces are not opposed to each other, the foe is always indicated by detachments, flags, and other signs, so as to give an appearance of reality to the field of battle, and serve as a guide to the troops.

The usual form of attack and defence is for a line of woods and villages to be strongly occupied, the ground between them being commanded but not held, and for the attack to be mainly directed to these strong points with a view to their occupation. With this object the guns are everywhere pushed on as near to the enemy as possible. They halt and unlimber—here a group of three or four batteries together, and elsewhere a couple of detached field-pieces. Artillery, the Prussians hold, can protect its front against anything, and is pushed on to within fifteen hundred or at most two thousand yards of the enemy. Soon its roar is heard, re-echoed back by that of the enemy in those cases in which he is represented by flesh and blood, and not by flags and skeleton detachments, and the white smoke curls upward from the summit of each height. In one part of the field heavier metal begins to tell, the enemy's guns are withdrawn, and the attacking force limbers up for pursuit. In another they are hard pressed, and a battery has to dash off furiously across country to their support. Roads and ditches are cleared by the smoking horses, as they scour on with the cannon clattering behind them like a tin kettle attached to a dog's tail. Sometimes an accident brings them to a temporary halt, but the standing order under such circumstances is to repair damages and push on. Hackländer relates an instance of a gun belonging to a horse artillery battery coming so violently into collision with a road boundary-stone that one wheel of the carriage was partially shattered. At first there seemed no possibility of repairing the damage according to directions, either by fastening the pieces together with cords, or, if that would not do, by tying a piece of wood underneath the carriage, so that the axle might for a short time, in a measure, replace the wheel; till one of the drivers, noticing a finger-post at a little distance, tore it out of the ground, and had it promptly lashed along the damaged portion, the hand indicating his path to the wayfarer, being left on to point, as it were, appealingly up to heaven.

Meanwhile the infantry, pushing steadily onward in battalion columns, follow close behind the artillery, though they are not to be hurled at the enemy until he has been shaken by the latter arm. At length the first line advances, taking every advantage of the ground, until they begin to feel the opposing fire. Then the battalions deploy into company columns. Some of them, if the ground serves, wind steadily onward through sheltered hollows, others disperse in clouds of skirmishers and advance by a series of rushes. In one quarter of the field they gain possession of a wood, and darting out on some broken ground, lying a short distance in advance, fling themselves down and cover the approach of their supports which follow in open order. The skirmishers are continually reinforced, and profiting by every scrap of shelter push steadily on. Gradually the engagement becomes general

all along the line, and the rattle of small arms deafens the spectator. The second line comes to the support of the first, mixing up with it, and dissolving into skirmishers also, whilst the artillery, galloping up, seize upon every coign of vantage and from thence pour grape and the shrapnel, which has grown into such high favour since the last war, at the infantry of the foe. A village receives the concentrated fire of many guns, and then the infantry attack its weakest point, a rush of skirmishers trying at the same time to turn it, since one of the most important lessons of the last war was the futility of a direct attack against positions like those held by the French at Amanvilliers and St. Privat, unless such front attack is supplemented by one on the flank.

Finally an opening in the line is found, and through it quickly pour a stream of troops, seizing every atom of shelter as they advance, each man apparently fighting on his own account, yet ready in an instant to re-form into a solid and organised body. Cavalry are from time to time hurled forward against infantry supposed to be broken by artillery fire, in double lines, one immediately in the rear of the other, as was done by Murat at Eylau. Their headlong career is checked from time to time by opposing squadrons advancing to the rescue, and then they break, skirmish, rally, and meet in feigned *mêlée*. Now a man is dismounted and his horse scours riderless away, and now steed and rider come crushing down together, checked in their hot career by the broken ground.

At length a retreat is sounded and the opposing forces draw off to their respective quarters. The Prussians have no tents, and the men are therefore quartered in the villages and farms of the district in which they manœuvre, crowding into the barns and outhouses in accordance with the current saying that "the worst quarter is better than the best bivouac." When they are obliged to bivouac they make the best of what comes to hand, and there is always something in the shape of turf, knapsacks, and brushwood to build a wall of against the wind, wood for fires, and straw, dead leaves, or young branches of trees to vary the monotony of hard ground as a couch. The fire, once made, is generally fed with pieces of wood four or five feet long leaning against each other at the top so as to form a cone. Earth is then heaped up for about a foot round their lower ends, and the result is a blazing high fire, quite safe, because the burnt wood always falls inwards towards the centre. A kind of shallow trench slightly lowered towards the inside edge is cut round the fire, and here a hundred men or so stretch themselves with their feet towards the blaze. Great-coat collars are raised above the ears, and after a few hearty choruses accompanied by clouds of tobacco, or even potato-leaf smoke, they drop off to sleep. The old campaigners, however tired, take care to make their sleeping-place as comfortable as they can, and above all as warm, for

there is always an hour before daylight when the air is chilled and the body most susceptible of cold.

The scene presented on these occasions has been depicted by a native writer from the results of his own experience as follows :—

"A clear moon shed its light over the encampment and the surrounding battle-field of the day; but no groans of the wounded and dying smote on the ears of the passers by. The silence of the night was only broken by a low song or an oath. No mortally wounded friend raised himself from the ground to groan out 'Greet my Lottchen, friend!' Only here and there a sutler was murmuring some scarcely intelligible words, offering a small amount of brandy for a large sum of money. Behind and close to us was the bivouac, and we could distinctly hear the snorting and neighing of the horses, the hum of men's voices, and at intervals a low song. We saw infantry sentries with shouldered muskets walking to and fro with measured steps, the uhlans, with their schapska over the right ear, by their horses, and our artillerymen by their guns. The officers were grouped round a large fire which flickered on their faces and which must have felt honoured at being the light of such lights.

"During the night our rifles and uhlans had continual skirmishes with the enemy's advanced guard, which gave us plenty of occupation. Their hussars, enveloped in their cloaks, frequently rode through the shallow stream and crept like ghosts up to the foot of the hill on which we were stationed. We knew at once when they were going to fire by the gleaming of the moon-beams on their carbines, the polished barrels of which as they raised them to take aim described brilliant circles in the moonlight; having fired, they galloped back across the stream under a volley from our rifles.

"All was life and movement in the bivouac. Round the great fire we saw numerous epaulettes glittering, and the bands of the infantry and cavalry played alternately. It was not until after midnight that the music ceased, silence fell upon the camp, and the fires gradually died out. The rest of the night passed pretty quickly, and soon the sky began to brighten. Gradually the circle of light increased and the stars paled, and in a short time the clouds which floated in the horizon became edged with crimson. Now the réveille sounded from the other end of the encampment, the drums beat, and the artillery and cavalry bugles played joyously in between.

"Daybreak revealed the comical confusion that had crept amongst us during the night. In one place an officer, looking round with astonishment, finds that he has slumbered in the closest proximity to his servant. The awakening sutler contemplates her basket with consternation, for the best contents have vanished during the night. Here a movement is seen under a cloak; it is a warrior who had rolled himself up securely the evening before, and is now making painful efforts to disengage his head. The loud calls of the bugles had suddenly produced animation where a moment before all had been as still as death. The snorting and tossing of the horses as they expanded their nostrils towards the rising sun, the hasty movements of the soldiers who expected every instant to hear the signal for marching, all united to form a lively picture which was contemplated on each occasion with fresh pleasure."[1]

The country people, upon whom soldiers are billeted during the manœuvres, are bound to supply them with a certain amount of food. During the Silesian manœuvres in 1875 this allowance consisted of about half a pound of bread, and rather more than that amount of meat, with salt, pepper, &c., for which eight silbergroschen (nearly 9*d.*) was paid, though it usually

[1] Hackländer's *Soldier in Time of Peace.*

happens that the hosts give the soldiers more than the proper ration, sharing with them whatever they have for themselves. The troops complained very much of the way in which they were fed by the contractors during these manœuvres, for they not only were forced several times, on account of the long hours of exercise, to go without food from daybreak till seven in the evening, but, when supper was prepared, found themselves defrauded by the contractors who had to supply it. Old officers maintained that their men suffered more than they ever did in the late war. It is, therefore, not surprising that the soldier when out manœuvring should be ready enough, when he gets the chance, to supplement his rations, and the fare provided for him by those on whom he is billeted, with whatever he can obtain. The sutlers who follow the troops have a plentiful supply of customers, especially from amongst the one year volunteers, who flock around their carts and booths all day long.

In Berlin the cooks, who in England are supposed to reserve their cold mutton and their affections exclusively for the blue-coated representatives of the civil power, are the especial objects of the soldier's amatory assaults. The votaries of Mars and the exponents of the culinary art are to be encountered arm-in-arm at every place of public resort, notably at the summer beer gardens. When the troops march into the country they strive to extend the sphere of their fascinations, and the wives, daughters, and servants of the farmers and peasants become the object of attention often as hollow as they are transitory. The sharp-witted and often impecunious infantry man practises on a minor scale the art of surprising and capturing a provision train, by rising early in the morning and sallying forth in quest of what he may devour. The chances are that he may encounter the temporary object of his vows laden with a basket of good cheer, destined either for his own especial benefit or for that of one of his superiors. In either case he bears down upon the convoy, and by his blandishments and lavish endearments soon convinces the blushing *mädchen* that the transfer of her cargo

of *wurst, schinken, braten*, bread, and spirits can be devoted to no better purpose than that of fortifying him against the coming fatigues of the day. That such a fortifying is necessary was shown by several deaths and the invaliding of numerous men during the 1875 manœuvres in Baden and Alsace-Lorraine. The troops, however, suffer more from sunstrokes and apoplexy than from exhaustion, and the preceding year special instructions on the subject were issued by the Berlin War Office, the men being directed to march in open order with stocks off and coats open, and all manœuvres on a large scale being forbidden when the temperature had reached 77° Fahrenheit.

The special attributes of the Prussian Army have been thus summarized. "The absence of exemptions and substitutions which secures for the army the best men, and makes service even and acceptable; general education of officers and soldiers; an effective system of keeping the ranks full; superior training and selection by merit of the higher staff; a decentralised administration; the certainty of recognition and reward for enterprise and industry;

strict discipline and rigid economy." These qualities have been steadily developed until they have placed the kingdom of Friedrich the Great at the head of the military powers of Europe.

It has been remarked with truth that the German Emperor pointed out the veritable secret of the nation's military successes when he reminded his grandson on the occasion of the entrance of the latter on active service in the Prussian Army that in the correct appreciation of what might appear to be a trifling matter, was to be found a guarantee for the performance of great things. This principle, he truly added, had been and should remain the rule of the Prussian Army. "Careful organisation, laborious attention to the most minute details, patience, and thoroughness are the prosaic secrets of military triumphs which rival those of Napoleon himself. There was nothing very original in Scharnhorst's plan of quickly passing the whole of the able-bodied population through the ranks, and thus securing a huge reserve of drilled troops. The system chiefly depended for success on the stubborn perseverance of the people—a perseverance undaunted by the prowess of the greatest commander in the world, and independent of the fitful triumphs which would have been needed to spur the zeal of France. Count Moltke has relied on precisely the same homely qualities in finishing the work which was begun in the shadow of unparalleled defeat. Even the artistic completeness of his organisation and the success of his strategy are less wonderful than the almost mechanical obedience and perseverance with which the whole nation has gone through the exhausting, and what might have seemed the useless, mill of the barrack-room. The system might have been a disastrous failure if the people had been less docile, plodding, and intelligent."

The nation had the advantage of "a born race of military leaders in an aristocracy at once large, poor, well educated, and disdainful of any work but that of the public service. The sons of a German baron would scorn to become traders, or even, as a rule, to enter any of the more intellectual professions. They go into the army as a matter of course, and they bring with them those habits of command which belong to an aristocratic caste. They are equally marked by the habits of obedience natural to the feudal society of a military state which has been little disturbed as yet by an aspiring democracy. They study their duties with German thoroughness, and take a pride in matters of detail which the officers of other countries leave to plebeian subordinates. It would be impossible to find a class better qualified to form the cog-wheels of the mighty machine which Count Moltke puts in motion from the quietude of his bureau. The rigidity and thoroughness of Prussian discipline could not be safely applied to any nation which did not unite a highly-educated intelligence to primitive habits of obedience. It is quite possible

to drill an army into such stolidity that it loses the power of helping itself when it cannot be guided by rule. Thus misplaced industry has sometimes been little else than a laborious preparation for disaster. But the Germans have gone to school as regularly as to drill, and their best intelligence passes through the barrack-room. It has been safe to give their movements the precision of a machine, and yet to put great trust in the mother wit of the officers and the men. The result is perhaps the most marvellous instrument of destruction ever fashioned by human labour and skill."[1]

The social side of the question, however, needs to be viewed under different aspect. All other interests are sacrificed to those of the army. The best and most promising youths are sent to the drill ground for years; the most accomplished young men are torn from the university, from the learned professions, from the laboratory, or the factory, to fill the ranks. Literature and science suffer from the diversion of the rarest mental qualities to the purposes of war. Political freedom suffers in order that discipline may be perfect. Trade is sacrificed that the country may be covered with troops, railways are constructed in view with strategetical schemes, and not in accordance with commercial necessities, and the burden laid upon the nation forces the most stalwart peasantry and the most skilful artisans to seek refuge across the Atlantic. On the occasion of the discussion of the new law on the landsturm, Herr Schorlemmer Ast pointed out that this system of excessive military preparations rendered the principal burden of the Empire a heavy load for everybody to bear. "The milliards that we have received," continued he, "are already converted into fortresses, vessels, Mäuser rifles, and cannons; and there is an augmentation of forty-nine millions of marks in the military budget. This budget is like the sieves of the Danaides. We throw into it all our resources, our savings, our reserves—still we shall never be able to fill it up. Montecuculi laid down the principles of war—money, more money, always money! This is what we are asked for at the risk of soon exhausting all our vital strength." The *Germania*, too, alluding to a speech made by M. Leon Say, respecting the prosperous internal and financial condition of France, despite the burden imposed by the late war, remarks: "The minister who speaks thus is minister of a country that has recently undergone unparalleled catastrophes. Germany on the contrary, although she has received fabulous sums, only possesses a ruined trade, ruined industries, crowds of workmen without work, and very little money. She has in perspective new taxes, an increase in the war budget, the continuation of the discharge of workmen, and the misery of the people." Such is the price at which the New Empire has purchased the military dictatorship of Europe.

[1] *The Times*, Feb. 14, 1877.

In order to retain her military supremacy Germany is compelled to be continually on the alert with regard to new improvements in the machinery of war, so that she may be the first to profit by them. The latest novelty in this direction is a machine termed a "telemetre," which is understood to indicate the exact distance at which shots have been fired from an enemy's cannon. One great advantage it offers is that it will enable the gunners in a coast battery to determine the position in regard to distance of a hostile ship, a calculation hitherto fraught with the greatest difficulty. The adoption of the telemetre by the German troops has been decided upon, and experiments have been made with smaller machines designed to indicate the distance of shots fired from rifles with perfectly satisfactory results.

Another sensational novelty in the artillery service is the 35½-centimètre Krupp gun, which, although weighing only 57 tons, is so firmly encased in mantle and rings as to admit of firing a cartridge of 300 lbs. of prismatic powder, with a ball, weighing 1,150 lbs. In the experiments made at Dulmen, the Inflexible target, carrying 24 inches of solid iron, was pierced right through, from a distance of 2,250 yards. The barrel of the gun can be elevated to 18¾ deg., and inclined to 7 deg. It lies high enough in its frame to fire over a two-feet breastwork, and is moved by simple machinery, requiring only a few men to work it.

A third important innovation is the adoption of an iron bridge to be carried by the engineers in order to replace any railway bridge that may have been destroyed by the enemy. The bridge, which can be rapidly put together, is easy of transport, and capable of bearing any burden likely to pass over it. One specimen that has been constructed is 90 feet long, and costs only £3,000. The Army is indebted for this clever contrivance to Herr Stern, a Baden engineer.

PRUSSIAN RIFLE PRACTICE.

THE BERLIN CADETTEN-HAUS.

XXII.

WAR SCHOOLS.—THE GREAT GENERAL STAFF.

BERLIN, as the capital of a military monarchy, is the seat of many of the most important institutions established in connection with the Army, and amongst the chief of these may be reckoned the Central Cadet School, or Cadetten-haus, which furnishes about one-third of the officers to the Prussian service. This establishment and the six others situate at Potsdam, Culm, Wahlstatt, Bensberg, Ploen, and Oranienstein form, as it were, so many separate battalions subdivided into companies, and together constitute a body known as the Royal Cadet Corps. The corps, as originally established in 1717 in accordance with the military proclivities of Friedrich Wilhelm I. for the benefit of the young Crown Prince, afterwards Friedrich the Great, consisted of "a miniature soldier company which, by degrees, rose to be a permanent institution. A hundred and ten boys about the Prince's own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three military schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him, where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. . An experienced lieutenant-colonel was appointed to command in chief."[1] The corps was reorganised by Friedrich the Great, and has always been an object of special interest with subsequent Prussian sovereigns.

The cadets are of two kinds—the pensioners, or paying cadets, and the King's cadets, who are educated mainly at the expense

[1] Carlyle's *Friedrich the Great.*

of the state. The pensioners in ordinary cases pay 260 thaler a year. The King's cadets pay from 30 to 100 thaler a year, and in very special cases are admitted without payment. These latter cadetships are granted, according to the pecuniary circumstances of the applicant, to the sons of officers who have died on active service or been invalided from wounds received, the sons of meritorious officers who have retired on pensions or died in indigence, the sons of officers actually serving in reduced circumstances, the sons of non-commissioned officers who have been killed or severely wounded in action, or who have served meritoriously for twenty-five years, and the sons of civilians who have performed special services towards the state, by which personal danger was incurred. In the Berlin Cadetten-haus the last class used to be mainly composed of the sons of people who rendered services to the Government in 1848 or who had distinguished themselves by saving life. Pensioners are admitted from all professions, according to priority of application and the number of vacancies. The ordinary payment of 260 thaler may be reduced to 150 thaler in the case of the sons of officers on active service, who, though not entitled to King's cadetships, are in poor circumstances. Foreigners are exceptionally admitted with the King's permission, on payment of 360 thaler yearly.

The cadet corps is under the command of a general officer, and has a special administrative staff of its own, who wear its distinctive uniform, trimmed with the lace worn by the Great Friedrich's guardsmen. The provincial cadet-houses are merely training schools for the central institution at Berlin, and at these boys are admitted at ten and remain till fifteen or sixteen years of age, the ordinary stay at the Berlin school being from the age of fifteen or sixteen to eighteen or nineteen. There is an examination on the first admission to the corps, the subjects of which depend upon the candidate's age. Pupils passing through the lower schools are transferred to that of Berlin without further examination, being already members of the corps, but pupils entering the Berlin school direct are examined. This class of pupils is, however, not encouraged, as it is considered that in their case one of the chief advantages offered by the corps, that of accustoming its members to military discipline from early boyhood, is altogether lacking.

A military spirit pervades the schools, and though preparation for the army is not the exclusive, it is the predominating, object of the course of training pursued, and the cadets in almost all cases enter the service. The corps is, in fact, looked upon as a nursery for officers. Admissions to it take place once a year, on the 1st of May. The six junior schools are divided for purposes of instruction upon an uniform plan into four classes, numbered up from six to three, that is, sexta at the bottom and tertia at the top. The upper school at Berlin

follows with four more classes—the second, first, upper first, and special—secunda, prima, ober-prima, and selecta. The idea which prevails, that no teacher can instruct more than twenty-five or thirty pupils at a time, causes the classes to be split up into sections, each pursuing a parallel course of instruction. In the junior schools the subjects taught are Bible history, Latin, German grammar and composition, elementary algebra and geometry, history, the rudiments of natural philosophy, drawing, and writing. There is plenty of drilling and gymnastics, with bayonet exercise, and dancing, and in the two upper classes instruction is given in military drawing.

Military training can hardly be said to commence until the pupils enter the Berlin Cadetten-haus, which is the nearest approach in Prussia to our Sandhurst and Woolwich establishments. It is a spacious two-storied edifice, having the centre portion of its long façade ornamented with columns and military trophies, and is situated in the Neue Friedrichs-strasse, in the midst of the old-fashioned houses with which this quarter of Berlin abounds. The buildings erected in 1775 by Friedrich the Great, and dedicated by him "to the pupils of Mars and Minerva," have long since been found too small for their object, and though various additions have from time to time been made, the accommodation is no longer sufficient for the number of cadets. The situation is also objectionable from a sanitary point of view, the school being hemmed in on all sides by houses, and the intention exists to move the entire establishment to a more open and healthy situation at Lichterfelde, in the environs of Berlin.[1]

The main portion of the buildings at Berlin consists of a large quadrangle in which are situated the quarters of the cadets and company officers, the dining-hall, library, and a large hall called the Feld-Marschall Saal, in requisition on state occasions, and also serving the purpose of an examination room, and which takes its name from the life-sized portraits of Prussian field-marshals

[1] The new Lichterfelde Cadetten-haus, destined for the reception of cadets from all parts of the empire except Bavaria, has been in process of construction for the last four or five years, and will require at least another three years to bring it to completion. Part of the building, however, will shortly be ready, when it is intended to remove the Berlin cadets there. The new school is situate on a broad stretch of sandy ground distant about a mile from the railway station. The buildings in 1876 consisted of six immense blocks: a central mass flanked at some distance by two long wings facing similar blocks of building at a distance of about 150 feet. Of the two central blocks, the one nearest to the railway is intended for the class-rooms and the examination hall, while among the buildings facing it is comprised the chapel. Each wing contains a mess-room and a number of small but lofty rooms arranged on each side of long corridors, and intended for sleeping apartments and barrack-rooms. Six huge blocks of similar proportions to those already completed have to be erected, and when the whole is perfect it will form a small town in itself. The situation is an excellent one for a cadet school, there being nothing for miles around but a few scattered houses, so that it will be completely isolated.

lining its walls. There, moreover, is exposed the sword of the First Napoleon, captured at Gemappes, and presented to the institution by Marshal Blücher.

Beyond the quadrangle is a large court-yard used for drill and exercise, in which are some indifferent marble statues of the heroes of the Seven Years' War, that formerly stood in the Wilhelms-platz until they were replaced by statues of bronze. On one side of the quadrangle is a range of buildings containing the class-rooms, and on the other the quarters of the professors and instructors. The residence of the general commanding the cadet corps and the commandant of the school, together with a large red brick church, built for the accommodation of the cadets, are situate on the opposite side of the Neue Friedrichs-strasse.

The class-rooms, intended merely to accommodate about thirty pupils, which is the largest number in a single class, are fitted with rows of parallel desks, at which the cadets sit, the instructor occupying a raised daïs at one end of the room, and having near him a black board, of which he makes frequent use during the lessons. The quarters occupied by the cadets comprise a sitting-room and bed-room opening into each other, and shared in common by a number of occupants varying from six to fourteen or fifteen, the usual number thus lodged being eight or ten, although deficiency of accommodation has led in some degree to overcrowding. The bed-rooms are simply furnished with iron barrack bedsteads, and narrow tables running down the centre of each room, furnished with washing basins in accordance with the number of its occupants. In the sitting-rooms each cadet has a desk and cupboard to himself, in which to keep his books and other effects; a table and chairs completing the furniture, which is of the plainest description. The senior of the room is responsible for order.

The dining-hall is a large handsome apartment capable of accommodating the whole of the cadets, who take their meals here in common. Three regular meals are provided in the course of the day: breakfast, consisting merely of soup and bread; dinner, in the middle of the day; and supper, shortly before bed-time. In addition, a trifling lunch of bread and butter is served out to each cadet. At meals the cadets are seated at tables each accommodating twelve, in addition to a senior who occupies the head. The dinner consists of soup, meat, and vegetables, pudding being given as an extra on Sunday, Water is the only beverage drunk, neither wine nor beer being at any time allowed within the school buildings. The cadets are marched to their meals by companies under the charge of their officers, and one officer remains on duty in the dining-room during meal-time. Attached to each company is a kind of buffet at which coffee, fruit, and confectionary are sold.

The Berlin Cadetten-haus contains a good library, but the use of it is confined to the officers and the senior cadets in the selecta, or highest class, the others not being allowed to frequent the room or to obtain books from it. There is, however, a smaller library for each company under the charge of the captain, containing novels and works of general literature, any of which may be taken out. No general reading-room of any kind exists, but the cadets, joining together, usually subscribe to some newspaper among them. Each company has what is called its company room, a large apartment very plainly furnished, but supplied with no games or other means of amusement. The cadets of each company, however, generally club together to hire a piano for this room. Music and novel-reading seem to be the most favoured recreations during leisure hours, though gymnastics are also practised.

The daily routine is something as follows. The cadets rise at half-past five in summer and six in winter, twenty minutes being allowed them to dress in, after which they turn out of their rooms, form on parade, and are marched to breakfast. Half an hour's private study in their rooms to look over the lessons for the day follows. A short time is then allowed for cleaning arms and accoutrements before the morning roll-call, at which a most minute inspection of each company is made by the captain, and any cadet found with his things imperfectly cleaned is punished. Prayers for the whole school in chapel follow the roll-call. Lessons begin at eight and generally continue till one, with an interval of twenty minutes at eleven o'clock for lunch. At one all the cadets fall in by companies on parade, when the daily orders are read and other routine business transacted. At half-past one the cadets march in to dinner. The actual lessons in the class-rooms are, excepting for the classes known as the selecta and ober-prima, generally finished by one o'clock, the afternoon being chiefly devoted to such subjects as singing, dancing, fencing, and gymnastics. Wednesdays and Saturdays are nominally half-holidays, but the only difference between them and the other days appears to be that the afternoon is occupied in battalion drill, for which the cadets are marched to a drill-ground some distance off. From half-past five to eight every evening the cadets are obliged to study their lessons in their own rooms; at eight supper is served, after which their time is their own till half-past nine, when they turn in, lights being put out at ten. Except with the selecta and ober-prima the whole afternoon is seldom completely occupied, but there is little or nothing in the shape of manly games during recreation. For an hour in the afternoon, between half-past four and half-past five, all cadets unemployed are obliged to take exercise in the court-yard; but this commonly consists of walking up and down, usually with their arms about each other's necks, in the orthodox German fashion. On Sundays dinner takes place

at twelve, to allow of more time for those who have leave. All have the greater part of the day to themselves, but none are allowed to leave the school without permission, though they are frequently taken in bodies under the charge of officers to visit places of interest in Berlin and its neighbourhood, and are also on one or two occasions during the year taken to the opera or theatre. The charge of the cadets out of school-hours devolves upon the captains and subalterns of companies, principally upon the latter, who must be unmarried and live amongst the cadets. Besides looking after them, they are required to assist them in their studies.

The number of cadets in the Cadetten-haus is about 700, which is to be shortly increased to 850. They are divided into seven companies of 100 each. The annual cost of a cadet is estimated at 300 thaler. The staff of the school is both civil and military, the latter comprising the commandant, the adjutant and a captain, four subalterns, and two military instructors for each company. The civilians comprise professors, instructors, writing, singing, drawing and dancing masters, &c. There are also a Protestant and a Roman Catholic chaplain, and three surgeons. The Cadetten-haus is under the direct control of the general commanding the cadet corps, who resides close by, the immediate superintendence of instruction, discipline and drill being in the hands of the commandant. There is no special director of studies, but a board exercises a general supervision, and the senior civilian professor, who is a member of the board, has the superintendence of the civilian instructors. These serve a certain time on probation, and then receive permanent appointments; but the military instructors, who are chosen for special qualifications, are generally sent back to do regimental duty for a time after six or seven years' employment in the school, though they are often reappointed. They receive a fixed addition to their regimental pay, and also an honorarium in proportion to the number of lessons given by them.

The instruction imparted in the secunda and prima comprises religious indoctrination, Latin, German composition and literature; French; mathematics, with especial reference to their application to military purposes; history, especially that of Germany; geography, physical science, and military drawing. Dancing is compulsory in the secunda as in all the junior classes. It is regarded both as a gymnastical exercise and a necessary accomplishment for an officer, and the cadets have to display their proficiency before the general commanding the corps at the periodical inspections. The practical exercises comprise battalion drill about twice a week, daily parade, gymnastics and bayonet exercises, fencing and sword exercise, swimming, and riding for the pupils of the selecta. Elementary instruction is also given in military duties, but this is mainly confined to the

mode of behaviour towards officers, and other points of military etiquette. The ordinary period for remaining in a class is a year, but two are often allowed.

At the end of the year all who have passed through the prima, after a preliminary examination in the school, go up for the portepée-fähnrich examination. Those who reach the ordinary standard are admitted at once as "ensigns designate," but they must serve with the regiment six months and be of the age of seventeen and a half before they obtain the patent actually conferring that rank; they attend a war school when they pass their officer's examination, and finally obtain their commissions, subject to the approval of the officers of the regiment. Of those who are not allowed to go up for examination or who fail in it, some are permitted to remain for another year at the Cadetten-haus; others, whose conduct has been exceptionally good, are admitted as under-officers, a rank below that of fähnrich; and others, who have not this recommendation, as privates. The majority of the cadets enter the army in this manner; but a certain number who take honours at the examination of the prima are formed into classes known as the ober-prima and selecta, and receive the special military instruction which is given to the others at a later period at the war schools.

The course of study pursued by the two classes is the same, but the selecta consists of cadets of seventeen years of age and having a good character, and the requisite qualifications for admission, whilst the ober-prima is composed of those who are below that age, who are of weakly constitution, or below the regulation standard of height, or whose conduct has not been quite satisfactory. Their studies are confined to the science of arms, tactics, fortification, instructions in military duties and regulations, and in military composition, topography, and surveying, with higher mathematics for those cadets intended for the artillery and engineers. At the end of the year the classes go up for the examination which qualifies for the officer's commission. Those of the selecta who pass, enter the army at once as officers, and in their case alone, in the whole service, is the

right of veto usually exercised by the officers of a regiment as to the admission of a new comrade dispensed with. Those of the ober-prima enter as portepée-fähnrich, and must serve six months in this grade, and be approved of by the officers before obtaining their commissions; they do not, however, attend a war school, nor are they required to pass any further examination.

The cadets are not subjected to military law, but the discipline maintained and the punishments inflicted are of a military character. The officers are assisted in preserving discipline by the senior cadets, who are invested with the authority of under-officers. One of the distinguishing features is the division of the cadets into conduct classes, four in number and entirely independent of the classes for instruction. On entering, a cadet is placed in the third class, in which he can only obtain leave on Sunday afternoons, and at the invitation of some one known to the school authorities. After a time he is promoted to the second class, and gets more extended leave, the first class being almost entirely limited to the selecta and ober-prima, who have many extra privileges. These are the young fellows, parties of whom are encountered on Sunday afternoons at the Berlin Zoo, Kroll's, and the better-class suburban beer-gardens, and who early affect a contemptuous bearing towards the burgher or philistine element of the Prussian capital. The fourth class is reserved for those guilty of serious misconduct, and degradation to it is both a disgrace and a punishment. The cadets composing it are not allowed to go outside the walls, and any one found in it at the end of his career has to enter the army as a private. The distribution in classes mainly depends upon general conduct, but to a certain extent upon diligence and study. The punishments inflicted comprise reprimands, punishment parade, extra duty, extra study, curtailment or stoppage of leave, forfeiture of class privileges for a certain time, or reduction to a lower class, arrest in quarters, close arrest, reduction to the ranks, and dismissal.

In minor matters the discipline is very strict: no watches, rings, or jewelry, are allowed to be worn; only a fixed sum of pocket money, ranging from two thaler to three thaler twenty-five groschen per month is allowed, and letters have to be opened in presence of an officer to show that they contain no remittances. Smoking is strictly prohibited within or without the school, and the most scrupulous neatness with regard to dress is enforced. The discipline is easily maintained, thanks to the early age at which the cadets are brought under it, the system of conduct classes, and the fact that a report in minute detail and termed the *cursum vitæ*, of the cadet's conduct, is forwarded to the regiment to which he is appointed, and may materially affect his future career. There is also the *esprit de corps;* for every cadet feels a pride in the body to which he belongs, and in its privilege of taking precedence of all other troops when marching past the sovereign, beneath the colours that were carried when the Second Friedrich wore its uniform, and which still bear his initials stamped upon their staff.

But it happens that neither the people at large nor the majority of the commanding officers of regiments quite share this feeling. The former say that the cadet school tends to keep up the class spirit that forms so objectionable a feature in the officers of the Prussian army, and that the education given is much below that of a gymnasium; while the latter hold that the exclusively military atmosphere with which the cadets are surrounded, from an early age, has a narrowing effect upon the mind, and that the almost monastic system in which they are brought up is fatal to freedom of thought and development of character. They greatly prefer the Advantageur system which has been explained in a preceding chapter.

The subjoined reminiscences of a cadet[1] furnish a graphic account of the kind of life which is led at the Prussian provincial cadet schools, where, as already intimated, most of the members of the corps go through their probationary course before being admitted to the central establishment at Berlin.

The unaccustomed sound of the drum awoke me in the morning. Though still half asleep, I hastily started up, rubbing my eyes. Where was I? In a wide and almost interminable room containing four long rows of iron bedsteads with blue checked coverlets, from beneath which peeped sleepy, bewildered faces. I felt my narrow hard couch, the pillow of which was stiff as a stone. I heard the roll of the drums outside, growing fainter and fainter. My eyelids closed again heavily, and dead tired I sank back to sleep; but some one was already shaking me by the arm: "Up, up with you!" cried a deep voice of command; "don't you hear the drum?" I started up in alarm, and saw the kind-looking face of a man in a blue uniform, evidently trying to look very grave, but thinking in his heart, Poor fellow! how tired he still is after his long journey.

Close to the bed, on a brown wooden stool, lay my clothes. I slipped

[1] *Aus meinen Kadettenjahren*, von Johannes van Dewall.

into them mechanically, trying hard to finish dressing as soon as my neighbours. Following the stream, holding up my trousers with one hand, and carrying my waistcoat and jacket in the other, I passed through a bare corridor into another room, in which were clothes-pegs and tables with large tin washing-bowls, each with its number on the post above. Stripped to our waists, we splashed and dipped in our respective bowls, wasting the water and drenching the floor. The icy cold bath removed any feeling of drowsiness, and, red as a lobster, I got into my clothes. I then made a few bold strokes with a comb through my wet locks, and my toilet was complete.

"All you belonging to room 8, you there No. 88, and you No. 113, wait outside till I come," was the authoritative command of a bigger cadet, who was just buttoning his waistcoat, and hanging on his green silk strap. So Nos. 88 and 113, which latter was myself, stood shyly outside in the passage waiting and casting rather despondent glances at one another. "What is your name?" asked No. 88 at length. "Hans van Dewall," replied No. 113; "and yours?" "Max Oehlschlägel," said No. 88.

A cadet, a regular dwarf, here running past thumped me with his fist without the slightest provocation, crying, "You silly lout!" My blood was up at this insult, but I was forced to suppress my feelings, for the cadet sprang down the stairs four steps at a time, and then, too, I had been told again and again that if a "knapsack," as a novice is termed, struck a real cadet back again, he would be mercilessly beaten by the whole class, or even be set upon by the entire corps.

I had not much time to ponder over this, for the same cadet who had ordered us to wait emerged from the lavatory, and telling us that he was the

eldest in our room, ordered us to follow him. He led us downstairs and into a large well-lighted corner room with four windows, on the door of which was painted the figure 8. Two lamps hung suspended from the ceiling, and beneath them stood large tables painted black. Against the walls were little cupboards, marked with the names of individual cadets.

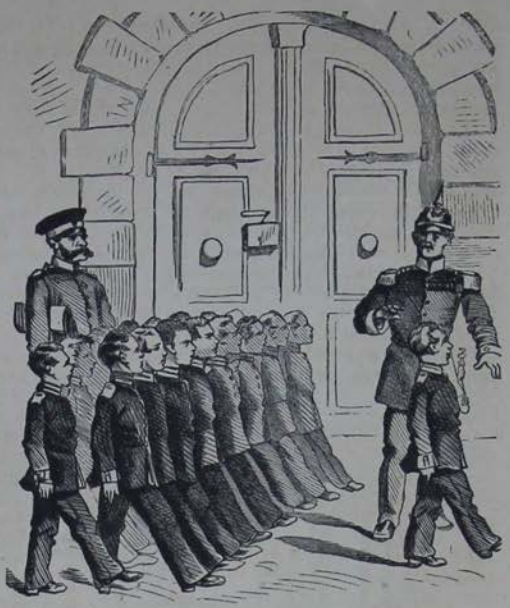
On one of these was "van Dewall," and to it I was led by the head of our room, who said as he opened it: "You can put your things in here; but mind you keep it always clean and tidy, or you'll catch it. I just tell you once for all that I'll stand no nonsense, so you may look out!" After this short address, our senior took a chair, sat down at the large table, and began to rummage in his drawer. Meanwhile we arranged our small possessions in the divisions of our cupboards, until the drum sounded again in the court.

"Sit down and work," exclaimed our tyrant, and we all obeyed. Each one had his place and drawer assigned him at the table, and silently took his seat. I had fetched my pen and paper to write to my parents, and was just placing it before me on the table, when the red curtain of the glass door opposite me was suddenly raised, and the face of our Governor Justus, the same who had awaked me in the morning, was visible for a moment. I began my letter, but only wrote a few lines, for my head was already sinking heavily on the table, and I fell asleep.

A clatter of cups aroused me; it was the breakfast, brought in by a waiter, who set his tray down on the ground near the stove and counted the flat rolls on the window-sill, after satisfying himself of the number of people present. We looked with longing eyes at the smoking vessels and the bread, for we were ravenously hungry; but we were not allowed to touch anything, as the hour for work was not yet over.

Suddenly the beat of the drum was heard outside, and we rushed at once to the cups and bread; but, oh! how cruelly was I undeceived! Instead of coffee, I found a thick gruel, with a skin on it as tough as leather; the roll, too, was dry and hard, and, worst of all, very little. And this was to appease the stomach of a hungry boy till noon, and it was then only just seven.

As soon as breakfast was despatched we began to brush our clothes; then the drum summoned us to muster and to prayers. In the corridor outside, the occupants of the different rooms were assembling, the eldest in the room reporting that all were present to the eldest in the brigade (two rooms formed a brigade), and then we were marched off. We little "knapsacks" followed in the left wing, convulsively attempting to keep step like the rest. On arriving in the large hall, the eldest in each brigade reported us to the head of the company, who commanded the whole, and divided us into proper squads with an air of importance. A profound silence then reigned till Governor Justus came. That day, without holding a special early muster,



the governor gave marching orders. "Left wheel! Company, march!" commanded the leader in a clear voice, and we wound like a long snake across the court into the chapel.

After morning prayers the newcomers were examined as to their preparatory knowledge, and then divided into different class-rooms for the regular examination. This was the anxious moment, and the beginning of the hard school of life. "Write!" was the order we received from a tiny man who had to stand on tiptoe to look at us over his desk. Dictation followed, both in German and Latin characters; then we were examined in Latin, and I rolled off glibly the rules for the third declension; reading, arithmetic, geography, and history followed, in which many proved very deficient, and we ended with singing, when, in my bewilderment, I gave forth such execrable sounds that the examiner stopped his ears and sent me back. These tortures lasted for three hours, during which the victims' relatives were anxiously pacing round the fountain in the great courtyard, anxious to see their little ones in the royal uniform before returning home. How, when we were at length dismissed, they questioned and kissed them! while we friendless ones looked on, sad and envious.

Then the drum summoned us all upstairs to clean our things, for the daily parade was held at a quarter past twelve. Here for the first time we saw assembled all the officers, governors, and cadets, and the commander of the corps, a dried-up little man, whose thin beardless face peeped pleasantly out beneath his over-large helmet, often absently put on the wrong way. He was a noted savant, and had even translated the Nibelungen. Slowly, with his hands behind him, he passed along the front, with kind and searching glances, speaking now to one, now to another, and ordering an hour's extra sleep that afternoon for those who had come a long way (some had been an entire week on the journey), and finally giving orders to march past. Two drummers placed themselves opposite to him, and then began the parade march of the genuine cadets, in four ranks of two deep, headed by a leader, all in strict accordance with rule, though, to save their caps or promote the growth of their hair, all marched bareheaded.

From parade we went direct to the large dining-room. Grace was said, and all fell to work with tremendous appetites on the barley soup and prunes, and then on the beef and vegetables, till nothing was left. In the afternoon we were free; those whose relations still remained went with them to the village inn, the rest looked about them. At four o'clock each had a dry roll,

at a quarter past seven supper, and at nine o'clock punctually we went to bed.

How proud I was to write home that I had passed and was put in 5 A ! At eight o'clock next morning I received the news, and at ten had the delight of dressing in my cadet's uniform, not however until after I had been examined as to my physical capacities by the surgeon of the regiment. "Can you hear?" asked he with an important air, holding the watch close to my ear. "To be sure I can." "Count;" and I did so. "Can you see well?" "Yes." "What time is it?" "Half-past nine." "How many fingers are these?" "Five." "What is sitting on the roof up there?" "Nothing." Then he made me jump over a string, pressed me all round my chest, and at length muttered that I might go.

We were received by a droll couple in Sergeant-Major M. and his right hand man Sergeant W.— two important personages, who spoke in a strong provincial dialect; they marched us to the topmost story, where the uniform rooms were, when we donned our uniforms, amidst many interjections and admonitions on the part of our superiors.

The poor little cadet has to learn betimes the truth of many a hard proverb; he does not wear the splendid and much-coveted uniform with yellow cord, the King's bluecoat, without having to pay for it. The iron has to pass through the fire and under the hammer to be converted into good steel; and so, from the very first day, the boy of eleven is taken in hand and roughly treated, in order to turn him into a true cadet. This hard period of transition is known as the "knapsack time," and the boy as a "knapsack." The cadet corps is the severe school in which the foundation is laid of the many qualities required in a good officer, who must know both how to command and how to obey in every situation; and, strange to say, this training is not so much due to the officers and teachers as to the cadets themselves, who carry on this system of education with relentless severity, beating into one another all that goes to form their ideal of a true man, namely, obedience, self-denial, honour, and *esprit de corps*, and learning to bear heat and cold, hunger and pain without complaint. Woe to him who cries or "peaches," or who shows himself a coward; he is twitched and tortured from morn till eve with pins or hot tongs, till he either improves or finds the place too warm, and leaves the corps to return to the arms of an over-tender mother.

Whilst we new-comers were battling against fatigue and home sickness, the storm burst, and as I stood at the window that evening, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and in rough tones I was ordered down to the gymnastic exercise ground, by the senior of my room, while with his strong arm he pushed me out at the door. I was told to swing myself up and down on the horse twelve times running, and not being able to do this, was first admonished by some slaps on the muscles of the arms, and afterwards thoroughly beaten.

I grew angry, and gave an indignant challenge, whereupon they all exclaimed at the impudence of the "knapsack," and I received a swinging box on the ear, in reply to which I sprang like a young tiger on to my oppressor, felling him to the ground and belabouring his face with both my fists. I held fast to him—although the others rushed to his aid and blows rained upon me—until we were interrupted by the deep bass voice of our astonished governor. I was at once accused by my tyrant of having struck him for a little fun which they had been having with me, and as I abstained from giving my version of the affair, we escaped with an admonition to keep the peace, orders being given that I was to be left alone. My adversary made an attempt to attack me again after the governor's departure, but the others protected me as a good fellow who had not "peached;" some of them even offered their hands and asked my name, and then took me to the well to wipe the blood from off my face. My first fight ended with a lecture about never again daring to return a blow from an older cadet or "breadsack;" my transgression was to be passed over in this instance because I had not "peached," but next time, I was told, nothing would save me from the most terrible beating from the whole class.

Hardly has the "knapsack" rushed into the lavatory on rising in the morning than he receives a dig in the ribs from the senior of his room, who manages everything by blows, and who tells him to wake up and strip more completely; in the hour for study a ruler flies at his head to make him sit straight or pay attention; during breakfast-time he is ordered to clean a senior's buttons, and if he aims at securing the largest roll, he is called greedy and punished with the smallest. His pens, paper, and the like are considered public property; he receives the smallest portions at table, has to take the least popular parts in the games, and is trained by blows into a regular Spartan. All the boys read Grecian and Roman history and Cooper's novels, and aim at imitating their heroes; they scorn to flinch under pain; and one cadet went so far as to burn a piece of sponge on his hand in emulation of some similar feat that he had read about. The "knapsacks" follow these examples of fortitude, until the yoke becomes easier each day; they have companions in woe, and the foundation of lifelong friendships is often the result.

As soon as the governor and the lieutenant had left the boys at study, and their parting steps were heard, boys began to get help in their exercises, the second senior occupied himself with cracking nuts secretly, while the senior himself fetched one of Cooper's novels from his cupboard to read. While he was thus absorbed, talking, laughing, and letter-writing went on, with occasional fighting, speedily repressed by a look from him. Some fell asleep with their heads on the table, and one snored, whereupon another tickled him with a goose feather, causing even the senior to forget his gravity. As the boy failed to awake, a wisp of paper was lighted and put under his nose, and finally a piece of india-rubber was stuck upon the little toe of each boot and set on fire, making him dance about like a dervish, suddenly awakened by pain from sweet dreams. Before he could get his boot off, the fire had burnt through and blistered his foot. The boy proved to be anything but a stoic; he limped and went into the hospital next day with the officer, when he told the doctor what had happened, in consequence of which we were reported and a storm broke over our heads at parade. The first and second seniors, and the perpetrator of the trick, were all severely punished, and when the victim returned among us, a week later, he was not only declared "chief of the mollycoddles," but received a severe thrashing

and was put in the "Spanish stocks." This consists in fastening the delinquent's hands together with a sledge strap or pocket-handkerchief, pushing them over his knees, and sticking a bat obliquely under the latter, thereby rendering him perfectly helpless. In this condition he received a few more hard blows, with a lecture on telling tales and the consequences; and was finally deposited in a large metal washing-bowl to cool, till the drum summoned the class.

The time passed slowly, with occasional alleviations in the shape of a good report, a parcel from home, or a well-executed piece of mischief, until the holidays, when we could appear before our friends in our fine uniforms. Then we returned to school, "knapsacks" no longer; the worst was over; boys of twelve were toughened into steel, their bodies hardened, their feelings of honour stirred, and an *esprit de corps* aroused ready for any self-sacrifice.

Lesson hours were very strict, and we were all ambitious to reach as high a place as we could on the first bench. Good or bad reports were made of us according to our diligence. The industrious were gradually promoted to be second and afterwards head of their room or brigade. These heads of rooms and brigades, eight in number, had the distinction of subalterns. There were five different censure classes which began

with the third and ended, according to the offender's conduct, in the first or fifth. Any one placed in the latter was generally dismissed from the corps as a sickly sheep. Most of us found it easy to learn, but to some it was a trouble, and the additional lessons which they received in Latin or French were an equal torment to their teacher and themselves. From the sexta we rose up to the tertia, by which time our stay in the preparatory corps was completed.

The woes and consolations of the cadet have been embodied in verse by some precocious spirit, who probably owed his inspiration to an afternoon spent in the "Black Angel," to which he refers. The woes enumerated are the early rising and late going to rest, the hard bolster and cold bed-room, the rude fare, poor cabbage, small rolls, hollow loaves, weak soup, tainted meat, and weeds flourishing at the bottom of the water-bottles. The pickled beans are said to be sweet, whereas the plums are sour, and the only consolations are that none are tempted to make themselves ill by over-eating, while the steward thrives and the cadets grow slim. As soon as they are awake, and have slipped into their clothes, the tortures of study at the black table begin, to be succeeded by prayers, which are every night as well as morning. If the cadet does not manage to learn his lessons, he is marked down in the class-book, and called to the front. The head of his company shouts out "Half rations at dinner!" and he receives corporal punishment in addition. When the following Sunday arrives, and he wishes for leave of absence, he finds his name crossed out of the book, and on appealing to the captain is turned out of the room. The unlucky thought of obtaining pity from the major occurs to him; but for this he is sentenced to two days in the "Black Angel," the room of arrest, where he sits shivering and hungry. The time seems very long, but if the worst comes to the worst, it is always possible to sham illness, spite of teacher and doctor.

Our sufferings from the cold in winter were very great; woollen stockings and underclothing were unknown luxuries, and our uniform furnished but a slight protection against the cold wind which blew round the elevated castle. Caps were only worn on state occasions; we generally went about bareheaded, and a pair of regulation woollen gloves were put on only in the depth of winter; we were obliged to try to warm ourselves by running and gymnastics. The thermometer rarely rose to 14° in the living rooms, and we had scanty food. In spite of this, our greatest fun was in winter, when we all helped to build a great snow fortress in the courtyard, which was stormed and defended by two parties. In this, and the snowballing matches between the companies, there were frequently bleeding faces, for the courtyard was covered with coarse gravel, which got mixed with the snow. But such spirit and obstinacy were displayed in these fights, that the masters had often hard

work in separating the combatants. They fought for the honour of their company, as in later life they faced the deadliest fire in the battle-field.

The sledging was less bloody, but all the merrier. There was a steep descent in the castle yard, close to the entrance, and the wide straight hilly road, which led down to the Post Office, presented a splendid course for sledging! We squatted two and two on the small, low, iron-shod sledges, clasping the board firmly with our hands, and then rushed down the hill with the swiftness of lightning. The one at the end guided the little conveyance with his extended heels, making the sledge diverge to one side by touching the ground on the other. Great skill was requisite in the management, and many came to grief against the iron railings or the large stones by the road side.

Our only escape from the monotony of cadet life, the constant noise of the tattoo, and the severe cold in which we had to stand sentry, was to get ordered into the hospital, where quiet and warmth were to be found. The cadets sometimes bought tapers for the purpose of dropping a little burning wax on their bare feet so as to raise a blister, and they would then set to work to bring off wax and skin together with a clothes-brush. A cadet in this state would show his foot to the doctor, complaining of his boot having blistered it, and would be ordered to hospital, to lie in bed for the wound to heal. The only drawback to his enjoyment would be the half rations ordered by the doctor. By dint of scratching the wound with his toe during the night, he would make it bleed again, and so manage to prolong his stay for a fortnight.

When 120 fresh healthy boys between the happy ages of 11 and 15 are packed close together in a small space, there is an abundance of combustible material, and their superabundant spirits are vented in mischief, practised sometimes on each other, and sometimes on outsiders. The chief occupation of the cadets in their play hours is gymnastics, these are their resource in hunger, cold, or vexation. Another amusement is games at ball of various kinds, Laufball, Rummelball, Carréball, &c., in which the masters and officers now and then take part. Occasionally, by way of diversion, some "mollycoddle" is tossed by the boys, who, placing themselves opposite to one another in two long rows, cross their hands, and toss the selected victim high in the air, amid the general jubilation.

If a "knapsack" is found inquisitive, he is made to look at the stars, which he is told may be counted in broad daylight through any kind of tube, the sleeve of his coat, for instance. When he seems incredulous, he is placed on a chair near the window, made to pull off his coat, which is hung over his head, one of the sleeves being drawn out so that he can see through it. Then he is told to look patiently, but presently a jug full of water is poured down, and wets him through, while he is laughed at for his credulity.

If any one sleeps in lesson time, his chair is dragged from under him, and his face and fingers are smeared with ink, or a match is held to his nose. Any one who is miserly and stores up eatables, a very rare occurrence, will find his whole cupboard cleared out some fine day, or be treated even worse. One of the cadets in our room, distributed very little of the good things he received from home on his birthday, but kept them in his cupboard to eat on the sly. Plans were concerted, each cadet brought up a handful of salt from the dining-room, and during the afternoon one of them pretended that his nose bled, stole up to his room, and stirred all the salt into the large pot of honey. The owner soon discovered the trick, but being afraid of worse befalling the honey, ate it all up at once, and had to be sent to the hospital in consequence. His absence was employed in eating up his cakes and chocolate, extracting the kernels from his nuts by carefully dividing the shells with a knife, and filling them up neatly with sand and ink before gumming them together again. On his return after four days' illness, he found some satirical verses in his cupboard and nothing left but the horrible nuts ; tears came to his eyes and he rushed down into the court, vowing to tell of us all, and many threats had to be used before we could dissuade him.

Any one who proved unbearable, was shut up in an empty cupboard to quiet him ; if he told tales he received hard blows and was put into the stocks ; if he repeated the offence every one avoided him like the plague, and made his life as miserable as possible. This was so well managed that the governors hardly ever knew about it, and it was rarely that anything oozed out.

Every one in the cadet corps has a nickname which is more or less appropriate. Among us there was the Sloth, who was always the last to rush into the lavatory, while half asleep, with all his things hanging untidily about him. He would just dip the tip of his nose into the bowl and seize the towel if the eldest in the room did not keep a sharp eye on him, and, much to his disgust, force him to strip and wash, when he would be assisted by many a splash of water from his companions. During the lesson hour the Sloth would snore or nod over an atlas, but as soon as the clatter of breakfast basins was heard, he would wake up, for he was idle, stupid, and greedy, and no sooner had he finished his own porridge than he would try to secure scrapings from the other basins.

On the early roll being called, he was nearly certain to have lost a button, to have dirty ears or fingers, or marks on his coat, but punishment failed to cure him. He slept during prayers and in class. Of course he sat on the last bench, and never woke up till a question was put to him, or answered unless he was prompted. When parade time came, he would be reprimanded for

untidiness and threatened with being removed to the 4th censure class on the next offence, but nothing had any effect on him, until he was ordered to fast the whole of that day. He would have to stand at the end of the dinner-table, watching the others eat, and begging for bits of their bread on the sly, till the meat and potatoes came, when, unable any longer to restrain his grief, he would groan and sob, till he was removed by order of the officer of the day.

He was the greatest trouble to the sergeant-lieutenant, always requiring new clothes, as he grew out of his own about every six weeks. These clothes had to be expressly made for him, as none of those on hand would fit him, while the discarded ones were soiled all over with dirt and grease. At Christmas he received a very bad report, was placed in the 4th censure class, and had his furlough stopped. This was a hard blow, for he had been dreaming of eating and sleeping to his heart's content throughout the holidays. One morning, however, he vanished, and could nowhere be found, but four or five days afterwards, word was received from his father of his having reached home, half frozen, and nearly starved to death. The attempt to humanise this animal seems to have been abandoned, for he never returned to the corps.

The isolated holidays and festivals standing out like refreshing isles in the vast ocean of cadet life may be headed by Christmas day, which brought its Christmas trees, gingerbread, bonbons, and great bowls of rice and currants, in which we might revel. But these pleasures were alloyed by the thought of all we were missing at home. Then came the King's birthday, the second great annual holiday, when the whole corps mustered for grand parade in the court-yard, dressed in their new uniforms, and the governor made a splendid speech.

So months and years passed in work and play till I became sub-officer and eldest in the brigade, and reached the 4th form and 1st censure class. Then came the summer's day when, dismissed by the sergeant-lieutenant with tears and parting words of advice, I bade the school farewell, and started on my journey to the capital, to join the corps at No. 13, Neue Friedrichs-strasse.

The War Schools at which the advantageurs and cadets, not belonging to the Selecta, gain their military instruction, are seven in number, and are situate at Potsdam, Erfurt, Neisse, Engel, Cassel, Hanover, and Anklam. Before entering one of them a

young man must have received a good education, and served six months in the ranks. The course of instruction lasts ten months, and comprises tactics of all arms, manœuvres, the defence of places, the transport of troops, the science of arms and their manufacture, also the theory of projectiles, fortification, topography and military drawing in all their branches, instruction in military regulations and the duties of the service, including the whole system of military correspondence and accounts, with drill, riding, fencing, and gymnastics.

No civilians are employed in these schools, at which the daily routine does not materially differ from that of the cadet schools, the lectures leaving about three hours' spare time every day. Discipline is mainly secured by the inspectors who live amongst the pupils. The rules and regulations are very strict, and the conduct report may affect future promotion to a considerable degree. Conduct unbecoming an officer is rigidly punished, and the greatest neatness of dress is enforced. Plain clothes are not allowed to be worn under any circumstances. As the pupils are mostly nineteen or twenty years of age, much of the maintenance of discipline rests with themselves. Duelling as a preventative to bullying is permitted within certain limits. The senior pupils, under the presidency of an officer, form a Board of Honour, by which all quarrels are investigated. The board decides which of the disputants is in the wrong, and whether a duel should take place. These duels are fought with swords, and it rarely happens that much damage is done; after they are over the disputant pronounced by the board to be in the wrong is punished by the director of the school. Under these circumstances a man knowing himself to be in the wrong, and certain that in whatever way the contest ends he will certainly be punished, often tries his very hardest to wound his adversary when standing up face to face with him.

The United Artillery and Engineer School, situate at No. 74 Unter den Linden, was founded in 1816. None of the students live at the school, but there is a mess establishment at which about 140 of them dine together, the remainder messing at an adjoining restaurant. On the ground floor are the offices, the officers' mess-room, a chemical laboratory, very well furnished, and a number of electrical and scientific instruments used in illustrating the lectures on physical science, said to be the best in Berlin, after those of the University. On the first floor are the lecture rooms, larger than those of the Cadetten-haus, though not generally intended for classes of more than thirty students, together with two large halls especially devoted to drawing, and which have their walls covered with topographical designs, plans of fortifications, &c. On the second floor is the students' mess-room, with billiard and card rooms, and also the library, the latter well supplied with German and foreign military and

scientific works. Above the library are the model rooms and museum, containing models of artillery carriages and fortifications, together with a large collection of surveying instruments.

Young men intending to join the artillery and engineers receive no special education before entering the army. They join their regiments as cadets or advantageurs, and after serving a year, instead of the six months necessary in a line regiment, proceed through the ordinary ten months' course at a war-school. The reason why officers of all arms are called upon to go through the same course, is partly to establish a more complete sympathy between the different branches of the service, and partly because it was thought unwise that young men of the artillery and engineers, who had only been in service a few months, should by proceeding direct to their special school be left comparatively free from control in Berlin. After leaving the military school and passing the officer's examination, they receive a kind of provisional commission. They are officers in the army, but in their own corps are merely supernumeraries, and before actually becoming officers of artillery or engineers must serve with their regiments two years in the former branch and one in the latter, and then attend their special school for one or two years respectively. The reason the artillery students spend two years with their regiments is to give them a more thorough acquaintance with their practical duties.

The course of instruction is both theoretical and practical. The former comprises for both divisions the usual branches of scientific military education, with certain special branches, such as veterinary science for the artillery, and hydraulic construction for the engineers. The practical course embraces visits to the military establishments at Berlin and Spandau, laboratory operations, attendance at the exercise of the engineers of the guard in sapping, mining, &c., tracing fieldworks, surveying, and artillery practice. The professional examinations take place in July, and those who pass join their regiments as second lieutenants. In the event of a first failure a second trial is allowed, but a candidate who has twice failed is not eligible for appointment as officer in a scientific corps and is transferred to the line. The artillery and engineers are the only branches of the Prussian service in which there are examinations for promotion. In both corps first lieutenants must pass a further examination before promotion to the rank of captain. These numerous examinations render these services somewhat unpopular, and are considered a grievance by the officers themselves, though they are in some degree made up for by better pay, subalterns receiving about sixty thaler, and captains and majors about 100 thaler per annum more than the holders of corresponding ranks in the infantry.

The War Academy situated in the Burg-strasse, in the rear of

the Schloss, was founded by General Scharnhorst in 1810, on the site of the Académie des Nobles, afterwards the Académie Militaire of Friedrich the Great. There is nothing remarkable about this building, the accommodation of which is on a limited scale, but it contains a good library, a large collection of maps and plans, a museum of models of artillery and fortifications, a chemical laboratory and a cabinet of physical science well provided with apparatus. The War Academy, which was formerly known as the War School till the institution of local war schools led to its change of title, is not a staff school, for though the ordinary means of obtaining a staff appointment is by passing through it, such a course of instruction does not give a claim to staff employment, nor is the education given exclusively intended for staff officers. The general object of the institution is to raise the scientific spirit of the army, while its special object is to give such an education to the most talented officers of all arms after they have proved themselves to be possessed of the practical qualifications of good regimental officers, as will fit them for responsible positions of high rank and duties requiring attainments of a higher degree than ordinary.

The course of the Academy extends over three years, and admission is obtained by a competitive examination open to officers of all branches of the service who have served as officers for three years. The candidate must, however, produce certificates from his commanding officer, setting forth that he is well acquainted with regimental duty and has on all occasions shown himself a thoroughly practical officer, that he has the disposition and abilities to profit by a high scientific education, health likely to ensure his remaining in the service, strength of character and firmness, and that he is not in pecuniary difficulties. The examinations of the candidates take place at the head-quarters of the army corps to which their regiment belongs, the papers, which are the same for all, being sent from Berlin. The subjects are partly of a general, and partly of a professional, character, and the questions are such as require not merely an effort of memory to answer them, but allow the candidate to display his mental capacity and power of thought. The papers are sent in to the Board of Studies, and in cases of near equality the preference is given to candidates who have distinguished themselves in the field, who, from personal qualifications, are likely to prove useful members of the Academy, or who, from advanced age or higher rank, would make the postponement of their admission a disadvantage. The number received depends upon the vacancies.

The students are divided into three classes, one for each year, and the course of instruction followed is of a very wide character, embracing many subjects of a literary and scientific nature that have no connection whatever with military matters. The purely military subjects are of course obligatory, but a wide

latitude of choice is allowed in pursuing the others, so that every one is encouraged to cultivate any special talent he may possess, though all are obliged to attend a certain number of lectures. Care is taken that the lectures shall be thoroughly comprehensive in their character. Thus the professors are instructed that those on military history shall consist of something more than a dry chronological account of military events, with an enumeration of the changes which have taken place in tactics and strategy. It is necessary they should furnish a life-like description of the circumstances under which war was waged at different eras, and to present a finished picture of the characters of any great military leaders and of the troops which they commanded. In the same way it is required that the lectures on military geography shall embrace statistics as to the population, commerce, and products of different countries, with the social and political circumstances of the inhabitants, their education, industrial occupations, military and civil institutions—in fine, "everything that is of importance for military operations, as these may be affected by the general defensive powers of a country." At the War Academy, as at the other military schools, the testimony is, that the men who have passed through the public schools, show a marked superiority over those who belonged to the cadet corps. The students on leaving receive certificates of proficiency, which do not however entitle them to any appointment, though they set forth the branch of the service for which the holders are best qualified.

Amongst other educational establishments connected with the army and situate in Berlin, are the School of Gunnery, the Central Gymnastic School for training instructors in gymnastics, and the School of Pyrotechny for the instruction of non-commissioned officers of artillery in laboratory duties, together with the two Army Medical Schools, the Friedrich-Wilhelm Institute and the Military Medical Academy, and the Military Veterinary School.[1] One other military institution, the renown of which is European, remains to be described, namely the establishment of the "Grosser Generalstab," or Great General Staff.

Outside the Victory-crowned Brandenburg Gate, within a hundred yards of Unter den Linden, and on the north side of the Thiergarten, stands the imposing block of buildings composing the offices of the General Staff of the German army. In advance of them on one side is Kroll's establishment, and on the other the Raczinsky palace and picture gallery, while in

[1] In March 1875 the number of the inmates, both professors and teachers, of the War Academy was 480; of the United Artillery and Engineer School, 548; of the Cadetten-haus, 789; of the School of Gunners, 302; of the School of Pyrotechny, 258; of the Gymnastic School, 237; of the Military Veterinary School, 184; and of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Institute, 213. The Ministry of War had 147 inmates, and the General Staff, 139.

the centre of the Königs-platz, in front, rises the stumpy fluted Victory column, which the Berlinese have irreverently nicknamed "the bundle of asparagus."

The building in which the General Staff is installed has a principal and two side façades, enclosing a large court, with ample room in the rear for the extension of the edifice, which, though only occupied since 1871, is already found too small for its intended purpose. Like the majority of modern public buildings in Berlin, it is built of brick, with stone dressings; it is also ornamented in the prevailing style of Berlin military architecture, with helmets, eagles, laurel wreaths, and palm and oak branches, and with mythological groups of bellicose aspect. The establishment of the General Staff includes such officers as are not employed with the different military commands, and is presided over by Count von Moltke. It is perfectly distinct from the War Office, or that department which answers to our own Horse Guards. Count von Moltke has nothing whatever to do with promotions or appointments in the army, or with any patronage or routine work. He is Chief of the General Staff, and, as such, the Emperor's principal adviser in time of war; but he in no way controls the army. Indeed, it would be wholly impossible for him to work out the great questions and problems submitted to him if he did. At the offices of the General Staff information of every kind is received, digested, and applied to the steady improvement of the military system; here plans are prepared for offensive and defensive campaigns against every nation in Europe; here the brightest wits and hardest workers of the army come together and work out the grand principles of war, and here also they are being trained to become first-rate Generals, capable of handling, not tens of thousands only, but hundreds of thousands of men. "In this vast factory," says M. Victor Tissot, "war is prepared just like some chemical product; within these walls all the various directing strings that regulate the German army are made to meet in order to be under the control of one master-hand, so that the troops in fact scarcely march a step, explode a cartridge, or fire a cannon shot without orders from here, while not so much as a military gaiter button can be sewn on anywhere in Europe without a note being taken of it."

Attached to the General Staff is the Accessory Staff, composed of officers employed in the strictly scientific work allotted to this department, their appointments being of a permanent nature; these officers, as a rule, do not participate in the advantage of rapid promotion enjoyed by the officers belonging to the active staff.[1]

Three sections of the General Staff are charged with studying the strength, organization, recruiting, equipment, drill, and

[1] *Account of the Prussian Staff*, by Colonel Walker, C.B.

distribution of foreign armies, and with keeping a minute account of their effective force and their armaments, of the time necessary for their mobilization and their concentration on the different points of the frontier, together with their systems of reinforcement and reserve. Their artillery strength is carefully recorded, and scarcely a cartridge or a shell enters their arsenals without being noted. The first section occupies itself with the armies of the East—namely, those of Austria, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Turkey, Greece, and Asia; the second with the armies of middle Europe, including those of Prussia and Germany—with particulars of their fortresses, magazines, forts, and inland communication—and likewise those of Italy and Switzerland. The third section charges itself with the armies of the West, comprising those of France, Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and the United States. The colonies are in all instances noted under the section to which the mother country belongs.

There is a sub-section, under the direction of Colonel von Branderstein, charged with collecting information respecting foreign railways, both from a strategical point of view and in reference to the transport of troops and matériel. In the case of an anticipated war, this section would have to draw up beforehand a tableau of the halting-places in the particular foreign country, regulated by the resources and wealth of the different towns and districts. Certain officers are attached permanently to this sub-section, who have not only to make themselves theoretically masters of their subject, but by travelling on the various foreign lines of railway have to acquire practical acquaintance with their transport capabilities in all their details. With a view moreover of diffusing this class of knowledge as widely as possible, all the officers of the staff are required to attend a six weeks' course of study with this sub-section.

The trigonometrical and topographical sections employ a legion of geographical engineers, draughtsmen, engravers, &c., and the surveys of special localities made by the former are afterwards verified by the troops between the 1st of May and the 1st of October in each year. To the latter section a photographic workroom and lithographic printing-office, under the direction of Major Regelz, have recently been annexed. The geographical-statistical section collects and utilizes information, and for this purpose is in constant communication with the remaining sections. It also charges itself with the scientific duties connected with the map collection of the General Staff, one room devoted to which contains maps on a large scale, relating to all the countries in the world, arranged in the most perfect order.

Not the least important section of the General Staff is that of military history, directed by Colonel Count von Wartensleben, under the control of Count von Moltke. It is this section which

is engaged in preparing the history of the war of 1870 and 1871. In the narrow and dark vestibule leading to its offices, the rare military library which the Germans carried off from Metz is installed. To the right an iron door conducts to a vaulted apartment, wherein are deposited the national war archives, dating from the epoch of the Elector Johann Sigismund. Orders, reports, instructions, everything has been preserved in no fewer than five-and-twenty thousand heavy folios, all classed and divided into the different epochs, the principal being the Seven Years' War, the War of Deliverance (1813-15), and the war of 1870-71. The Danish War and the campaigns against Austria and the French Republic of 1793 likewise furnish a vast number of documents.

The rooms where the official history of the late war was being prepared were encumbered with maps, plans, despatches, bulletins, reports, notes, extracts, and French, English, German, Russian, and American books and newspapers. "These are by no means the whole of the materials which you see here," remarked the officer who accompanied us. "Altogether, there is little short of a million documents of one kind or another;" and he opened the doors of various rooms filled with piles of orders, despatches, and other papers, reaching to the ceiling.

The staff of this section, it appears, not only occupies itself with subjects of intermediate and recent interest, but with the collection and arrangement of papers referring to wars of former times; and it is said there is scarcely a European battle of any importance of which a plan is not to be found in this repository. The library attached to it is, moreover, rich in works on military history, tactics, geography, and military science generally, in all the languages of Europe.

In addition to the duties already enumerated, the General Staff occupies itself with the preparation of printed reports on foreign armies for distribution to staff officers not employed upon the establishment. It also undertakes the training of officers for Staff purposes, to which end young officers who have passed the prescribed three years at the Military Academy are attached for a year to the different sections. Here they are employed in drawing up reports on strategical and tactical questions, critical reports on the military events of past eras, descriptions of the ground embraced in military operations, and of the military organization of foreign countries. Whenever the foregoing essays appear to be of special value, they are brought beneath the notice of the Chief of the Staff.

The officers of the General Staff go on military tours of instruction, some of these being personally conducted by Count von Moltke, when the theatre of operations and certain conditions by which the latter are likely to be influenced are indicated, a suppositious strength is given to two contending armies whose

depots and means of reinforcement are clearly laid down, while the influence likely to be exerted by the movements of other armies or bodies of troops on their flanks are duly taken into calculation. According to these data, the senior officers present form their plans of manœuvre, employing their juniors in the preparation of all the subordinate arrangements, the movement of the troops, the selection of positions for attack or defence, the arrangements for supply, and for retaining a communication with the base. All these measures are carried out on the spot, and daily reports are made to the superintending officer, accompanied when necessary with such rough sketches as are usually indicated during the progress of a campaign. Officers of the General Staff are moreover detached to attend the annual corps manœuvres, as well as those taking place in foreign countries, and are also appointed to follow the active campaigns of friendly nations and allies.[1]

The great value of the institution of the General Staff is due to the composition of its official corps, and to the thorough examination to which Count von Moltke subjects even the man whom he considers worthy of a prominent position in this body of picked men. The officer who thinks himself fitted to enter the General Staff must be not only blameless in his military capacity, but possessed of a large store of positive knowledge. Moreover, he has to learn by degrees every branch of the science of war in these various offices, and to show distinct activity in all of them before he will be promoted a single step. And between times he is ordered on active service to give proof of his capacity in commanding a battalion or a regiment. There is no patronage or nepotism here; only the best man is advanced. Throughout the army the most capable men are sent to this High School of the Science of War, while the least valuable are weeded out again and transferred to ordinary military service.

By means like these Prussia has succeeded in gaining the best instructed body of officers in Europe, and the *élite* of the army in her General Staff. There is no military qualification which each of its members does not possess in a high degree. He must be one of the best riders and most energetic officers in the service; a thorough historian, topographer and mathematician, artilleryman and pioneer, tactician and strategist; a general able and ready to undertake the command of a division of the army, and, if not as generalissimo, yet independently and successfully to carry out his superior's plan and his own part in it.

[1] *Account of the Prussian Staff*, by General Walker, C.B.

APPENDIX.

WILHELM I. KÖNIG AND KAISER.

(*Resumed from page* 261.)

ON the 22nd March, 1877, the celebration of the Emperor's eightieth birthday was marked by an absolute flood of congratulatory addresses and gifts; conspicuous amongst the latter being a gigantic oil-painting by Werner, representing the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles, which was personally presented on behalf of the minor sovereigns by the King of Saxony, and several of the German Grand Dukes. Of course a due return was made in the shape of titles and crosses. Bismarck, already loaded with all the civil and military dignities in the country, was created, for want of something else, Head-ranger of Pomerania, and Dr. Lauer, physician in ordinary, was made a privy councillor, according to an old promise, the Kaiser having often jestingly complained of Lauer curtailing some of the delicacies of the Imperial table, in order to make his patient an octogenarian, and himself in consequence an Excellency.

Thanks to the constitution given him by nature and thus cared for by Lauer, the Emperor was able, the following year, to support a shock to the system which would very likely have proved fatal to a weaker man. On the 11th of May, as he and his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, were returning from a drive in an open calèche along the Linden, a pistol-shot was discharged at him from the side pavement nearly opposite the Russian Embassy, by a socialist tin-smith named Hödel. The Grand Duchess swooned away, but the old veteran had smelt powder too often to feel much alarm, and at once ordered his coachman to pull up and his chasseur to get down and secure the would-be assassin. Perceiving that he had missed his aim the latter ran to the opposite side of the road, crouched down and fired a second time at the Emperor, who, to show the passers-by that he was unhurt, stood up in the carriage. The second bullet missed its mark, like the first, and Hödel took to flight after discharging a couple more shots at the people near at hand, but was pursued and captured opposite the end of Schadow-strasse by several gentlemen, one of whom, Herr Köhler, died two days afterwards through an internal injury received during the struggle.

The antecedents and the fate of Hödel will be found narrated in the chapter on German Socialism.

On his arrival at the palace, where there soon poured in a flood of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world, the Emperor received the princes, princesses, ambassadors, ministers, generals, and high functionaries then in Berlin. After a family dinner he visited, in company with the Grand Duchess of Baden, both the Opera and the Schauspiel-haus, where an enthusiastic reception awaited him, the audience in either instance rising to their feet, and, after a burst of applause, singing the national hymn. As the Kaiser drove to and from the theatres he was greeted with jubilant cheering by the excited multitude assembled in the Linden, whilst in many of the principal streets flags were displayed and houses illuminated in gratification at his providential escape.

A yet more serious and deadly trial was, however, in store for the aged monarch. With undismayed confidence in the affection of the Berlinese, he continued to drive out without taking any extra precautions which Hödel's attempt might have suggested. This sense of security was taken advantage of by another socialist of higher standing, a doctor of philosophy named Nobiling. After a lengthy preliminary study of the most suitable method of accomplishing his purpose, he installed himself in a room of the house, No. 18, overlooking the Linden, and bided his time. On Sunday, the 2nd of June, he determined to carry out his plan, and having written and laid in a prominent position on his writing table a memorandum to the effect that he owed some money to his landlady and his washerwoman, whom he requested might be paid out of a sum of seven pounds odd stowed away in the table-drawer, he placed his double-barrelled gun and revolver near the window and watched for the passage of the Emperor. At about 2 p.m. the latter passed down the Linden in an open carriage as usual, and Nobiling fired at him. The gun had been loaded with heavy charges of small shot, as being more certain to hit a rapidly moving object at the range than a bullet. A correspondent writing at the time observed that—

"Nobiling must have covered the Emperor as the latter drove by the Kaiser-gallerie, and became visible to him, clear of the chasseur sitting on the box—and therefore between Nobiling and the Emperor—and have kept the muzzle of his piece laid dead on his Majesty's head until the carriage had arrived at a spot directly fronting the window at which he sate with levelled gun. Then he fired—just as the Kaiser was returning some respectful greeting from the *trottoir*—watched the effect of his shot, which he saw could not have been mortal, as the Emperor partly rose and lifted his hand to his face with some vivacity. The carriage stopped and was being turned by his Majesty's orders when Dr. Nobiling took aim a second time, somewhat lower than before, and fired again, directing his whole charge at the Emperor's left side, probably in the hope of attaining the very centre of vitality. Thirty seconds later his room door was burst in, and he had hardly time to shoot

down the foremost of his assailants when he was seized by three powerful, furious men, who, however, failed to disarm him before he had twice discharged his still smoking revolver into his own head. Pinioned, bleeding from mortal wounds, his brain oozing from his fractured skull, he did not for a moment lose his self-command or coolness, though execrations were being yelled at him from a score of mouths, and he knew himself to be the accursed of his countrymen. Questioned, he avowed his deed, justifying it by his convictions, and, whilst admitting that he had accomplices, steadfastly refused to denounce them."

Nobiling shortly afterwards became insensible, and expired rather more than three months later from his self-inflicted wounds, without having once recovered consciousness, so that no confession was extracted from him.

Instead of the Kaiser escaping scathless as on the occasion of Hödel's attempt, he was severely wounded in both arms and in the right leg, while his cheek was pitted with shot. He bled profusely from the face, to the consternation of the crowd, who at first fancied he was dead. He was at once conveyed to the palace and placed upon a camp bed, temporarily installed in the council chamber, so as to afford greater convenience for the surgical operations needed. Both arms having been injured and requiring to be kept in bandages, an Imperial decree was drawn up and issued, investing the Crown Prince with the duty of representing his father in the current business of government, and of signing all documents requiring the royal sign-manual. As soon as sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, the Emperor was moved to Babelsberg, and thence to Töplitz and Gastein. Subsequently he visited Cassel, Baden, and Wiesbaden.

On the 5th of December the Kaiser returned to Berlin, where he was greeted with an enthusiasm rivalling that displayed on his triumphal entry after the Franco-German war. The city had been gaily bedecked in honour of his return, the route taken from the Potsdam station to the palace being a continuous avenue of Venetian masts entwined with evergreens and connected with verdant garlands and adorned with flags and pennons in the national colours. In the Potsdamer-platz was a huge obelisk, having its pedestal guarded by enormous bronze eagles, and supporting on its base facing the station two colossal angels, bidding the Kaiser hail and welcome. Outside the Brandenburg Gate was a double half-circle of pyramidal constructions in evergreens thirty feet high, resembling gigantic Christmas-trees—the gate itself being bound with evergreens and garlands and decorated with the Hohenzollern and Brandenburg escutcheons.

At the entrance to the Linden there rose a magnificent triumphal arch one hundred feet high, and in the centre of the Pariserplatz was St. George overcoming the dragon, with allegorical figures of Germania and Borussia on each side. At the various breaks in the Linden were enormous triumphal arches similar

to that erected in the Pariser-platz, and at the extremity of this famous avenue, down which the Kaiser had last been borne faint and bleeding from the assassin's shot, was a colossal figure, symbolical of Prussia crushing under her foot the typical Social Democrat and stretching both arms as if to welcome the Emperor, her eyes being raised as though she were offering a nation's prayer for the sovereign's health and welfare.

At noon precisely, the Imperial train arrived at the Potsdam station, the Emperor having already officially resumed the reins of government at Gross Kreuz, where the Crown Prince had met him. On alighting, he entered the waiting-room which had been prepared for him and shook hands with Herr von Forckenbeck, the chief burgomaster of Berlin, and then addressing himself to the ministers, generals, and other dignitaries present, he said it was with mixed feelings that he returned to the capital. With the joy he experienced at the reception accorded to him and at the various signs of devotion to himself and his House, there was mingled a feeling of pain at the recollection of what he had had to endure, for his heart had bled more than his wounds. He would, however, willingly bear anything, and would be glad to think he had shed his blood, if he could feel the conviction that it would be for the good of the country and the welfare of those of his people who had been led astray.

The Emperor and Empress took their places in an open landau drawn by six coal-black stallions, and with twenty-two state carriages, in which were the members of the royal family and their suites, following them, they proceeded at a walking pace towards the palace. The route was lined by a crowd estimated at half a million people, in addition to those blocking the windows and covering the housetops, the line being kept by the police and by a large number of students from the various colleges and technical schools of the capital aided by some trades' guilds and associations. As the Emperor passed between their serried ranks, the mounted standard-bearers dressed in velvet and gold lowered their banners to the strains of the national hymn, and the students wheeling into line closed in the rear of the procession and marched in close column with swords drawn and flags flying.

"There were," remarks an eye-witness of the scene, "no symptoms of exuberant exultation, no manifestations of high spirit or excitement. To me it seemed an anxious and somewhat gravely preoccupied crowd. Only as the Emperor passed in safety along, did each section of the immense multitude break out into a passionate cry of welcome, which sounded quite as suggestive and significant of mental relief as of glad jubilation. Peals of bells, salvoes of cannon, and storms of stentorian cheering hailed the sovereign's return with such convincing clamour, that the grave expression upon his countenance when he arrived speedily

vanished, and was soon replaced by the old kindly and benevolent smile familiar to every Berliner. He incessantly acknowledged the hearty greetings of the populace, and every now and then, as he recognized some old and familiar friend at a balcony or before a window, he waved his hand in gay salutation." On the Sunday following there were thanksgiving services at all the churches in Berlin, the Emperor, the Empress and the various members of the royal family being present at the cathedral.

The "Golden Wedding" of the Emperor and Empress was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence at Berlin on the 11th July, 1879. There was an open-air concert on the Dönhofsplatz in the morning, and at noon the Kaiser and his Imperial Consort left their palace on the Linden and proceeded through streets lined with dense masses of spectators to the Schloss. In the chapel, which was crowded with members of all the royal families allied to the Hohenzollerns, including those of England, Russia, Holland, Saxony, and Bavaria, the high military and civil functionaries of the Empire and of the Kingdom, the diplomatic body, the representatives of the legislature and the federal council, &c., the venerable pair were formally re-united to each other in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Dr. Kögel. They then adjourned to the Weiss-saal, where what is known as a "Defilircour" was held. The Emperor, who had been suffering from an injury to the leg due to a fall in his apartment a few days before, stood up in front of the throne to receive the congratulations proffered by the diplomatic body as they filed past him in succession, and then resumed his seat. Prince Bismarck at the head of the federal council, Count von Moltke with an attendant cohort of marshals and generals, and the deputations from the Reichstag, the Landtag, the different Prussian provinces, the chief towns, the universities, &c., then in turn expressed their good wishes, and after this lengthy ceremony had come to an end the Emperor and Empress were driven home by a circuitous route with the view of gratifying the large crowds which had assembled in the gaily-decorated streets. Bells were ringing and cannon booming throughout the day, the close of which was marked by a brilliant illumination of the city and a grand gala performance at the Opernhaus.

SCIONS OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

(*Continued from page 272.*)

PRINCES and princesses are not exempt from the ordinary contingencies of human existence. Since the early portion of this volume was written several twigs have been lopped off the Hohenzollern tree, but on the other hand, there are shoots which

have budded into orange-blossoms, and have either become, or promise to become, fruitful. Death has laid his hand upon Prince Heinrich Wilhelm Adalbert of Prussia, the Emperor's youngest brother and the High Admiral of the Prussian Navy, who died on the 6th of June, 1873, and whose obsequies were solemnized with much pomp and ceremony. His morganatic widow, Frau Theresa von Barnim, better known as Theresa Elsler, expired on the 19th November, 1878, at Meran. Further, the 18th of January, 1877, witnessed the decease of Princess Carl of Prussia, the grand-daughter of Goethe's patron, the Grand Duke Carl August of Saxe-Weimar, and the mother of the Red Prince Friedrich Carl.

The Prussian court newsman, if such functionary there be, has had, however, happily more to do in chronicling wedding festivities than funeral solemnities. Again grave statesmen "have painfully gyrated through the intricacies of the torch dance; arch-chamberlains, glittering like Brazilian beetles, have meandered past royal brides and bridegrooms, waving aloft huge guttering flambeaux, and blandly smiling as they distributed splashes of molten wax upon the gorgeous habiliments of their fellow performers. Bridal garters, or rather the gold-and-silver embroidered ribands symbolical of those concealed ligatures, have been distributed to the wedding-guests of royalty by hundreds and hundreds of yards; and Court photographers have found their incomes considerably increased by an extraordinary demand on the part of the public for counterfeit presentments of Royal and Serene betrothed and wedded couples."

On the 18th of February, 1878, a twofold marriage was celebrated in the Schloss chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Kögel, the court chaplain. Princess Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince, was united to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest son of the reigning Duke, George II., and captain in the Prussian foot guards, and her cousin, Princess Elisabeth, second daughter of Prince Friedrich Carl, to the Grand Duke George of Oldenburg, in presence of the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught. There was a supper in the Ritter-saal, and a "Cour," as it is termed, in the Weiss-saal, at which the orthodox *Fackeltanz*, or torch-light procession of ministers already described, was duly executed. The Reichs-Kanzler showed his superiority to all sublunary things, even to the iron fetters of Prussian court etiquette, by neglecting to join in this part of the ceremony, but his colleagues had to make no less than two-and-twenty circuits of the extensive hall before they were suffered to enjoy their much-needed repose.

On August 24, 1878, similar festivities took place at the somewhat hurriedly arranged union of the Princess Marie, eldest daughter of Prince Friedrich Carl, with Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother and heir presumptive of the King of Holland,

a union unhappily terminated by the death of the bridegroom within six months of its celebration. The Red Prince had an opportunity of judging whether our English method of conducting such ceremonies was preferable when he was present at the wedding of his third daughter, Princess Luisa Margaretha, to the Duke of Connaught in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 13th March, 1879. On this occasion, despite the known partiality of the Court for everything German, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. W. H. Smith were not called upon to execute any torch-dances for the edification of the guests. A gloom was subsequently cast over the rejoicings following upon this union by the untimely death of Prince Waldemar, third son of the Crown Prince, who expired suddenly from heart disease at Berlin a fortnight afterwards.

REICHS-KANZLER VON BISMARCK.

(*Continued from page* 301.)

ON various occasions during the last year or two, Prince Bismarck has indulged in his favourite cry of "Wolf," or "Resignation," for it really amounts to the same thing. In April, 1877, he tendered his resignation, on the plea that von Stosch, the naval minister, had granted to the Reichstag a reduction in the estimates refused to himself. Of course he was prevailed upon to continue in office, and received the usual sop of leave of absence on account of ill-health. Of this he profited to make his customary retreat to Varzin, and in the ensuing November had his study at this Pomeranian hermitage connected with the Foreign Office at Berlin by means of a telephone. His real grievance seemed to lie in the particularism of the Prussian Government, as distinct from the German Chancellerie, cabinets in Prussia not being responsible, but only individual ministers, and these owing their responsibility, not to the premier, but to the sovereign alone. What the Chancellor really wanted was Imperial instead of Prussian ministers, and these responsible to himself. Accordingly a bill was introduced in the Reichstag with this object, and also empowering the Chancellor to authorise other functionaries to act in his place in case of need. It having passed by a large majority, Camphausen, the Prussian Finance Minister, hitherto dependent as such upon his sovereign alone, and imbued with the traditional spirit of the Prussian bureaucracy, resigned, and was succeeded by Herr Hobrecht.

A notable change has taken place of late in Prince Bismarck's personal appearance, through his allowing his beard to grow, perhaps to conceal in some degree the traces of the illnesses from which he suffers. His shadow, however, does not seem to have

grown less, for in August, 1878, he was found to weigh 243 lbs., which is in excess of the weight of "the unfortunate nobleman" in retirement at Dartmoor. The Chancellor's old epigrammatic smartness occasionally cropped up during the Russo-Turkish War, though his remarks were frequently more pointed than accurate. One of his happiest *mots* was in relation to the anticipated outbreak of war between England and Russia, which he suggested would be a battle between a whale and an elephant. In his long expected speech on the Russian demands on Turkey in February, 1878, he observed that if it were a serious question about men-of-war being allowed to pass the Dardanelles in time of war, it was in his opinion a much more important matter that merchantmen should pass in time of peace. And alluding to the state of feeling between Austria and Russia, he said that Germany wished to mediate between them, but did not want to put forward a programme of her own. Her ambition was confined to the modest task of a broker who settled a bargain between two parties.

One of the most important public positions in which the Reichs-Kanzler has ever posed was as president of the Congress for the settlement of the Eastern Question, which assembled at Berlin in June, 1878. The Congress met at the Radzivill Palace, recently purchased by the German Government and assigned to the Prince as his official residence. It is an old-fashioned structure in the later style of the 18th century, and occupies three sides of a quadrangle, having a paved court with a garden in front. The large windows of the central section betoken halls of noble proportions; the low wings indicate indifference to the economical use of space, whilst the obsolete architecture of the edifice and the time-worn discoloured tiles of its roof combine with the new pointing of the walls to exhibit antiquity in a careful state of repair. A wide hall and spacious staircase lead to the central circular saloon with its ceiling decorated with the escutcheons of the various German States, in which the plenipotentiaries of the various powers took their seats in alphabetical order round a semicircular table. Close to the saloon is the Prince's study, and a reception room furnished in oriental taste, which, with several adjoining apartments, served as *bureaux* for the Congress. With the actual work of the latter we have nothing to do; still allusion may be made to a melodramatic incident that preceded its opening, and excited much attention in Berlin at the time. On the occasion of a visit which Prince Gortchakoff paid to Prince Bismarck here, the Chancellor's inseparable companion, the huge Danish dog known as the Reichshund, or "Dog of the Empire," who had never been guilty of any such ill-mannered act before, suddenly "pinned" the Russian diplomatist in the most effective fashion, and was only dragged off him by the utmost exertion of his master's Herculean strength.

On November 6th, 1878, the Chancellor's only daughter, the Countess Maria von Bismarck, was married to Count Kuno von Rantzan, a scion of an ancient Schleswig-Holstein family. The ceremony was performed at Prince Bismarck's official residence in the great hall in which the Congress had held its sittings, an altar being erected there surrounded with orange and myrtle trees. The Crown Prince and Princess and a small number of intimate friends were alone present.

The Chancellor continues to give the tribunals plenty of work with respect to offences against himself and his dignity. In March, 1878, two authors and two publishers were sentenced *in contumacium*, at Mainz, to long terms of imprisonment for "high treason and insult against the Chancellor," in writing and issuing certain works. The authors were German subjects, but one of the publishers was a Swiss and the other a Frenchman, having an establishment in Switzerland, in which country both the offending books were published. Nevertheless the court included them in its judgment, as if the German Emperor and his Chancellor, like his Roman prototype, claimed supreme jurisdiction over the whole of Europe. The Chancellor himself insists on immunity from all judicial troubles. In September, 1878, Baron Loe, ex-Secretary of Legation, was accused before the Supreme Court of Justice of Berlin of libelling Prince Bismarck by maintaining that the latter's statement to the Emperor to the effect that the British Cabinet had refused to receive Count Arnim as ambassador on account of his lying propensities, was a slander disproved by both Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone. The Baron demanded that Prince Bismarck should be summoned as a witness, and the Court consented; but the Chancellor objecting no doubt to the cross-examination that was in prospect, protested that as a high imperial functionary he could not be so summoned, and the complaisant Court accepted the plea and condemned the unlucky Baron to a year's imprisonment.

An ingenious Frenchman has been regarding the multifarious prosecutions which are annually instituted for the protection of the Imperial Chancellor and his dignity from a novel and highly matter-of-fact point of view. He points out that in 1872 there were 5,960 people tried for offences against the Prince, of whom no less than 5,924 were found guilty. Their aggregate sentences amounted to 993 years' imprisonment, and he calculates that the maintenance of these offenders in prison will cost the country some 54,000*l.*, a large amount for the Chancellor to saddle the Budget with for the mere gratification of his personal feelings.

Considerable sensation was created not only in Berlin, but throughout Europe, in the autumn of 1878, by the publication of a book entitled, *Prince Bismarck and his People during the War of* 1870. The author was a certain Dr. Moritz Busch, a native of Dresden. Educated at Leipzig, he took part in the

revolutionary movement of 1848, fled to the United States, where he became pastor to a free-thinking German congregation, returned to Europe in 1856 and entered the service of the Austrian Lloyd till a general amnesty opened his native country again to him. Here he became in turn editor of the *Grenzbote* of Leipzig, and salaried literary defender of the hereditary rights of the Duke of Augustenburg to the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The ducal liberality being exhausted, Busch turned round on his quondam patron, abused him most heartily, and enrolled himself as a writer-up of the Prussian cause and a recipient of the Reptile, or Guelph Fund. Being a tolerable linguist, this particular "Reptile" was selected to accompany Bismarck on the French campaign, to post him up in any important utterances of the press, and keep the latter apprised of the progress of the war. Busch profited by his position to note down all the sayings and doings of the Chancellor with which he became acquainted, prying into his chief's most private affairs whenever he got the chance, and giving the public the result of all he saw and heard in the book in question. Having been thrust out from the Chancellor's staff, he commenced for the *Gartenlaube* a series of articles based on his experience; but these, though ridiculously personal, were harmless, and were discontinued at the instance of the editor, who reproved their author for "writing as a lackey." Seeing he was on the wrong tack, Busch, some time later, produced his book, which had the effect of a bombshell upon the upper ranks of Prussian society, being crammed with the most scathing criticisms alleged to have been uttered by Bismarck on every dignitary, living or dead, with whom he has come in contact. Napoleon the Third was pronounced to be—

"Stupid and sentimental—much more good-natured than is generally believed, and far less of the wiseacre than people have taken him for. Whatever may be thought of the *Coup d'État*, he is *really* good-natured, full of feeling, and even sentimental; as to intelligence and knowledge (*Wissen*), he has but little of either. He is particularly badly off with respect to geography, although he was brought up and went to school in Germany; he lived, moreover, in all manner of fantastic imaginations. His acquirements are of that sort that he would certainly not be able to pass our examination for the post of referendary. I knew this long ago, but nobody believed me. He has not the least idea how matters stand with us. When I was sent as Minister to Paris I had a long conversation with him in 1862. It was then his opinion that we should not last long—that there would be an *émeute* in Berlin and a revolution throughout the whole country, and that if a plebiscitum were held the King would find everybody against him. I told him then that our people were no barricade-builders, and that in Prussia nobody but Kings made revolutions; that if the King only chose to endure the strain then existing for three or four years he would win the game; that if his majesty did not get weary of the whole business, and did not give me up, I should not fall; and that if he even then appealed to the people, and allowed them to vote, nine-tenths of them would be in his favour. The Emperor, speaking of me at that time, said, 'Ce n'est pas un homme sérieux.' I did not remind him of this when we met in the weaver's cottage at Donchéry!"

Jules Favre's deportment at Ferrières and Versailles elicited from the Chancellor some cutting irony. The circumstance of his weeping during the negotiations having been broached, Bismarck remarked :—

"True; he certainly looked like it; but when I watched him more closely, I came to the conclusion that he had not squeezed out a single tear. He probably thought he could work upon me by a theatrical performance, as the Paris advocates do upon their audiences; and I am positively convinced that at Ferrières he had painted his face white—especially the second time that he came to see me there. That morning he was of a much greyer tint than before, in order to play the part of one overcome by grief and in deep suffering. Perhaps he may really have felt something, but he ought to have known that explosions of feeling are not appropriate to politics. When I mentioned something about Strasburg and Metz he made a grimace, as though I had been cutting a joke. I might have told him what the great furrier in Berlin once said to me when I went to his shop for a fur coat, and he asked me a long price for the one which best pleased me. 'You are surely joking,' I observed. 'No,' he replied, '*never in business.*' At Versailles Favre had got still greyer, and stouter to boot—the latter probably on horse-flesh. He often remarked to me that France was the land of freedom, whilst we were reigned over by despotism. I mentioned to him that we were in want of money, and that Paris would have to find some for us. He rejoined 'that we could issue a loan.' I replied that we could not do that without Parliament. 'Ah!' he cried, 'you can manage to get hold of 500 millions of francs without the Chambers!' I answered, 'No; not five francs!' He would not believe me; but I told him that I had lived for four years in a chronic state of war with the national representatives; but that the issue of a loan without the consent of the Diet had always been the barrier which it had never even occurred to me to step over. This appeared somewhat to shake his convictions; he remarked that 'en France on ne se gênerait pas!' and promptly returned to his theorem 'that France was in possession of enormous liberties.' It is really uncommonly funny to hear Frenchmen talk in this way. You can administer five-and-twenty lashes to any Frenchman, if you will only make him a fine speech about the freedom and human dignity expressed in those same lashes, making the appropriate gestures to your oration; he will forthwith persuade himself that he is *not* being flogged!"

A curious anecdote, especially if it be a true one, is related of the Duke de Morny by his former diplomatic colleague at St. Petersburg :—

"When Morny was appointed ambassador there, he arrived with a long procession of splendid carriages, and countless trunks crammed full of laces, silks, and ladies' toilettes, for which, as a foreign envoy, he had no duty to pay. Every single servant had his own carriage, every secretary and attaché at least two, and he himself five or six. Two days after his arrival he sold the whole lot by auction—carriages, lace, fashionable costumes and all. The profits by this transaction were enormous. He had no conscience whatsoever, but he was really a charming person."

Thiers was described by Bismarck as—

"A wide-awake, amiable man, witty and intelligent, but without a trace of a diplomatist—too sentimental for that business! His is a higher nature, doubtless, than Favre's. But he is not fit to be a negotiator; no, not to be a horse-chaunter. He allows himself to be 'bluffed' too easily; he betrays his feelings and he lets himself be pumped."

In connection with the "Liberator of the Territory" a Strasburg journal narrated the following episode:—Count Enzenberg, formerly representative of Hesse at Paris, was an indefatigable collector of autographs. One day he presented his album to Bismarck, asking him to write something. The leaf already contained two sentences. The first was by M. Guizot, who wrote:—"In my long life I have learned two rules of prudence: the first to pardon much; the second never to forget!" M. Thiers had written underneath, "A little forgetfulness would not lessen the sincerity of the pardon." Bismarck added, "For my part I have learned to forget much, and to ask that I may be forgiven much." A sentiment, which coming from such a source, may be summed up in modern slang, as "quite too idealistic."

The German Chancellor's own countrymen fare no better at his hand than foreigners. During one of the after-dinner *causeries* in the Rue de Provence at Versailles, somebody mentioned the Prince of Augustenburg, who followed the campaign on the "Zweiter Staffel," or staff of idlers, consisting almost exclusively of German princes, and which was respectfully but steadily snubbed by the fighting men of the army. His Highness gave considerable umbrage at head-quarters by wearing the Bavarian uniform, and maintaining somewhat of a "frondeur" attitude. On hearing his name, Bismarck observed:—

"He might have got off much better than he did. I did not originally want any more from him than the small Princes had given up in 1866. But he would not give up anything at all, thanks to Divine guidance and the wisdom of lawyers. I remember that during the conversation I had with him in 1864—it was at my house—I began by calling him 'Your Highness,' and was extremely civil. But when I spoke to him about the harbour of Kiel, which we required, and he said that would be at least a square (German) mile, and when he also would not listen to any of our demands respecting military matters, I put on quite another sort of face. I then addressed him by the title of 'Your Serenity,' and finished up by saying to him, quite coolly, in Low German, that, 'as we had hatched the chicken, we could also very well wring its neck!'"

German dignitaries are freely tarred with the Chancellor's brush. Of Heinrich von Gagern he says that "he is an utterly stupid fellow—a watering-pot full of phrases, with whom it is of no use to talk." Of the Minister Arnim-Boitzenburg he observes:—

"An amiable clever person, but not inclined to steady business or energetic action. He is like an india-rubber ball, which hops and hops and hops, but more weakly every time, and at last comes to a full stop. At first he would have an opinion; then weaken it by self-contradiction; then, again, an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing at all remained, and nothing was done in the business on hand."

The condemnation of General von Steinmetz's conduct and character is so bitter and crushing that it is doubtful if the collector of these remarks would have dared to publish it had that stormy old soldier been alive.

The following sketch of Alexander von Humboldt, the illustrious traveller, savant, and author, certainly does credit to Prince Bismarck's humoristic capacities :—

"At the late King's evening parties," observed he, "Humboldt undertook to amuse the company after his fashion. He used to read aloud, for hours at a stretch, from the biography of a scientist or architect, in which not a living soul but himself took the least interest. The Queen sewed away steadily at some embroidery, and certainly did not hear a word. The King looked at pictures and engravings, and made as much noise as he could in turning over the leaves, in order that *he* might hear nothing either. The young people chatted away to one another quite unrestrainedly, giggling, and rendering the reading utterly inaudible. But it went on all the same, like a brook, incessantly murmuring. Gerlach, who was generally present, sat upon his little round stool, over the edges of which his fat hung in flaps all round, and slept, snoring with such vehemence that the King upon one occasion awakened him, saying, 'Gerlach, don't snore so loud.' I was Humboldt's only listener, that is to say, I held my tongue as if I were attending to his reading, and occupied myself with my own thoughts until the time came for cold cakes and white wine. The old gentleman used to be horribly annoyed when he could not have all the talking to himself. Once there was somebody there who took up the conversation, quite naturally, for he could talk in an agreeable manner about things that interested every one present. Humboldt was beside himself. Growling, he filled his plate with a pile of goose-liver *pâté*, fat eels, lobster tails, and other indigestible substances—a real mountain! It was quite astounding what the old man could put away. When he could positively eat no more, he could no longer keep quiet, and so he made an attempt to get the conversation into his own hands. 'Upon the peak of Popocatepetl,' he began—but it was no use, the narrator would not be cut short, in his story. 'Upon the peak of Popocatepetl, seven thousand yards above . . .'—again he failed to get in, for the narrator calmly went on. 'Upon the peak of Popocatepetl, seven thousand yards above the level of the sea,' . . . he exclaimed in a loud, agitated voice—but all to no purpose; the other man talked away steadily as before, and the company listened to him only. Such a thing had never been heard of! Humboldt sat down in a fury, and plunged into profound meditations upon the ingratitude of humanity, even at Court. The Liberals made a great deal of him, and reckoned him amongst their members; but he was a man to whom the favour of Princes was absolutely indispensable, and who only felt comfortable when the sun of the Court shone upon him. But that did not prevent him from discussing the Court with Varnhagen, and from telling all sorts of evil stories about it. Varnhagen made up books from his materials. They are the expression of Berlin acidity during a period which produced nothing, and when *everybody* talked with the same malicious impotence!"

Here is the famous "cigar incident" of the defunct German Bund, narrated in Bismarck's own words :—

"I went to see Rechberg, who was at work and smoking. He begged me to excuse him for a moment. By and by I got rather tired of waiting, and as he did not offer me a cigar, I took one out of my case and asked him for a light, which he gave me with a somewhat astonished expression of countenance. But that is not all. At the meetings of the Military Committee, when Rochow represented Prussia, Austria was the only member who smoked. Rochow would have dearly liked to smoke too, but did not venture to do so. When I came in, I felt that I wanted to smoke, and as I did not see why I should not, I asked the Presiding Power for a light, which appeared to be regarded, both by it and the other Powers, with equal wonder and displeasure. Obviously

it was an 'event' for them all. Upon that occasion, only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the other gentlemen considered it such a momentous matter that they reported upon it to their respective Governments. The affair demanded the gravest consideration, and fully six months elapsed during which only the two Great Powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian Envoy, began to vindicate the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz, the Saxon, yearned to do so too, but he had not as yet received permission from his Minister. But as, at the next meeting, he saw that Bothmer, the Hanoverian, lit a cigar, he came to an understanding with Rechberg; drew a weed from its leathern scabbard and 'blew a cloud.' The only ones now remaining were the Würtemberger and the Darmstädter, neither of them smokers. But the honour and importance of their respective States imperatively exacted that they should smoke; and so, at the very next meeting, the Würtemberger brought out a cigar. I can see it now! a long, thin, light yellow thing!—and smoked at least half of it, as a burnt-offering for his Fatherland!"

A critic has remarked that in this anecdote "Bismarck hits off with a masterly touch the ridiculous jealousies that animated the petty German kinglets and princekins of twenty years ago. Who can refuse his sympathy to the worthy Suabian, heroically making himself sick *pro patria*, and penetrated by the conviction that he was deserving well of his country by braving all the horrors of nausea, lest proud Prussia or arrogant Austria should boast that Würtemberg had not dared to put itself upon a smoking equality with the great German Powers!"

If Dr. Busch be correct, the Prince's views of the homogeneity of the French people, which has always been their strong point, were very erroneous, since he makes him say—

"I believe that France, already broken up into parties, may shortly be decomposed into various States. They are Legitimists in Brittany, Red Republicans in the south, moderate Republicans farther north, and Imperialists in the army. It is just possible that each division will work out its principles,—when the country would be broken up."

In other passages the Prince descants at length and quite seriously upon his idea of resuscitating Burgundy as an intermediate State between Germany and France. During the war he complained bitterly that the French were too well treated, and the francs-tireurs too leniently dealt with. The three *mots d'ordre* constantly in his mouth were "shoot, hang, and burn," and he praised the Bavarian soldiers because they showed less consideration towards their adversaries than the North Germans did. Bismarck is an admirer of the Poles, and tried to induce the Crown Prince to have his eldest son taught Polish, but the Crown Prince answered that it was unnecessary, as he intended the Poles should all learn German.

Some of Bismarck's observations were anything but complimentary to the English. When Russia cancelled the Black Sea stipulations in the Treaty of 1856, he exclaimed, not without justice—

"There is as little to fear from these English now, as there was to hope from them four months ago. If they had forbidden it when Napoleon declared war against us, there would have been no war and no cancelling of the Treaty of 1856."

Later with regard to the same subject, he remarked that he had told Mr. Odo Russell that—

"He was of opinion gratitude should be recognized as carrying weight in politics. The present Czar had always been on friendly terms with Germany; while, as regarded England, well everybody knew what reason Germany had recently had to feel indebted to England."

About the same period the relations between Germany and England were smartly commented upon in Bismarck's after-dinner talk:—

"The English are very angry that we have defeated the French in a great war, single-handed. In their eyes it is unpardonable of diminutive, despised Prussia to presume to get on in the world. They fancied the object of Prussia's existence was to fight England's battles, and get paid for it."

On the subject of diplomacy his utterances were as follows:—

"A great many communications from our diplomatic agents are well-written *feuilletons* with nothing in them. You read on and on, carried along by the smooth flow of language, hoping to come to the pith of the matter. The end is reached at length, and you are no wiser than you were before. It is all sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Most diplomatic reports may be defined as paper freely daubed with ink. Poor fellows, ye who have to write history from such verbiage! I believe it is usual to throw open archives to investigators after thirty years. Considering the little to be culled from them, permission might be given much earlier. Much more may be gathered from the newspapers, which are frequently made use of by Governments, and as a rule speak more openly. But even these cannot be correctly interpreted without adequate knowledge of attending circumstances. What is really going on is transmitted in private letters and confidential communications, written and oral, but never recorded in archives."

In a conversation with Baron Keudell, about the introduction of German as a diplomatic language, Bismarck said:—

"Official communications must be carried on in the language of the country, not in a foreign tongue. Bernstorff was the first who tried to carry this principle out with us, but he went too far. He wrote to all the foreign diplomatists in German, and they all answered—it was, of course, a conspiracy amongst them—in their respective mother tongues, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and I don't know what, so that he had quite a swarm of translators at the Ministry, when I entered office. Budberg sent me a note in Russian. That was not fair. If they wanted to take their revenge, Gortschakoff ought to have written in Russian to our Ambassador at Petersburg. But here, in Berlin, to write to me in Russian, in answer to a German despatch, was clearly unfair. So I gave the order that whatever should be sent in, not in German, French, English, or Italian, should be let alone, and simply deposited with the archives. Budberg wrote reminder upon reminder, always in Russian. They were put away in the archive cupboard. At last he came in person to me, and asked 'Why did we not reply to him?' 'Reply!' I inquired, with the greatest astonishment; 'reply to what? I have seen nothing of yours.' 'Why, he had written four weeks ago, and reminded us several times since.' 'Oh, quite so! now I remember,' I said; 'there is a bundle of documents downstairs in Russian writing—perhaps your communications are amongst them. But none of the people downstairs understand Russian; and papers that reach us in any incomprehensible language are stowed away amongst the archives!' Upon this, Budberg promptly agreed to write for the future in French."

The piece of table-talk, which, if sincere, affords the deepest insight into Bismarck's nature, was that which he gave vent to at Ferrières, on September 28, 1870. The conversation had turned upon the German's sense of duty, as compared to the Frenchman's, and Bismarck attributed the former to "the remaining scraps of Faith possessed by our people." Then he went on to say :—

"How people can live together in an orderly manner, do their duty, and allow everybody to enjoy what is his, without believing in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a higher Judge, and in a future existence, I do not understand. Were I no longer a Christian, I would not remain for an hour in my post. Why should I go on unflinchingly allowing myself to be worried, and working in this world, exposing myself to embarrassments and vexations, if I did not feel myself obliged to do my duty by reason of God? If I did not believe in a Divine ordinance, which has destined this German nation to something good and great, I would forthwith give up the diplomatic trade. Orders and titles do not tempt me. I have derived the steadfastness that I have displayed during ten long years against all imaginable absurdities solely from my determined belief. Take away that belief from me, and you deprive me of my Fatherland. If I were not a stiffly faithful Christian, and did not rest upon the marvellous basis of religion, you would never have had such a Chancellor as I am at all. Get me a successor on that basis, and I will take my departure at once. But I live amongst heathens ; I don't want to make any proselytes, but it is necessary that I make this profession of faith."

Since the appearance of Count Harry Arnim's *Pro Nihilo*, no work has created such a sensation in Germany as that of Dr. Busch. With the exception of Prince Bismarck himself and the persons to whom he is made to refer in his "table-talk," or their relatives, every one revelled in its disclosures, and the sale was enormous. The Chancellor disapproving, it is said, of the publication, had sent a friend round, when the work was in the press, to revise the proof-sheets and cut out objectionable passages, but this deputy seems to have done his excising somewhat gently, for many of Bismarck's frank utterances have been published which were never meant to be repeated. The Prince is evidently animated by a constitutional recklessness which prevents him from exercising the least control over his tongue when in the critical mood, and is perfectly indifferent whether his comments reach the ears of their objects, however influential or exalted the latter may be. But publication was another matter, as was felt by a number of living celebrities—princes, soldiers, statesmen, diplomatists, and politicians—and by the relatives of many departed ones. German generals and diplomatists had been subjected to castigations quite as freely as French ministers and statesmen, and even German princes had not escaped the lash, the Chancellor apparently following the Scripture ordinance and chastising those he loves. No work was ever brought out in Prussia which caused so much irritation amongst the Junkers. Many members of the highest aristocratic families declared they had been insulted, the Crown Prince was deluged with complaints against the Chancellor for exposing faithful subjects of the Prussian

throne, including dead statesmen and ambassadors, to the laughter of Europe; the sons of the minister von Arnim-Boytzenburg complained that Prince Bismarck had not even spared the honour of reigning princes, and threats of action for libel against Busch were many and loud. The staunch old Conservatives were horrified, and doubted whether there could be any truth at the bottom of the Chancellor's reactionary measures, nearly all the Bismarckian judgments on great personages having, they asserted, a destructive and levelling tendency.

As regards Prince Bismarck himself, he has surely equal ground of complaint, for not content with portraying his hero in uniform, Dr. Busch exposes him in dressing-gown and slippers. His religious belief and his preference for one fish above another, his opinions on political consistency and his appreciation of old port are expressed in turn with equal affability and *aplomb* by the Chancellor and recorded by his Boswell. Pages are devoted to the culinary knowledge displayed by the Prince, who holds forth by the hour on wines and spirits, displaying profound learning with reference to cheeses, and claims to be a Heaven-sent benefactor to the inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle in having first taught them to fry oysters. The Prince, it seems, plays a tremendous knife and fork, and astonished the Crown Prince by the profusion of good things set forth on his table at Versailles, whilst so terrific are his bibacious achievements, that the King on witnessing his libations one dreadful day had recourse to his sovereign word of command to prevent any further like display.

Bismarck is represented as a fiercer enemy to his enemies than is quite compatible with his avowed convictions, and as perfect a specimen of a "good hater" as Dr. Johnson could have desired to encounter. Herr Busch states that the Chancellor lies awake at night revolving and resenting injuries received. Another constant nocturnal occupation is the perusal of the mystico-religious books printed for the Herrnhuter or Moravian brethren, of which he keeps a constant stock in his bedroom, and which inculcate the immediate and momentary interference of the deity in our thoughts and acts, the divine influence of certain texts over certain days of the year, and the indication of the guiding-hand of providence in the first verse the eye lights upon on opening the bible for counsel. Their influence fosters his natural tendency to superstition. He objects to sitting down thirteen to dinner, will conclude no treaties on Fridays, and will not even negotiate on the anniversaries of those black days for Prussia, the battles of Hochkirch and Jena. He insists that no Pomeranian noble created a count ever saw his progeny thrive, objected to his own elevation on this score and is not yet at ease, and descants on the pernicious influence of having one's hair cut when the moon is on the wane,—though judging from his own baldness the opposite practice does not seem to offer any particular advantage.

The Prince's latest stroke of policy has been the abrogation by the joint action of Prussia and Austria of that clause in the Treaty of Prague providing for the restitution of North Schleswig to Denmark. This action was prompted by the attitude assumed by the Duke of Cumberland, son of the late ex-King of Hanover, and his marriage with the Princess Thyra, daughter of the King of Denmark. The failure of the Danes to obtain their undeniable rights to North Schleswig, which were acknowledged at the time the treaty was signed, was due to the dexterity of Privy-Councillor Lothar Bucher, Prince Bismarck's right-hand man at the Imperial Foreign Office. Bucher is a Pomeranian who was in the Government service as an assessor when elected a deputy to the Lower House in 1848, upon ultra-liberal principles. In the debates of that stormy assembly his name often occurs, and, strange to say, frequently in connection with that of Bismarck, who, as champion of the throne and altar, had many a tough struggle with his radical fellow provincial. After the forcible dissolution of the Chambers, Bucher refused to pay taxes he considered illegally imposed, and was sentenced to a long imprisonment, which he escaped by flight to England, where he earned a scanty livelihood as teacher of languages and newspaper correspondent. Profiting by the amnesty granted on the Emperor's accession, he returned to Prussia, obtained employment in Wolff's telegraphic agency, and made several unsuccessful applications to re-enter the Government service. At last Bismarck, who had recently assumed the reins, and was in need of clever heads to carry out his designs, remembering the ability of his old opponent, sent for him, and after an interview or two, installed him in the Foreign Office, to the great indignation of Conservative circles. This indignation has continued to manifest itself on each successive promotion, and is said to be partly shared by the Emperor, who cannot forget Bucher's early opposition.

His influence over the Chancellor is said to be unlimited, and though violent scenes sometimes mark their intercourse, they usually end in the Prince yielding to his subordinate. The latter's gift of defining and expressing the Prince's thoughts is regarded as something wonderful, and most of the important State papers issued from the German Foreign Office, though bearing Bismarck's name, are drawn up by Bucher. Small, withered-looking, but with a sharply-cut face expressive of great energy and intellect, his natural reserve makes him quite a recluse. He only played a part in public when acting as special plenipotentiary at Copenhagen, on which occasion, as noted above, he baffled the Danes, though Napoleon III., then at the height of his power, supported their claims.

Owing to this seclusion, official relations with the *corps diplomatique* are maintained, in Bismarck's absence, by one of the

Reichs-Kanzler's most able disciples, Baron Radowitz. Despite his comparative youth, the astuteness and diplomatic skill shown by him as *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople and Consul-General at Bucharest, and his thorough knowledge of Eastern matters, have made him a great favourite with the Reichs-Kanzler, and cause him to enjoy quite an exceptional position at the Office for Foreign Affairs.

Since the National Liberals of the Reichstag refused to gratify Prince Bismarck's wishes with regard to the Socialists, the Prince has returned to the loves of his youth and openly espoused the cause of the Conservatives in the battle between Protection and Free Trade which was waged at the commencement of 1879. He even went so far as to seek the aid of the Catholic party, and in the May of that year a profound impression was created by the appearance at one of the Prince's *soirées* of Herr Windthorst, the redoubtable leader of the Centre. He was followed by a number of the party, and was received by the Chancellor with much the same kind of attention as a great general would show to his military opponent on a day of truce or pacification. Prince Bismarck hurried forward, seized his former antagonist by both hands, and the two rival chieftains of the *Kulturkampf* remained for half an hour in close conversation. When the Prince left Herr Windthorst's side, a group of deputies and journalists gathered round the leader in the battle against the May laws, and tried to extract from him some information concerning the subject-matter of his colloquy with the Chancellor. To all questions put to him, Windthorst replied, with the dignity and mystery of an augur, "*Extra centrum nulla salus.*" The marked attention shown by the Chancellor to his late antagonist did not pass off without a humorous episode. As Bismarck was reaching out his right hand to shake hands with a new comer, he transferred his glass of *Maitrank* to his left hand, and in doing so jerked out half its sugary contents upon the head and shoulders of the Pope's German champion, to the no small amusement of the little detachment of National Liberals who were present.

By effecting this coalition of Conservatives and Catholics the Prince has secured a majority in the Reichstag and achieved a victory, the completeness of which is not to be measured by the mere votes obtained. Such is the *prestige* attached to this man of blood and iron, that the very leaders of the National Liberals are eager to show themselves to be Nationalists first and Liberals afterwards, and are as ready as when he leant entirely upon them to support his foreign policy and to believe that he is indispensable to the country. The most unmistakable homage is paid to him by those who voted against his proposals. Majorities come and go, but his ministry remains. Whatever may be the dominant opinion in the Reichstag is indeed of little

concern to him, provided he can, by grouping together two or three fractions, out-vote or out-manœuvre the largest individual party.

The Chancellor's power is far from being dependent upon such an unnatural coalition as that by the aid of which the new tariff has been passed and which has since been menaced by symptoms of dissolution. His popularity and influence are practically unbounded and will certainly be made use of to carry out those schemes upon which, as is evinced in his speech of the 9th of August, 1879, he has set his heart. These schemes include the purchase of all the Prussian railways by the State; the giving of greater stability to the Budget arrangements both for Prussia and Germany; the doing away with the annual meeting of the Reichstag; the maintenance of the army upon a strong footing, and rendering it unnecessary for the Minister of War to obtain a new vote each Session. Parliamentary government is acceptable to the Reichs-Kanzler as long as it suits his purpose, but he has reminded the Reichstag in plain terms, such as he alone dare employ, that dominant constitutional power cannot exist, since the pivot upon which the entire system of Government centres must be himself—the representative of the Emperor.

PRUSSIAN GENERALS—MOLTKE, WRANGEL, AND ROON.

(*Continued from page* 309.)

Although Count von Moltke's talents have not of late been called into active requisition, he has indicated on several occasions that he would be by no means unwilling to undertake another campaign against the so-called "hereditary enemy" of the Fatherland. In April, 1877, he appealed to the Reichstag to vote the addition of 122 captaincies to the standing army, pointing out that the French Government was concentrating large masses of troops between Paris and the German frontier, "a measure which sooner or later they would have to reciprocate." The 700,000 marks needed for the addition were voted by a large majority, for the Parliament felt it would never do to neglect precautions suggested by the man to whom the Emperor observed at an inspection of the 7th Royal Silesian Fusiliers at Leignitz, in the following June: "We all only carried out what you, the thinker of the battle, chalked out for us." War is, in fact, Moltke's element. Dr. Maurice Busch, in his amusing work, *Prince Bismarck and his People during the War of* 1870, narrates that Moltke having gallantly "seen out" the drinking-up of a potent and vast bowl of sherry-punch at the little villa in the Rue de Provence, at Versailles, where Count Bismarck

resided during the siege of Paris, one of Bismarck's guests remarked, "how well the General looked after it." "Yes," replied Bismarck, "that is all the war's doing. War is his business. I remember when the Spanish question became a burning one, that he immediately began to look ten years younger. Then, when I told him that the Hohenzollern had given in, he at once got to look old and worn out. And when, soon after, the French were not satisfied with even that concession, 'Molk' was suddenly quite fresh and young again."

During the Russo-Turkish war all the different accounts by native and foreign correspondents were carefully collected, digested, and condensed day by day by the great General Staff at Berlin, under Count von Moltke's supervision.

In March 1879 Count von Moltke went to spend a few days with his brother in the country, so as to escape the general ovation which threatened him on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his service in the army. He came back to Berlin on Sunday the 9th, delighted at the idea of having celebrated such a memorable date in a fashion suited to his taste, but hardly had he reached his town residence ere deputations, presents, congratulatory telegrams, and the like came pouring in from all points. From the Emperor he received the Star of the Order of Merit—a decoration hitherto exclusively reserved for Royal members of the order—containing a miniature of Friedrich the Great, and an equestrian statuette of his present Majesty. These were accompanied by a letter in the course of which the Emperor, outstripping his accustomed military fanaticism, remarked, "You will wear this Star and likeness of my great ancestor with the elevating consciousness of truly and for all time belonging to those who have faithfully guarded the legacy of the great King—the glory of the Prussian army, on which his eye has assuredly looked down from Heaven with satisfaction!" The letter was signed, "Your ever grateful King, Wilhelm." From the Empress there came to Count von Moltke a letter casket, with the doner's portrait engraved on silver, and from the Crown Prince his portrait in oil. Presents were also sent to the veteran by the King of Bavaria, the town of Leipzig, the general staff of the Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian, and Würtemberg armies, and numerous other donors.

(*Continued from page* 312.)

Field-Marshal von Wrangel died on the 1st November, 1877, in his ninety-fourth year. The one sorrow of the tough old veteran during the past few years of his life had been the dread of being pensioned off, a contingency which, to his military mind, was tantamount to annihilation. The Emperor, in recognition of his long and faithful services, had set his mind at rest

on this point shortly before his death, by a solemn promise that he should never be removed from the active army, and the old field-marshal had the satisfaction of dying in harness after a brief illness. A funeral service, at which the Emperor and the Crown Princess were present, having been celebrated at Berlin over his remains, the latter were transferred to Stettin, Wrangel's birth-place, and there interred in presence of the garrison and a large concourse of spectators.

(*Continued from page* 314.)

Field Marshal Count von Roon died at Berlin on the 23rd February, 1879, and on the 26th the funeral service of the former War Minister was performed at the Garrison kirche with great pomp. The Emperor was prevented from attending by a slight cold, but amongst those present were the Empress, the Crown Prince, Prince Carl, Prince Friedrich Carl, Count von Moltke, Von Manteuffel, Von Kameke, and the principal civil and military authorities present in Berlin.

END OF VOL. I.

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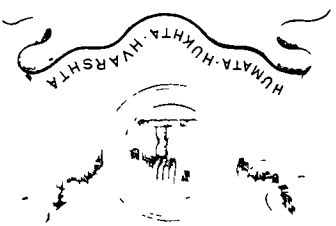

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